

*In Search of Gold*

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# IN SEARCH OF GOLD:

The Story of a Liberal Life.

BY  
DON JUAN.

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*J. E. Whittaker*  
*Peasall*


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TO HER

WHOM IT IS MY GREATEST PRIDE TO CALL MY FRIEND, AND WHO IS A REAL  
AMERICAN LADY—A LADY THE SAME, WHETHER ENTERTAINING HER  
GUESTS IN THE PARLOR OR PERFORMING HER HOUSEHOLD  
DUTIES IN THE KITCHEN — A TRUE AND NOBLE  
WOMAN, THE FIFTEEN LETTERS OF WHOSE  
NAME WILL EVER BE HELD BY ME IN  
SACRED ESTEEM—THIS BOOK  
IS DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.



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## PREFACE.

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IN the spring of the year 1880, business connected with the Census caused me to travel through one of the thinly-settled districts of a far Western State. While I was on my way to visit two large houses standing near together, but at a long distance from any others, in order to complete my returns for that district, I saw, when within about one mile of the nearest house, a pair of horses attached to a buggy and coming toward me at such a rapid rate as to convince me that they were running away, or, at least, that the driver had lost control of them.

Knowing that my own dilapidated Pegasus would never move without the word of command (and hardly then), I quickly turned him, with the light wagon to which he was attached, exactly across the road, so as to occupy as much space as possible; then hastily seizing a rail from the top of the fence I placed one end on the wagon and held the other in my hand, thus blocking up all

the remaining space, and when the running horses came up I was able to stop them.

The only difficulty was that one of the reins had given way, and the animals being very high-spirited the driver was wholly unable to control them. The gentleman introduced himself to me as Dr. Train, and living in one of the two houses already mentioned.

We went back to his house together, while he continually overwhelmed me with expressions of his obligations for the great service, as he was pleased to call it, that I had rendered him, and strongly urged me to remain with him some days. As my business would then allow of it, I consented.

I had not been in the house two days before I noticed that a very strong friendship existed between this family and the one in the other house. I was also struck with the perfect love that reigned supreme in each household.

The Doctor had told me sufficient of his neighbor to strongly excite my curiosity to know the whole history of his life, and when the Doctor added that his friend had kept a complete record of his eventful career, I felt an intense desire to obtain it for publication. But when I broached the subject to the Doctor he looked very grave, and did not think his friend would consent. But after much urging, and a solemn promise to use only



fictitious names, all the MSS. were placed at my disposal, together with such additional information as the Doctor could add.

I immediately came east to visit the scenes of this man's childhood, and went everywhere that I could obtain information of him or his career, and I now lay it before my readers with the hope that the reading it will prove as interesting to them as the "looking it up" has to me.

DON JUAN.



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# IN SEARCH OF GOLD.

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## CHAPTER I.

### BORN AND BROUGHT UP.

JOSEPH LOCKWELL, the eccentric individual whose singular career will be narrated in the following pages, was ushered into the world upon his father's farm in a secluded locality in one of the finest agricultural districts in the Empire State. As he was their ninth child, and the seventh one then living, and his parents being well advanced in years, it was but natural to suppose that this, their last son, would always be their youngest child. Impressed with this fact, and being deeply imbued with a sense of their responsibility, they became alarmed lest they should become derelict in their duty toward him from the natural proneness of parents to become over-indulgent toward the youngest member of the family.

His brothers and sisters also, of whom he had three each, were not slow to recognize the great and common danger they were all in of making a pet of

this presumably the last addition to their numbers. Whether during the first four or five years of his existence his parents or brothers and sisters were ever guilty of injuring his naturally amiable disposition by over-indulgence, his memory in after years did not enable him to determine. But judging from the vivid recollections he enjoyed of the succeeding ten years of his career, he was fully disposed to exonerate them from all suspicion of failure in the rigid requirements of duty during the former period of his life.

At five years of age there was not an errand to be run that his little feet were not called upon to patter; there was not an armful of wood to be carried up stairs, or brought into the kitchen, that his little arms were not in requisition. If his diminutive legs ached with constant running, and his body and mind both were almost tired of life, and he threw himself upon a seat and wished for a moment's rest, there was sure to be some one of the family to observe him and remark: "It is a pity that boy has not something to do; to create idle habits in him now is to ruin him for life; beside, 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,' " and generally in about thirty seconds thereafter sufficient employment was found for him to keep the evil machinations of Satan from having undue influence upon his tender mind. The judi-

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cious parents of our hero were fully aware that not only must his physical habits receive the best formation possible, but his mind must be developed, and his religious and mental faculties thoroughly exercised and brought forward under proper influences that would enable him forever after to flee from the Devil and all his works.

His elder brothers had all been in the habit of leaving home as soon as they got well able to travel and make their own way in the world, so it was determined that this one, the subject of our memoirs, should be brought up with great care, and with a view to have him succeed to the care of the cultivation of the farm in after years.

Alas, how often the parents propose one way for their boys to follow, and the latter succeed in adopting quite a different course, and disposing of themselves in a manner not at all contemplated by those slower representatives of a passing generation.

Very fortunately for us the future is always concealed from the gaze of even the most anxious, by an impenetrable veil, which not even the mystic rites of heathenism, nor the prayers of Christians—about equally efficacious—can for a moment draw to one side. Ignorance of the future saved many a bitter pang from the hearts of those stern but conscientious parents of Joseph Lockwell, the subject of this present sketch. Could they have fore-

seen the suffering his body was to undergo, or the alienation of his mind from those religious precepts which it was their joyful duty to inculcate; could they have known that it would, in years to come, be his proudest boast that he loved his fellow-man better than he did his God, no more peace of mind nor comfort would they have known, but their gray hairs in sorrow would have sought the grave.

Now with them a careful education meant, primarily, the inculcation of great habits of industry, and to form these habits was it not necessary to keep him at work nearly all the time, either physically or mentally? Nothing could be plainer, or their course of duty more clear.

There we find him at the age of ten; a boy of naturally the most sweet and amiable disposition, performing his duties without a murmur, blaming no one, and finding no fault with his rather unenviable lot. Of the highest spirits and good humor, which not even his puritanical education could control, he sorely felt the need at times of some youthful and congenial companion, for his parents would not allow him to associate intimately with any of the youths of the vicinity, fearing it might be the means of counteracting the beneficial effects of their instructions.

A partial description of one summer's day will give a sufficiently clear idea of this portion of his



life, which continued until he was about fourteen years of age. At four A.M. the solemn voice of his father would be heard calling, "Joseph, get up," and the command seldom had to be repeated, for obedience to his parents was one of his cardinal virtues. To arise and light the fire in the kitchen was the expeditious work of a few moments, then, with a milk-pail on each arm, he went forth, first to milk the cows, then drive them out to pasture, after which he was at liberty to cut firewood or such other necessary employment as would amuse him until breakfast was ready. A light breakfast of the plainest food was mildly but firmly enforced. Gluttony and intemperance of every kind were sins which he was particularly taught to shun. After breakfast a few hours' work of hoeing corn or potatoes, or weeding in the garden, was succeeded in the way of recreation by an hour or two of hard study, when it was time to pick the peas or dig the potatoes for dinner.

The afternoon was varied in the same way, by plenty of hard work for mental relaxation, and plenty of hard study to give a chance for the recuperation of the physical system.

In winter there were plenty of chores to do: wood to split; fires to light; apples and potatoes to take care of, as a substitute for the farm duties of the summer.

We will devote but a short space to a personal description of this youth, then pass on to the record of his career. Rather above the medium height, brown hair, brown eyes, and sunbrown face; a frank and open countenance revealing a disposition that was generous to a fault, and a heart that warmed to all mankind. A great lover of comfort and pleasure himself—when he could find them—he could not bear to look upon misery or suffering with any one, not even in animals or beasts of the field. He could never enjoy hunting as a pastime, because, as he often said, the idea that he might have wounded some bird or animal and left it to die in suffering and agony, would have kept him awake all night. High-spirited, and with a keen sense of honor, he was quick to take offence, but never harbored malice toward any one. Accustomed even in these youthful years, to turn his mind toward deep and abstruse questions in philosophy and metaphysics, he was always ready to meet in argument any of the professors or doctors of divinity who were willing to discuss their views. An ardent searcher after truth for its sake alone, he would receive no creeds or theories without a thorough investigation, and then would not allow social or other influences to effect or warp his judgment in the least degree either in religion or politics. With an extremely sympathetic nature, the

troubles and sorrows of his friends he made his own; involuntary tears often coming into his eyes at the sight of human suffering which he was powerless to alleviate, and he was never happier than while contributing to the pleasure of his friends. Keenly sensitive to both physical and æsthetic pleasures, it was always a mystery to him why everybody did not love everybody else and try to make each other happy.

Though his religious training had been of the severest and most puritanical order, yet it had failed to crush that spirit of inquiry which was characteristic of him from boyhood to old age. Those who attempted to teach him Sunday lessons from the Bible found it impossible to repress his investigating mind, or stop the flow of pertinent though inconvenient questions which he brought to bear upon every subject. One incident must suffice to illustrate his metaphysical turn of mind even at this early age, and show how deeply he had thought upon religious opinion. In fact, he often remarked in after years that during his hours of arduous toil he scarcely ceased to ponder and try to satisfy his mind in regard to the numberless conflicting religions of the day.

One summer Sunday afternoon, after he had walked two miles to church, then back to a cold and frugal dinner, and while the family were all

engaged in reading alternately a few verses from the Bible and commenting thereon, with questions and explanations from the older members, he came among them just as an older sister was propounding the question, "How long is it since the creation of the world?" and rather startled them by observing, "Authorities are divided, but all agree that it cannot be less than one million years."

"But, my dear brother," was the reply, "the Bible teaches us that it is only about six thousand years old, and the Bible cannot err."

"But, my dear sister, geology teaches us that it is much older, and science cannot lie. If the Bible is infallible and cannot err, then certainly the interpretation or explanations of the Bible which we get do err, for no two of them agree, and if they differ in small and minor matters, some of them, in fact all but one, must be wrong on those small matters, and if they are wrong on small matters, why may they not also be wrong on great and vital points? Then it is precisely the same to us as if the Bible itself were fallible, for we have it not as originally written, nor could we read it if we had. So we see it would be useless and consequently foolish to have it originally inspired without also having an inspired and infallible translation, and then if we could not all understand it alike, also an inspired commentary or notes. Now you all have constant

recourse to Barnes' Notes or Clark's Commentaries, neither of which do you claim are inspired, but without which you practically admit you cannot make head or tail of the Bible."

"Oh, my brother, don't you see this is the working of Satan trying to get possession of your soul? God has placed you here and given you the Bible, and your parents to teach you what it means, and it is your duty to listen to them and obey them, and receive and believe what they say, for he has placed them over you for that purpose."

"Well," said Master Joseph, "if he has placed them over me for the purpose of teaching me what to believe, he must have placed all Catholic parents over their children for the purpose of teaching *them* what to believe, yet they teach their children very different and opposing doctrines to those which I receive; they are even taught that this book which you reverence and command me to read should not be read by them at all; also that it teaches very different doctrines from those which you believe. Nay, he has placed a large majority of parents over their children to teach them paganism. Now, as all these doctrines cannot be true, does God intend that some should be taught a lie? If not, which parents are teaching contrary to his wishes? We have to come right back to our own reason to decide the question."

He was sent out to see if the cows had not broken into the cornfield, and the instruction in the family Sunday-school proceeded.

At fourteen years of age he was sent away to a select school, and the first night away from home, on his way to that school, was the first night in his life he had ever slept off of his father's farm. Two years of thorough instruction passed quickly away without any incident of note to vary the monotony of school life (save, perhaps, one or two passages at arms with his Sunday-school teachers, who finally requested him to cease his attendance, as his questions, although always asked in a respectful manner, had a tendency to unsettle the faith of the other scholars), and we find him once more back upon the farm continuing his old habits of work and study alternately.

But the rigorous moral, mental, and physical course of education to which he had been subjected all his life did not have the desired effect of attaching him so strongly to the place of his nativity that he could not sometimes contemplate the idea of leaving it and seeking his fortune in other localities and amid other scenes.

From the day of his birth till, at fourteen, he went away to school, he never had one cent given him by his parents, though he occasionally had permission to do light work for the neighbors—such

as dropping corn—for which he received twenty-five cents a day, and this he was allowed to keep. But with only this sum at his disposal he evidently had little opportunity to become very dissipated in his habits.

At eighteen years of age he is deeply meditating upon the problem of how to improve his condition, and contemplating the chances in the far West, especially in the gold fields of the Pacific coast. He is fully determined to go somewhere, but the first question of vital importance is how? and the second, where? He knows this determination would not be approved by his parents, so it would be useless to ask for any assistance from home. No, he saw then, as he did so many times in after-life, that to get what he wanted he must depend upon himself alone.

What would have been his course, or how he would have succeeded in reaching the Pacific coast had not the Great Rebellion broken out, it is useless now to speculate upon. The rebellion did break out, and found him ready to risk all his hopes of future prosperity and happiness for the sake of the principle which he held sacred of national unity.

Having fully made up his mind to enlist in the army, he asked permission of his father, for, being under age, that permission was absolutely necessary; no minors would be received without it.

His father peremptorily refused. Here was the first difficulty, and it seemed as though it were going to be almost an insurmountable one. However, although he was only nineteen years of age, he had an old look, and would pass anywhere as being at least twenty-one. So, after fully deliberating the matter over, he determined upon the following course of action: He went to his father and said, "Father, I am determined to enlist; I feel it to be my duty; but I should much prefer to enlist here where I am known, and start out with the regiment that is now being raised in this vicinity, and if you will give your permission I will do so; but if not, I will go down to New York to some recruiting office and there pass myself off as being of age, and if necessary swear that I am over twenty-one. You know very well that I will be readily believed, as my personal appearance confirms that story."

"You cannot," said his father; "you know very well that you have no money to go with, and besides, you know wherever you go I could follow and prove you to be a minor, and bring you home."

"In regard to the fact that I have no money to take me to New York, do you for a moment imagine there is not one of all these enthusiastic patriots so liberally contributing money to the cause, who will loan me enough to go to New York for



the purpose of joining the army? But if so, you may dismiss the doubt, for I have already spoken to one of them, and, without going into particulars, have told him it might be necessary for me to go to New York to enlist, and then asked him whether he would be willing to advance me the necessary funds to pay my expenses. He speedily and cheerfully assented. So that is settled. And now I have great curiosity to know how you expect to find me when you propose to take me away from the troops. Nearly all the different States have agencies in New York, and I shall enlist in one of them, under a fictitious name, for some far-off town where there is not the slightest possibility of your finding me. Now, all this I can and will do if you refuse your consent to my enlisting here, which I should much prefer."

## CHAPTER II.

## STARTS UPON HIS CAREER.

SEEING the young man was fully determined to carry out his plan of action, his father yielded, and signed the necessary papers consenting to his enlisting in the army. He joined a New York volunteer regiment as a private, but while waiting to be forwarded to the field of action in Virginia he was promoted to a lieutenancy.

On his way down to the front with his regiment, he heard that his brother, who had previously enlisted from another State, was badly wounded, and was then lying in a hospital, though what hospital, or how badly wounded, he could not ascertain.

Arriving at Baltimore he asked and obtained permission to look through all the hospitals and places where the wounded had been brought, but without success. He could see nor hear nothing of his brother; and as he had obtained only the most meagre information about the affair, he was in a state of the greatest anxiety to know how badly his brother might have been wounded. Arriving in

Washington he there instituted a thorough search again for the wounded man, but with a similar ill-success.

He was now in a terribly anxious state of mind, for he loved his brother dearly, and to think that he might at that very moment be dying among strangers, in awful suffering, was agony to his sensitive nature; but do what he would, he could not hear or see anything of that wounded brother. At last, arriving at Frederick City, Maryland, with his regiment, he renewed his search; and after going through five of the military hospitals in that town, he was almost hopelessly pursuing his way through the different wards of the sixth, when suddenly he was face to face with his brother, who lay on a couch before him. The recognition was mutual and instantaneous. The meeting was one of intense relief to his anxiety, for he could see at once that the sufferer, though very badly wounded, was in no immediate danger; and his mind had dwelt so long in such a fearfully painful state of uncertainty, that he almost expected to find his brother, if he found him at all, either dead or dying. The joy of the meeting was felt very deep in the hearts of both. Though the length of time that he could remain with the invalid was necessarily very short, he improved every moment in such a way that the feverish patient was left well provided with all the

necessaries and delicacies that could be procured to tempt his appetite.

That older brother had been terribly wounded in the shoulder: a musket-ball had penetrated and shattered the shoulder-blade. As soon as he sufficiently recovered he was discharged from the hospital and the army at the same time. Within thirty days from the time that the last fragment of bone was taken from his shoulder he was back once more in the army; this time not as a private again, though he would have preferred to have re-enlisted in the ranks, as he was accustomed to say that a private soldier was much more useful and of far greater service to his country than an officer. Besides, there never was any trouble in getting all the officers necessary, but the difficulty was to get all the privates needed. In the "Pennsylvania Buck-tails," in which he was serving prior to his wound, he had repeatedly refused a commission. But after the battle in which he was stricken down he was no longer able, on account of his wound, to pass the physical examination required of every private. So after he was sufficiently recovered he accepted a commission in a New York regiment, which our friend whose history we are relating was enabled to procure for him, as we shall presently describe.

## CHAPTER III.

## TRIED AS A SPY.

AT first the regiment containing Lockwell was stationed at Harper's Ferry, and, with the exception of occasional raids up the Shenandoah Valley, there was very little to relieve the tedium of ordinary camp life. But one incident occurred which was one of those most deeply impressed upon the mind of the many afterward encountered in his checkered life.

One day he was sent out upon "fatigue duty" in charge of a party who were throwing up breast-works a short distance beyond the outskirts of the camp, and while there he frequently turned his gaze upon a farm-house in plain view, but still at some distance beyond our outside picket-lines; and he looked long and earnestly upon this place, which appeared to have been well kept, and, to some extent, at least, to have escaped the almost universal appearance of confiscation and destruction which is so noticeable in the vicinity of a camp of either party. Continued gazing upon the forbidden ground caused his mouth to water for something

nice to eat, or, as he expressed it, he began awfully to "hanker after a square meal." His besetting weakness was for good living, and all the other harmless pleasures of life. At first he thought he would like to know if they had any eggs over at this house, and just then he thought he caught a glimpse of some poultry in the yard, and this rather confirmed his idea that they had; then he began to wonder if they would sell those eggs, or cook him a few if he were over there; then what was the chance of his getting there and back without its being known in camp. He concluded he had plenty of time to go over and get a mouthful of something good to eat and be back before his squad of laborers should be recalled to camp. Calling his sergeant, he told him to take charge of the men, as he had seen some suspicious signs in the neighborhood which led him to think that some of the enemy might be lurking in the vicinity, and he wished to go out and reconnoitre a little! Speedily making his way across the fields, he knocked at the door of the house, which was opened to him by an elderly gentleman, plainly dressed, but of very courteous manners, who asked him to enter, and desired to know in what manner he could be of service to him. Our lieutenant replied that he had been attracted by the pleasant appearance of the place, and being very tired, not

to say disgusted with the plain and monotonous army rations that constituted his camp fare, he desired to know if they would provide him with something to eat a little different from this, and if so he would g'adly pay them well for what he received, as well as for all trouble he might occasion them.

His host replied that such as was in the house was at his disposal, but he regretted that it was not such as he could have set before his guest previous to the war. The proximity of both armies had nearly ruined him, and almost wholly prevented his getting those supplies for his family which heretofore they had been accustomed to, and, notwithstanding he had suffered much less than some of his neighbors, who were utterly destitute, still he could only offer extremely poor entertainment to his visitor; yet if the lieutenant would amuse himself with such books as he might find upon the table, for a little while, he would see what could be done in the way of refreshments, and so, bowing himself out, he withdrew to the kitchen.

Left to himself, the lieutenant began to realize that he had taken some risks in thus invading the enemy's country, as it were, for he was several miles beyond the nearest Union soldier, and although no enemy was supposed to be in that

immediate vicinity, yet, for all he knew to the contrary, they *might* be. And, although he did not expect any harm to result from it, yet he knew it was wrong to have left the fatigue party of which he was in charge. These thoughts, combined with the somewhat protracted absence of his host, did not tend to quiet his fears, and he now really wished he had not come. He was presently reassured, however, when his host opened the door, and, with perfect urbanity, asked him to pass into the dining-room and partake of the frugal fare of the house.

Entering the dining-room, his olfactory organs were very agreeably titillated by the fragrant aroma of delicious coffee with cream, while fried ham and eggs, with broiled chicken and sundry sweetmeats, were spread in profusion upon the table. At the first glance over this table our hero rejoiced inwardly at the success which thus attended upon this his first real "struggle for hash," by which uncouth term he was always accustomed to designate his daily bread. His fears for the future, and suspicions of his present surroundings, vanished in the deep enjoyment he manifested in subduing the entire bill of fare arrayed before him. The pleasures of the table were in no way lessened by the entrance during the meal of a most charming young lady of some twenty summers, and whom



the host introduced as his daughter, and who was certainly as perfect a type of Southern beauty as our hero had yet seen, and, being as pleasant as she was handsome, our susceptible and enthusiastic young lieutenant quickly drew her into an entertaining conversation. No wonder the delicious food, the beauty of the young lady, the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," all combined to cause the moments to fly fast on gilded wings, till our friend saw with astonishment that he had scarcely left himself time to get back to the scene of his duties before his squad of laborers must be recalled for the night. Hastily turning to the lady's father he asked him how much he was indebted for this royal feast for the body, and adding as he took out his pocketbook, "I am aware that for the more than royal feast for my mind, and, if that were possible, I would say the still greater feast for my eyes also"—with a glance at the young lady—"I am aware I must always remain in your debt, as no amount of money would be a fair equivalent for these last." The young lady blushed, bowed, and smiled, till our hero thought if he did not leave at once he would never be able to tear himself away.

But imagine his astonishment and chagrin when his host arose and proceeded to express himself as follows: "You owe me nothing, sir, not one cent.

On the contrary, I am only too glad to have an opportunity to serve my country. I have, I hope, complied with the laws of hospitality by giving you, without price, the best that our house could afford. I have also endeavored to do my duty to my country; for as a loyal citizen, *loyal, I mean, to the South*, I could do no otherwise than, as soon as you arrived here, to send at once to the nearest pickets of the Confederate cavalry, and notify them that you were here, and that I would endeavor to keep you here until a detachment could come and take you into custody as a prisoner of war. They arrived about ten minutes ago, coming up by the rear way and entering by the back door. They are now in the adjoining room, but I would not let them disturb you until you had finished your repast." As he ceased speaking he threw open the door of the next room and exposed to view about a dozen soldiers in the well-known gray of the enemy! Immediately these rushed upon our friend to secure him. But the lieutenant's coolness never for a second deserted him in any emergency. Quicker than a flash a revolver was out and cocked in his hand, and two or three of his assailants would then and there have bitten the dust, but in an instant the host had sprung in front of him, shouting, "Hold, Lieutenant. Don't you see resistance is useless? Suppose you killed all of

these men, which is impossible, there are a dozen more outside guarding the house, who would avenge their comrades at once, so your only course is to surrender, as you can't do otherwise." As the soldiers by this time had brought their carbines to bear upon him, ready for instant discharge if he still resisted, he saw that the only thing for him to do was to submit with as good a grace as possible, but turning to his host he scornfully asked him if this was his boasted hospitality, to betray a guest while receiving his confidence. "Were it not," said he, warming up with the subject, "were it not for that beautiful and innocent daughter of yours now standing there, and who I never will believe was cognizant of this base betrayal, I would drop you dead on the spot where you now stand, but I do not wish to make her an orphan; therefore look at her, and thank her that you are still alive."

He had not yet learned that "all is fair in love and war," but he had a very high and keen sense of honor that nothing in his whole life could diminish.

The daughter first blushed violently, then turned deadly pale as she realized the danger through which her beloved father had just passed. And she had reason to be alarmed, for our hero spoke the truth, and would undoubtedly have killed her father—after finding resistance to the others was useless—to repay what he considered the baseness

of his betrayal. He had the most supreme contempt for everything mean, low, or dishonorable, and as of that nature he looked upon the action of his host, who now regarded his late guest with something of a confused smile, but with evidently a look of admiration upon his countenance for the bold and brave behavior of Lieutenant Lockwell.

Meanwhile the soldiers had disarmed and bound him, and after a hurried consultation on one side and among themselves, proceeded to blindfold him. But at this he strongly objected, saying that he had surrendered as a prisoner of war, and that he demanded to be treated as such, and they had no right to blindfold him.

The way he was bound escape was impossible, and he was willing to go with them and would make no resistance, why then should they blindfold him? But his protestations were to no purpose. Securely and tightly they bound his eyes with a handkerchief, tied his arms behind his back, and started off at a brisk walk.

Imagine the feelings of this man in the predicament which he had brought upon himself. When he came to think upon the whole matter he had not a doubt that when they missed him from camp he would be put down as a deserter! He had left his post of duty without any good cause, and gone

straight toward the enemy's lines, and had not returned. Could anything be plainer?

To be treated with all the hardships of a prisoner of war in one camp, and at the same time to be considered a deserter in the other, was a fate scarcely to be envied.

The suffering and the hardship he was willing to bear; he felt somewhat as though he had deserved them, but the idea that his name should be looked upon with contempt by nearly all his acquaintances was extremely galling to his proud spirit, and shook his very soul with anguish.

He knew, of course, that there were some of his friends—those best acquainted with him—who never for a moment would believe that he had deserted to the enemy voluntarily. But to most of his acquaintances, and to the world at large, would not the proof of his desertion be indubitable and irrefutable? The thought was anguish. However, he was a thorough philosopher, and after assuring himself that he could at present do nothing toward escape, or to relieve himself in any way, he made up his mind to bear whatever fortune was thrust upon him like a man and a soldier. Yet he could not but think it was hard.

He had not been very long in the service of the Union, yet he had won the esteem of his superior officers, the respect of the soldiers, and the strong

friendship of his comrades, and to have his name now cut off the muster rolls in disgrace was horrible. Was there no remedy? He could think of none. Torture his mind as he might, he could think of no way of escape—no way, even, to make his true position known. There was but one course he was determined to pursue, and that was to bear himself with dignity before his captors, and trust to luck to better his condition.

Oh, would they never arrive at their destination! Wherever that was, he wanted to get there and know what was to be done with him. “Well,” he thought, “the very worst possible is to send me to Richmond or Andersonville prison, and then when the war is over I can explain it all and redeem my good name. But when will this war be over? And how many, how very many, will die in the meantime, and neither their names, fate, nor resting-places will ever be known. Shall mine be a similar fate? and shall future generations, looking back over our honorable genealogical tree, remark, ‘There is only one blot upon our escutcheon—when Joseph Lockwell deserted from his country’s ranks during the hour of her most pressing need, and joined the army of her foes?’” All these thoughts and many more passed through his mind while being hurried along as a prisoner. But their destination was reached at last. By the hum and buzz

of soldiers he knew he was being led through a camp, though he could see nothing.

They stop at last, and he is roughly thrust through a door into a room which is totally dark, having no windows, but which otherwise is comfortably arranged. He is scarcely seated when he is visited by an officer in gray, who notifies him to hold himself in readiness for a speedy court-martial. "A court-martial!" he exclaims, "and for what? Do you court-martial all your prisoners of war?" "Oh, no," was the reply; "only those who, like yourself, are taken within our lines as spies!" Had a thunderbolt fallen at our poor friend's feet it could not have startled him more. It was wholly unexpected and unthought of. To be tried as a spy within the enemy's camp and perhaps found guilty and shot! Here was food for reflection. Considered as a deserter in one army and shot as a spy in the other! The more he thought of it the better satisfied he was that such indeed would be his fate. And all this because he had only wanted a "square meal."

He had but few hours to reflect upon his situation (and no one could envy him those reflections) when an orderly announced that the court-martial was then convened and sitting, about to try his case, and directly after two of the guard who had brought him in entered and conducted him into an-

other apartment, where, around a table, were gathered five persons in officers' uniform of the Confederate service; one or two were further distinguished by the insignia of very high rank.

After glancing at the countenances of all these men he felt his doom was sealed. He thought that he could plainly read a set determination in the face of each one to bring in a verdict of guilty, and in this he was probably correct, as the sequel will show.

On entering he was asked to state his name and rank. He did so. Then—"You are charged with being a spy belonging to the Army of the United States, and captured within the patrolling lines of the Confederate cavalry. What have you to say why you should not be treated as such, and be sentenced to be shot, as is the custom among the armies of all civilized countries?" Rising to his feet the lieutenant burst forth into an indignant protest against being considered as a spy. He asked them what line of sentinels he had tried to pass? Where was he attempting to gain any information in regard to the rebel movements? Here he was interrupted to the effect that his hearers knew nothing of any rebels; that if it was the Confederate army he referred to, he had better speak in a more respectful tone. He was then asked if he did not know that the Confederate cavalry passed between



that house where he was caught, and the Federal outposts? He replied that it was impossible for him to know anything of the kind, as he had never before been sent out in that direction. To-day was the first time he had ever seen the house or the adjoining fields, and that he was sent out there in charge of a party who were— He stopped suddenly on getting so far, bethinking that he was about to reveal that which might be of service to the enemy. The presiding officer asked him why he stopped, and desired him to continue and tell what he was doing there in view of that house with the party which he just mentioned as he stopped. “That,” replied our friend, “you will have to send to the commanding officer of the Federal camp to ascertain.”

“But,” said the officer, do you not know that the testimony of these soldiers who took you, together with that of the man at whose house you were stopping, and also of his daughter, has been taken, and that it is all against you? Are you not aware that the young lady swore that you questioned her repeatedly in regard to the strength of the Confederate forces in the vicinity, and also—” “It is false,” thundered the lieutenant; “after stating that lie I don’t and won’t believe a single statement you have made or may make. I needed but one look at that fair young face to know she would never swear to a

deliberate lie, and as I never asked her any such questions, I am satisfied she never so testified ; not but what I would have asked her had I supposed for a moment she was at all acquainted with Confederate matters ; I should then have tried to get all the information possible that might have benefited the Federal, or injured the cause of the rebellion ; but not knowing your lines ever extended beyond that house, I never thought of her possessing any information. She is incapable of swearing to a lie, and if a falsehood lies between her and this court, I know right well that *she* is innocent."

The court did not appear to get quite so indignant over this indirect accusation of falsehood as the lieutenant had expected ; but they all rose and retired to the further end of the room and consulted together in a low tone for several minutes. Afterward, returning to the table the spokesman resumed : "The court, after due deliberation, and fully considering all the evidence, together with your own admissions, are unanimously of the opinion that you be found guilty of the charge of being a Federal spy, and that you be sentenced to be shot at sunset this evening" (it was already past midnight and he spoke of the sunset of the coming day), "but," he continued slowly, "military exigencies and the good of the service sometimes require that we take every means in our power to secure information upon

every point of interest, and," he hesitatingly proceeded, "it is now in your power, before the verdict of this court is rendered, to change it from guilty to not guilty of the charge of being a spy. In the former case you will be taken out and shot dead at sunset this evening, but in the latter case you will simply be held here as a prisoner of war, and doubtless in a few days you will be exchanged and sent back to your friends."

"Speak plainly," replied the prisoner, "and tell me what you wish of me, and if it is anything I can honorably do rest assured that I will not delay. Life is as sweet to me as it can possibly be to any one. I am young and have long looked forward to a life of happiness and pleasure, and I confess that I do not now wish to relinquish all those hopes. Tell me, then, what I am to do. Do not keep me in suspense."

"Simply and only," replied the presiding officer, "to tell us what you were doing with the party you had under your command before you started for the house where you were captured. Tell this, and you change our verdict from guilty to not guilty. Now what say you?"

Rising to his full height and folding his arms, the lieutenant contemplated the party before him for a full minute with most unmistakable scorn and contempt in every feature, then replied: "And do you

for one moment believe that when I took the oath to risk my life for my country, and serve her faithfully, that I intended to perjure myself? Would I be serving her faithfully to betray even her smallest secrets to her most malignant foe? Do you imagine I considered that oath but an empty form of words, to be disregarded at the first sign of danger? No, I intended then to remain by my musket at the post of duty, stand or fall, and I intend now to do my duty till I fall at this evening's sunset. Supposing I accepted your clemency on the terms proposed, and thereby forfeited my honor, do you suppose I could ever hold up my head again among my friends where the finger of scorn would be constantly pointing me out with the remark, 'There goes a man who betrayed his country to save his own pusillanimous life,' and do you suppose I could endure all this and live? No! my own hand would then take the worthless life which you had spared, and I should add the crime of self-murder to that of treason. No, I prefer the guilt of murder shall be upon *your* shoulders, while I will die innocent of all intended wrong. Order your minions, then, to charge well their guns that my death may be quick and sure. More than this, I have but one favor to ask of you: I do most earnestly beseech you the first time you hold any communication with **our** forces, send some knowledge

of my fate to the Federal camp, for there, I do not doubt, I am considered as a deserter, and a knowledge of the fact that I perished here as a spy will remove the only disgrace that ever attached to the name of Lockwell. This is a small favor to ask and I do not believe you will refuse it to a dying man; for the rest, if this is to be my last day on earth, let me have it all to myself, and bring this wretched farce of a trial to an end."

"Very well, sir, you will now be sent back to your room, and we invite you to consider upon our proposition, and remember it can make no earthly difference to your side if you accept of our offered clemency or not, as we can send out a small scouting party, and in an hour or two, at furthest, we will know just what you were doing, and have found out all that you could by any possibility tell us, and we only make you this offer anyway, to save our cavalry that little trouble, and because we would all be glad to have you save your own life, as now you can honorably do. There should be no question that the services of an able-bodied young officer like yourself would be of far more benefit to your country than would result from your withholding for an hour or two the information which we will get by noon to-morrow at all events. Therefore we will give you till eight o'clock to-morrow morning, or rather till eight o'clock this

morning, as it is now past midnight, to decide whether you will live or die. The choice is in your own hands, and you can do either honorably, for it cannot be called dishonorable to reveal at eight what you are aware we can easily find out by twelve, and by so doing you save the future services of a fine young officer for his country." And the speaker smiled as though he could not repress his admiration for the prisoner, though compelled to treat him as a spy. The interview was then brought to a close, and our hero was conducted back to the room he had previously occupied, and left to his own meditations. What they were can better be imagined than described.

Strive with himself as he would, the words were continually ringing in his ears, "the choice of life or death is in your own hands, and you can save yourself honorably if you choose." Was this so, then? In the first place, the information that he and his party were engaged in throwing up earthworks in a certain position was of very little importance; it would probably do no harm to have it known. In the second place, there was no earthly reason to prevent any of the enemy's cavalry, be they few or many, from riding within plain view of these same earthworks, and easily seeing all he could tell them, at any rate, and they would certainly do so to-morrow. Why not, then, simply

say that he was engaged in throwing up earthworks, and so save his life? It was a terrible temptation! Could *any* temptation have been greater? Yes, there was one still greater, and he was about to be tried with it. It was not yet break of day when he received a note signed by all the members of the court-martial officially, stating at some length that he had awakened a great deal of sympathy among them at his hard fate; but he was well aware that military duty was inexorable; that they could not be as lenient as they could wish, yet certain discretionary powers were left with them, of which they had taken advantage to make him the offer contained in their previous proposition, and by virtue of which they now extended that offer to the effect that if he would comply with the proposition already made, his escape on the ensuing night should be connived at, and he would be allowed to rejoin his own forces, and no particulars of the matter should ever transpire. Nothing would ever be known to the world, except that a prisoner of war, through the negligence of the guard, had escaped and rejoined the Federal forces. And they closed by saying that if they had stretched the privilege allowed them, it was on the side of mercy, and in behalf of one whose brave though mistaken sentiments had awakened compassion in the hearts of every member of the court-martial.

But this was their ultimatum; they could do no more than make this offer; it was for him to accept. As he read this note by the flickering light of a tallow candle he groaned in spirit. "Ingenious devils," he cried, "well you know that the temptation already was almost more than I could withstand, and now to the bribe of life, which you offered, you add that of immediate liberty, and the privilege of rejoining my regiment, where I can at once rescue my name from disgrace and ignominy. And nothing will ever be imagined but that, by my own ingenuity and daring, I escaped captivity, and all for making a simple statement that, as far as I can see, could do no harm to the Federal cause." But, then, on the other hand, why did they offer him all this for information which they could so easily obtain themselves? The more he thought of it the more strange it seemed that they should offer such strong inducements unless they considered that knowledge of Federal matters in that locality was all important. Perhaps they were meditating an attack—a surprise—upon the Union camp, and were then trying to find the weakest and most vulnerable point. If so the very smallest information might work great injury to the cause of his adoption. Still, for many reasons, he did not think they meditated any such attack; and they had explained their course by saying that,



though their duty compelled them in accordance with the circumstances and evidence to condemn and sentence him, they would gladly save his life, and took the only means allowed them as consistent with their duty, to offer him his life on the only condition possible, that he should give information, nominally, but really only such information as would be of little or no use to them, and of no injury to the Federal cause. But then why did they take such an interest in him as to offer him such simple conditions of saving his life? Then, too, why had they lied about the testimony that was given by that young lady? For he felt certain that she had never sworn falsely in the matter.

He wished he could see her just for one second, only to tell her that he never for one moment believed it of her, and to tell her also that he was no spy. If he lived he would go and see her again. If he lived? What chance was there for life unless he accepted their conditions? He felt that there was none whatever, and was he really debating in his mind whether to accept those conditions or not? He hoped not, for try as he might, the question would only present itself to him as a choice between a life of disgrace and dishonor, and a noble, honorable death. And he would not hesitate upon any choice like that. No, perish the thought of life upon such terms. He would welcome death,

more especially as when known it would wipe out all dishonor from his name in his own camp. For, when they heard that he had been shot as a spy, they would know that he had not deserted. There was great comfort in this thought. But, then, would they hear of it at all? Alas, he feared they might not. His mind was distracted with doubts whether the true story of his death would ever be made known. Soldiers, amid the blood and carnage of war, had enough to occupy their thoughts without striving to vindicate the reputation of a dead companion in arms. His mind fully made up as to his decision and course of action, he now turned his thoughts to death itself, and mused long and earnestly upon the subject.

In twenty-four hours he would be dead, buried, and lying cold in his grave. There was much food for thought on that subject. Well, he would die like a man and a soldier. He had nothing on his conscience to trouble him. There was no person in the wide world, neither man nor woman, boy nor girl, whose forgiveness he would have wished to ask. He believed that there was no living creature, not even a beast of the field, that he had knowingly or willingly injured. He had not done as much good in the world as he could have wished. His life had not been of as much benefit to others as it should have been, doubtless. But his sins, if any,

were those of omission and not of commission. Years before, he had adopted his only code of morals, briefest among the brief, yet he had found it all-sufficient, and to-night, with only a few hours more of life, he could think of no better one, nor wish to make any improvement upon that. Well observed and followed during life, he felt sure that there was no better one to die by.

Reader, have you any curiosity to know what this, the simplest of religions and most efficient of all codes of morals, is? We will give you the whole of it and then cordially invite you to compare it with any one or all of the thousand different religions and codes of morals patronized by others, and let it stand or fall by that comparison fairly made. It consists of two parts only: first the command, or injunction, and next the explanation.

First: Do that which is right.

Second: Whatever increases, directly or indirectly, the sum of happiness in the world, or lessens misery, is right, and its necessary corollary, whatever increases misery or lessens happiness is wrong and should be avoided. This is all. Too simple to be of much importance, and yet, as he was thinking upon this matter now, with all the intensity of his vigorous mind, rendered preternaturally acute by the near approach of death, he could not fail to realize how vastly better this world would be, if

every human being would drop all other creeds and live up to this one alone. It seemed to him that all other creeds had been pretty thoroughly tried, and their benefit to mankind proved *nil*, and now mankind might do worse than give this little one a fair trial. He believed it the best to live and the best to die by. Such were the thoughts that passed rapidly through Lockwell's mind during this, what he considered his last night upon earth. In the morning he would ask for pen and ink and write a few letters to relatives and friends; they would probably never be received, yet they might, and it would do no harm to ask to have them kept until opportunity offered to send them across the lines. That was all; he would have no further preparations to make. He would try to pass the day as composedly as possible. Yet the idea was terrible to be shot as a spy in the evening! The more he pondered upon the matter the more he determined to try and find some other means of leaving the world. He hoped that during the day he would find some means of taking his own life, and if so, he would certainly improve the opportunity. Any death would be preferable to being shot as a spy. But how to take his own life, that was the question. He pondered long and deeply upon this point, but it was not till near the break of day that an idea occurred to him, which, if he could succeed in putting

into practice, would terminate his life soon after eight o'clock in the morning. Though this plan would prevent him from writing letters, yet he resolved to adopt it. He had made many efforts to get some sleep, but without success, and now, since he had fully resolved upon his plan of action, all thoughts of sleep were banished from his mind. He took his pencil and some letters he had in his pocket and wrote on the backs of them a full account of how he came into his present position, how he was doomed to die, and how he intended to forestall that doom by drawing the fire of the guard upon him and die, not as a condemned spy, for the court had not yet passed their verdict upon him, but as an escaping prisoner of war, for such would be the result if his plan succeeded before the judges of the court-martial pronounced that sentence upon him which had been postponed to give him an opportunity to change the verdict.

While in the room where the court was sitting he had noticed that the window curtain was drawn tight down so as to hide the view from the outside, but as the weather was warm, and as he had noticed some movements or undulations of the curtain, he not unnaturally concluded that the window outside of or behind it was wide open. He also thought that at the hour appointed to hear his decision (eight o'clock) he would be taken into the same

room to decide the matter, and he made up his mind to then and there spring through the window and either kill himself in the fall, which, however, was not likely, or, continuing his flight, bring down the fire of the guards and sentries upon himself, and so be killed. That was all, and that now being settled and his writing finished, his mind was quiet, and, though nearly six o'clock, he fell into a quiet sleep and slept till a little after seven. He then arose, and calmly regarded his watch as the hands moved quickly around. Five minutes to eight arrived, and his door was opened. The same two guards with solemn visage who had conducted him on the preceding evening now requested him to come once more before the court. His heart beat high with the prospect of almost immediate death, but he was outwardly as calm as he had ever been. Arrived in the court chamber, he shot a quick glance at the window; the curtain was down, so that he could not see whether the window was up or not, but from the feeling of the atmosphere he thought it was. Still the doubt produced great anxiety in his mind. All his hopes of a speedy death were centred upon that window. If that was closed his plans had failed. "Well, sir," said the same spokesman as of yesterday, "we hope we may congratulate you upon your determination to have a

long and prosperous life before you, and that you will now give us the information spoken of."

"Gentlemen," replied Lockwell, "the dishonored life you offer to me I would not hold as a gift. As I have always lived, so will I die, without a stain upon my name. Receive this as my final answer, and cease to persecute me with these offers which are and can be no temptation to a man of honor. But, gentlemen, as I am no spy, I refuse to die as a spy! I will not stand up in the place of a condemned spy, to be shot at by your traitorous bullets. I prefer to die now, at this moment, before your verdict and sentence are pronounced—die as an escaping prisoner of war" (he now felt certain that the window was open, as he could see the curtain move). "You have, perhaps, done what you considered your duty, and I freely forgive you the murder which you are about to perpetrate upon me." And with a jump he was at the window, dashed the curtain one side, and like a flash he had sprung through. He had rightly concluded that as the room was on the ground floor, the fall on the outside of the window would not be more than two or three feet, and would not delay him one second. Now, as he had entered the camp blindfolded, and his own room had no windows, he had no idea of the position of anything, or what di-

rection he should take; nor did he care. He had not a thought of escape. His only idea was to plunge rapidly forward in any direction, and so draw the fire of the guard upon him, and end his life, for, whatever might happen, he would not be taken alive. Landing upon his feet outside the building, he was off like the wind toward the first opening that caught his eye; fifty yards are passed like a locomotive, and before a shot was fired; ten more the same way, and his eye began to take in something of the surroundings. Heavens! were not these soldiers scattered here and there all clothed in Union blue? Yes, but what of that? They might have captured a quartermaster's train somewhere filled with clothing, and their own being worn out, had put these on. Twenty yards more, and still not a shot; he passed close to where several soldiers stood with guns in their hands, and they never raised them; what did it all mean? Ah! there must be a high wall, or deep ditch around the camp, over which they knew he could not pass, and they were mocking at his attempt! He would then speedily be recaptured, and taken back to jail, and his plan had failed! But, no, he would never be taken alive. The first soldier who approached him he would knock down and seize his gun, and then compel the next soldier to shoot him in self-defence. All these thoughts passed



like lightning through his mind, and now he was passing two officers, who were evidently laughing at him. Officers? but they, too, were in Federal uniform! What *did* it all mean? Like a flash he turned and looked up to the top of the flag-staff; there were the stars and stripes floating in the breeze! Was he going crazy? He feared so. An officer now approached with a smile, and held out his hand. "Well, Lieutenant Lockwell, you appear confused. Take my arm and we will walk back to the colonel's quarters, where you will find most of the officers of your regiment waiting to receive you."

"Then what—what," stammered Lockwell, "does all this mean? This is not, it cannot be all a dream?"

"Oh, no; not at all, but the story is too long and amusing for you to hear just yet; come first and get a good glass of grog." At headquarters, his astonishment was in no way lessened by seeing all his messmates, who came forth with warm greetings to welcome him, and laughingly congratulated him on his narrow escape from the fate of a spy. He was well-nigh overcome by the sudden change from hopelessness to perfect safety; nor could he form the slightest idea as to how it all happened.

Everything appeared to him to be "confusion worse confounded." But, after a hearty lunch, and

a good stiff grog, he prepared himself to listen to all particulars.

It appeared that immediately after leaving his fatigue party on the preceding day, and starting over for the "square meal," the officer of the day rode by, and finding that the lieutenant in charge of the party was absent, he at once reported the fact to his regimental commander, together with his surmises as to where, and for what he had gone, and, as it happened, he guessed exactly right. Now, the lieutenant was a favorite with the colonel, and he, with the officer of the day, at once determined not to report the matter up any higher, but to concoct a plan whereby they would sufficiently punish the delinquent, and at the same time secure some amusement for themselves. Quickly letting half a dozen good men in the secret, they sent to the next regiment just over the hill, the quartermaster of which they knew had in his possession about a dozen Confederate uniforms, including four or five officers'. To acquaint the quartermaster with their plans, and borrow these uniforms was the work of a moment. But here a difficulty occurred to them; the lieutenant was acquainted with the faces of all the men in the regiment, and would surely recognize them. Therefore, recourse was again had to the quartermaster for advice, and as the regiment to which the

lieutenant belonged had only very recently been assigned to this brigade, it was thought that he was not much acquainted with either officers or men in the other regiment, so it was determined that the quartermaster should take five or six men from his regiment and, dressed in the Confederate uniforms, undertake to carry out the whole programme. With what success this was accomplished the reader already knows. The quartermaster took his men up to the back of the house, previously, however, having sent on a faithful man in Federal uniform to acquaint the gentleman of the house, who was a sound Union man, privately, with the whole particulars, so that he would be prepared to receive and admit his visitors by the back way, and also co-operate with them. Everything turned out as expected, though if it had not been for the presence of mind of the host there would have been a tragic termination to the farce when they sprung their trap on young Lockwell.

After the capture the affair could no longer be kept secret, and a full explanation of the matter being sent to the brigadier-general commanding, he entered heartily into the spirit of the arrangement, and agreed to act as the presiding officer at the court-martial, and did so.

Various bets were made as to whether Lieutenant Lockwell would accept the terms proposed in order

to save his life. Nearly all were of opinion that the temptation would be too strong for any man when he came to consider the slight importance of the revelation he was required to make.

The general offered to bet a basket of champagne he would make him yield. And the colonel of the regiment to which Lockwell belonged promptly accepted the bet, hence the pertinacity with which the general, as presiding officer of the court-martial, tried to induce the lieutenant to accept the conditions.

It was with no little pride of his officer that the colonel afterward drank his champagne. And many a toast was offered in his honor by his brother officers. A few days afterward, when the whole affair came to the knowledge of the general commanding the division, he sent for our friend, and, after reprimanding him for leaving his post of duty, said: "But the punishment which you received was, at least, equal to the offence committed, and I can only add that your conduct under those circumstances, which were the same to you as if they were real, receives my most heartfelt admiration, and I am very proud to number you among the officers of my division." Lockwell received this and all other honors with his accustomed modesty, and thus ended the first of a numerous series of adventures.

## CHAPTER IV.

## TAKEN SICK.

THE next event in the life of Lieutenant Lockwell which we have been able to find among his manuscripts, appears to have been the illness which came upon him a few months after the little episode which we have detailed in the preceding chapter. His regiment had been removed to Aquia Creek, Virginia. And here his fortune was to be out on picket in the most exposed positions, and during the most trying weather. To be saturated with melted snow and sleet he came to consider his normal condition, and as he would never ask to be excused on account of ill-health, if he was able to move at all, he got more than his share of the hardships of an unusually severe campaign. Though he was of a splendid physical formation, and had a good constitution, he could not always expect to bear up under such constant exposure to cold and wet, with rather a meagre and unpalatable diet. After an unusually severe and prolonged period of exposure, he was taken down with congestion of the lungs and typhoid fever. For days he

lay in his tent with few, if any, comforts, and suffered patiently, yet with an intense longing for some of those delicacies not obtainable among soldiers and in camp life. He was visited by the colonel and other officers of the regiment, by whom he continued to be most highly esteemed.

Even during the physical weakness and depression incident to continued illness his natural humor would constantly manifest itself to those around him. The senior lieutenant of his company was a very sedate, solemn, and rather melancholy individual of a religious turn of mind, and on him the sick man used to vent his latent spirits, and sometimes, it is to be feared, he sadly shocked his sense of propriety.

One instance: While our friend was too sick to be removed to the hospital, and the whole regiment began to fear they should lose their favorite officer, the other lieutenant visited him one afternoon, when the following dialogue took place between them:

“Well, how do you find yourself this afternoon?”

“Oh, about the same; I do not see any change in myself, and I am very glad to think I am no worse;” then pausing for a moment, he added, “I know they think in the regiment I am going to die; now, what do you think about it—do you believe I am going to ‘kick the bucket?’”

"Oh, I hope not, Lockwell; you have a very good strong constitution and I am in hopes you will come out all right yet."

"Well," replied the invalid, "I will tell you what I will do. I will bet you one dozen bottles of beer that I will be dead in less than two weeks!" The horrified senior lieutenant immediately left, to consult with the chaplain of the regiment in regard to this very hard case.

The next day the colonel called upon him and after a very pleasant chat said, as he rose to leave, "Would you not like me to send the chaplain to converse with you about spiritual matters?"

"Oh, yes, colonel," was the answer, "if you think I can do him any good, I would be very glad to see him."

The chaplain did not come. A few days more and he is removed to the officers' hospital at Georgetown, District of Columbia, and two or three weeks of good treatment there rendered him a very hopeful convalescent.

It was while here, with little to occupy his mind, that he engaged largely in polemical controversies with those clergymen who frequently visited the hospital to teach the invalids the only true way to be saved. As they each taught a different way, and no two ways were at all similar, many being diametrically opposite to others, it was

rather confusing to those who would listen impartially to all of them. Even had his own fertile and well-stored mind no arguments with which to attack the selfish and bigoted theories of sectarians and partisans, he would only have to remember what the advocates of one creed had to say about another sect, to be sufficiently well posted to keep up his side of the argument. Thus, when the Catholic priest would prove to him that the Episcopal Church was founded by that corrupt monarch, Henry the Eighth, and for the very reason that the Catholic Church was too pure to allow such wickedness, he was compelled to establish a church of his own to sustain him in his immorality, he was furnishing arguments to be used against the Episcopal clergyman during their next little debate. And so, if he chose, he could remember what the Unitarian minister said, to use it against the Presbyterian, and the Baptist against the Methodist, and so on. He could not help observing that their arguments were always more reasonable, logical, and generally sound when demolishing other creeds than when trying to establish their own, and now, if never before, he realized that there was far more to be said against any specified religion than could be possibly be advanced in its favor, whether it were the Catholic or any of the numerous subdivisions of Protestantism? "What



am I to believe in regard to theology," said he one morning to one of these teachers, "with so many conflicting opinions in regard to it? I have been talking earnestly in the last two weeks with a Methodist, a Catholic, a Unitarian, and a Baptist, and now, if I attempt to bring my mind to accept any one of those creeds, I have the arguments of three other smarter men than myself against it."

"But," replied the other, "you have your reason given you for the purpose of choosing, and you do wrong if you do not exercise it."

"But so have these other four men as much reason given to them as I have, yet they have all chosen differently, and from the very nature of the case only one, if any, can be correct, and the other three have by means of their reason chosen wrongly, though you cannot doubt they have sincerely and honestly exercised that reason. So they might better have had no reason to exercise, as it has led them into error. Is it surprising, then, that most of us, who have listened to the arguments of all sides without fear or favor, should come to the conclusion that if your God had intended any one of these religions to be accepted by His creatures, he would have made it so clear which one that no two honest searchers after truth could differ, yet you will admit that such is not the case!"

It was during the fourth week of hospital treatment that word came that the whole army was on the move, probably the long-talked-of "On to Richmond" movement.

Though still very feeble, he at once determined to join his regiment, if it was a possible thing to do. On making his application for a discharge from the hospital, the physicians in charge were very reluctant to grant him permission to go to the front, for they thought he was still too feeble to travel that distance in the rough manner he would be compelled to adopt. But when they found him determined they yielded, and he started for the field of action.

He was just in time to take part in the great battle of Chancellorville, which has been too often described by abler pens than mine for me to dwell on those events, which were so vividly impressed upon the mind of our friend that all the varied scenes of his after-life failed to dim the recollection of them.

He arrived upon that fatal field on the Friday evening at the beginning of the battle, footsore and wearied. He had pushed ahead, regardless of his feeble strength, attracted by the firing; and when he reached the trenches, where his company were busily engaged in throwing up earthworks, using their pewter plates in lieu of spades, of which they

had few or none, he sank down quite exhausted, and lay at the bottom of the ditch an hour or so, until recovered, and then joined the workers. At the end of that disastrous battle, in which we were out-generalled, out-fought, and badly beaten, the order to retreat was given. He started with the others, but had gone but a very short distance when he realized that he was unable to keep up with the troops. Going to the colonel he stated that he was compelled to remain behind and take his chances with the rebels, not having strength enough to proceed further. But the colonel, who generally travelled well prepared for all emergencies, now took a canteen from his shoulder, that was filled with good brandy, and told our lieutenant to drink well of that and then perhaps he could keep up with them. Seizing the canteen our friend imbibed the burning fluid as though all his hopes of temporal salvation depended upon the amount he drank. This was by far the heaviest drink of spirits he ever took, either before or after this event, and he fully believed it kept him from the hands of the enemy. It had the desired effect; he thought no more of throwing himself upon the tender mercies of the Confederates; he was able to travel through the mud and rain of that memorable retreat as fast as any one.

Cold, hungry, discouraged, demoralized, and

terribly scattered, they arrived at their old camping-ground, and the old routine of camp duties was recommenced, without any immediate prospect of being again broken up.

Up to this time he had only kept the original commission with which he had started out, but now he had every reason to think that he would soon be promoted to a higher position ; as soon, in fact, as there should occur a suitable vacancy. But before any such opportunity offered he received a letter from his wounded brother, then staying upon the old homestead, saying that his general health was good, and he again felt strong enough to re-enter the service and renew his efforts to serve his country ; but that his arm and shoulder were still too weak to permit him to be received as a private, and therefore he desired our lieutenant to assist him, if possible, in getting a commission ; at once Lockwell determined that his brother should have his own place, if he could get no other for him.

Some correspondence followed between the two, by which he learned that the "Pennsylvania Bucktails" in which his brother had served had been almost annihilated, and the few that were left were consolidated with other and strange regiments, and so his chances there of obtaining a commission were gone ; more especially as the noble, brave and gallant Colonel Hugh McNeil, who had commanded

the regiment, was among the slain. This information determined our friend to use every effort to get for his brother the position that he himself held. But this was a matter it was going to be very difficult to accomplish. It was true he could resign, but he could have no voice in the appointment of his successor. That would be probably made by means of a letter from the colonel of the regiment to the governor of the State (New York). But the colonel was not willing to give such a letter, the brother being a stranger to him, and, besides, it was usual to make such appointments from among the more meritorious of the subordinates. However, after great delay, he got the desired letter from the colonel, but the delay had brought suspicion to his mind that all was not just right; in fact, he felt certain that the colonel was not acting fairly by him. In thinking the matter over he came to the conclusion that the colonel had issued a previous letter and sent it to the governor recommending a certain sergeant for this place, and that he, the colonel, supposed the commission would be already issued before the second letter would reach the governor of New York, and, necessarily, the second letter would prove useless. He was perfectly correct in this surmise. The colonel had pursued exactly this course, and supposed he calculated with certainty that his first letter would

be the one acted upon, more especially as the lieutenant would have to stop a week or two in Washington, to settle his accounts and draw his pay, and he (the colonel) had not the remotest idea that the lieutenant suspected him of unfairness or double dealing. Receiving the letter at last, as we have said, our friend (now no longer a lieutenant; his resignation having been accepted, he received his honorable discharge from the army), lost no time in starting for Washington, and on the way he pondered a great deal upon the best course to pursue. His suspicions of the colonel were only general; he had no particular action to base them on, and sometimes he was inclined to think that all was straightforward, as it appeared to be on the surface, and the letter he held would procure his brother's commission without trouble when presented, and, if so, he could stop in Washington and settle his own affairs and then go to Albany and get the commission for his brother. But no, it would not do to take those risks of delay; his brother must have his commission if the thing were possible: delays are dangerous. Though short of funds, his pay from the government being in arrears, he concluded to press forward at once to Albany to see Governor Seymour, to whom his letter was addressed. It is true he might have forwarded his letter to his brother, who was then in

New York, and the latter could have presented it in person. But he was afraid that a previous letter might then be in the hands of the governor, in which case the brother, not understanding the circumstances, would not know how to act. So, without stopping for a moment anywhere, Lockwell took the fastest trains on the railroad, and telegraphed his brother to meet him in Albany, where they both arrived on the same day. The meeting between the brothers, who were devotedly attached to each other, was the occasion of great joy to both of them; but knowing the possible importance of time, not five minutes elapsed before they were on the way to the governor. After introducing themselves they handed him the letter, and he, after reading it, passed it to his adjutant with orders to look at the matter at once. The governor then conversed with the brothers with that kind courtesy of manner and general urbanity which made him so generally liked by all who came in contact with him, of whatever political creed. The adjutant soon entered with a report that struck a chill of disappointment to the hearts of both brothers. A previous letter had been received from the colonel recommending Sergeant Blank, and his commission had been issued to him. The brothers stared at one another in dismay; the hopes of the elder of re-entering the army at once were

now frustrated. The younger had resigned, intending to re-enlist as a private, for the sake of giving his position to his brother, and all had ended in disappointment. Lockwell inquired when the letter from the regiment had been received. The adjutant said he believed it had been received some three days before, but had not been acted upon until that very day.

What a tantalizing disappointment—only part of one day too late. “Governor,” said Lockwell, “this is very unfortunate. I knew this other letter had been sent you by the colonel, recommending Sergeant Blank; but afterward he had good reason to wish to countermand it, and accordingly gave me this letter, which you see is of later date, and intended to supersede the other, and I have travelled post haste, at great inconvenience to myself, in hopes to get here in time to have it acted upon. But I suppose now there is no help for it.”

“None, whatever,” replied his excellency; “a commission once issued cannot well be revoked, or the position vacated, except by the military authorities of the United States.”

Lockwell asked, “How long ago was this commission signed?” The adjutant replied, “A little more than an hour ago, perhaps.” “One hour only! are you sure it has gone to the post-office?” “Yes—or—I think so; however, I will go and



look," and he left the room. A moment or two of silent suspense intervened; then the adjutant re-entered the room with a large package in his hand, and addressed the governor: "The mail for Washington has not yet gone, your Excellency. The commission these gentlemen speak of is still in this package; if you so desire, it can be easily taken out, a new one substituted, and the necessary corrections made upon the records."

This was indeed joyful news. The governor, upon learning that the person before him, who was the one mentioned in the second recommendation of the colonel, had served in the celebrated Bucktail regiment, and been severely wounded at Antietam, readily gave his consent to the change, and the elder brother soon had his commission in his pocket, and was away to join his regiment in Virginia. How he was afterward promoted to a captaincy, placed on General Geary's staff, and fought his way with Sherman in the celebrated march to the sea, it is not the purpose of this narrative to recount.

The younger brother returned to the old farm to recuperate for a few weeks preparatory to entering the army again as a private.

## CHAPTER V.

## HE RE-ENLISTS.

A FEW weeks vacation were sufficient for our hero to recover his physical strength, and to make up his mind to enlist again at once. Now, he liked money as well as any one, or rather, we should say, he liked the good things that money would procure, and not money itself. His principal vice was extravagance; he carried generosity to a fault. He could scarcely see a street beggar—especially if it was a woman—without emptying his pockets in her behalf. But he was always on the alert to make or gain money when he could do so. This time he meant to enlist where they were paying big bounties, and he finally determined on enlisting at New London, Connecticut, in a regiment then down in Louisiana. He did so, and was sent to the camp of rendezvous at Fair Haven, Connecticut.

Arrived in camp, he found other raw recruits to the number of many hundreds, awaiting transportation to their respective regiments. This was, beyond question, the worst set of men he had ever laid eyes on. Thieves, gamblers, bounty-jumpers,

and scallawags of all kinds, mixed indiscriminately among good honest men, who had enlisted solely for the good of their country. But what proportion there was of each class it was impossible to tell. But it seemed to be pretty certain that the worse far outnumbered the better class. Immense barracks were surrounded by a yard, which was enclosed by an eight-foot fence, with a row of sharp spikes running along the top, and a plank walk near the top running along on the outside, where sentries promenaded and kept constant watch upon the recruits who were inside. Escape for the professional bounty-jumpers seemed impossible, yet desperate efforts were made for freedom, sometimes, by these individuals, which often resulted in the death of one or more of those engaged in the fearful attempt.

Into these barracks was private Lockwell brought, and thrust without ceremony among creatures revolting to his refined and sensitive nature. He had about one thousand dollars with him, most of which he had carefully placed in the watch-pocket of his pantaloons, and kept only some ten or twelve dollars in his pocketbook, which he carried in the breast pocket of his blouse.

The day after his arrival he bought some things at the sutler's to eat—the camp fare was so poor, or his taste was so fastidious, he could not get along

with it—and of course was compelled to show his pocketbook with some money in it. The result of this exposure was made manifest that very night. He occupied a middle berth of a centre tier, and had been lying down perhaps two hours, but was only partly asleep, when he felt some one gently unbuttoning his blouse (he slept in all his clothes) to get at his pocketbook; as he had his back to the alleyway in which the thief must be standing, he could not get a sight of him. As he wanted very much to see him, he thought if he yawned and turned his head slowly the fellow would not make off so quickly but that he might see him. So he stretched himself, and turned over a little: the chap dodged back a few steps, but not till Lockwell got a good view of him; but after waiting a few minutes the fellow made off. Conjecturing that the thief would return as soon as he supposed Lockwell would be again fast asleep, the latter placed himself in a good position for action, rebuttoned his blouse, closed his eyes, and awaited events. An hour passed, and he had almost got asleep in reality when he felt his person touched again; but this time the operations were a little different: instead of unbuttoning his blouse, a sharp knife was used to cut through it, directly over the pocketbook. This complicated matters somewhat. He was afraid if he grabbed the thief as he had intended

he would be cut by the knife, yet he resolved to risk it. The very dim light in the room had enabled him to partially open his eyes and get a good view of the thief. He found him to be the same fellow who had made the previous attempt, and he looked him well over, to be sure that he could recognize him again on the morrow in case he failed to secure him to-night. Making a sudden grab he seized the chap around the arm which was slowly engaged in cutting through the blouse, and at the same time called loudly for the guard, some of whom were supposed to be patrolling through each room. The scoundrel jumped back, but Lockwell still held on, again calling loudly for assistance; but, lying down as he was, he was at a great disadvantage, yet he maintained his grip until several persons rushed forward, crying, "What is the matter," and at the same time taking hold of the man and wrenching him out of Lockwell's grasp, when he immediately disappeared, and the men who had come forward eagerly asked what was the matter. But one glance at them enabled our friend to take in the situation at once: they were undoubtedly comrades of the thief who had come to his rescue, though they pretended all the innocence in the world.

The young recruit simply told them he guessed they knew well enough what was the matter, and

now he wanted them to clear out, as he desired to go to sleep; they went off grumbling, and he turned over and went to sleep. The next day early he looked through the building till he found his acquaintance of the preceding evening, and, getting one of the guard, he caused his arrest; the fellow pretended to be very indignant, saying that he knew nothing whatever about the matter with which he was charged, and demanded of the officer of the guard that he should give him a chance to prove his innocence, which he said he could easily do. This being only reasonable, an immediate examination was granted him, when, to the utmost astonishment of Lockwell, three of the very men who had closed in around the thief on the preceding evening and wanted to know what was the matter, now came forward and testified that the accused party was not in the place where the attempt was made, but at that time, and before, and for long afterward, he was in another part of the building playing cards with them, so that it must evidently be a case of mistaken identity. They further testified that they were not acquainted with the prisoner, never having spoken to him before, that they remembered, but he had joined their game about an hour before the attempt at robbery, and continued playing for several hours after. It was useless for Lockwell to attempt to establish his

accusation. An alibi had been proven by the testimony of three *disinterested* parties, and the prisoner was discharged.

But he was yet to see stranger sights. The thief and his witnesses all belonged to an organized gang of thieves and gamblers, whose depredations upon the pockets of the recruits, nearly all of whom came in with large sums of bounty money, became more and more bold, until they got so reckless at last as to walk up to new recruits in the middle of the day, and would take every cent of money away from them, and when they complained the thieves would swear each other clear, and this was done repeatedly. To Lockwell, whose tastes were refined, and whose habits were neat, life among these beings was almost unbearable.

He went to the commanding officer of the camp and asked him how long he would have to remain there before he would be sent to his regiment. But that officer, when he heard that he belonged to a regiment stationed at New Orleans, told him that recruits came in very slow for that department, so slow in fact that he was of opinion it would be two or three months before they had enough men to make a sufficiently large squad to send away. This was wretched news to Lockwell, for he had hoped every day to get away from that place, and now to think he must remain here for some months was,

indeed, a dismal prospect. He felt he must get away from there. But how? He could not desert if he would; and he would not if he could, so that was not to be thought of for a moment. He pondered deep and long, but for days no thought crossed his mind whereby escape from this dreadful position seemed possible. At last he bethought himself that there might be a chance to get a commission in a colored company. He wrote to the chief of Colored Bureau at Washington to know what course was necessary to pursue in order to get such commission. The reply was that he must be examined and passed by Gen. Casey's Board, and to get permission to go before that board he must forward the recommendations of responsible, well-known parties—the governor of the State he was in, if possible. Now, he did not know a soul in the whole State of Connecticut before he enlisted, and it looked for a time as if he would not be able to procure the necessary vouchers. He determined finally to write a plain statement of the facts to the governor, whom, by the way, he had never seen, and state clearly the whole circumstances of the case, including his intense desire to go before General Casey's Board for examination, and with infinite brass, or cheek, he politely asked the governor to recommend him. In due course the governor sent his regrets, but he had already



recommended more persons to the board than were required to fill the official positions of all the colored troops raised in that State, and was sorry therefore that he could not comply, etc. Lockwell immediately answered the letter, in effect that he did not believe one half whom he had distinguished by his recommendation would pass the board ; but, at all events, he thought he ought to have an even chance with them, and most earnestly and emphatically repeated the request of the former letter.

In place of answering this letter directly, the governor wrote to an officer stationed at the camp, with whom he was personally acquainted, asking who was this Lockwell who had been writing to him for permission to go before the examining board, etc. Very fortunately, Lockwell had made a slight acquaintance with this officer in the camp, and the latter brought the letter to him to see as soon as received. Lockwell begged him to leave the letter with him a little while and he (Lockwell) would write an answer, and the officer need only copy and sign it. The officer laughed at that idea, but finally consented, with the reservation that he could not promise to copy and sign till he first saw it. Then Lockwell went to work with all his mind to describe himself in the third person in the most complimentary manner as a well-behaved young man, of more than ordinary intelligence, whom it

was a pity to keep shut up in camp when he would undoubtedly do honor to an appointment if he could get it, etc., etc. Which lengthy and self-laudatory epistle he showed to the officer, and then delivered such a pathetic argument upon his patriotic desire to go where he could do some good, and expatiated so well upon his present woes, that he quite won the heart of that officer, and he promised he would copy the letter and send it to the governor, and he did. The next in order was a letter from the governor, which, upon opening, proved, on the inside, to be addressed to the chief of Colored Bureau at Washington, and containing the desired recommendation. This was quickly forwarded, and shortly brought back an order from the Secretary of War to permit him to go to Washington.

All his energies until now had been directed to getting before the board, but now, when he was about to start, he began to realize that the difficulties were not all over yet. He might not pass the board satisfactorily. There were so many applicants that they were very particular in the examination, desiring to reject a great number of them. Then, passing the board successfully, it might be a very long time before he would be commissioned; but he was never one to borrow or anticipate trouble; with him "sufficient unto the day was the

evil thereof," and he rushed ahead. Before the board, he was examined in most everything, tactics first, of course; mathematics, history, geography, and general information followed. On reaching the last mentioned they asked him what line of study he preferred to follow. He replied, theology. This staggered them. The member who had until now asked all the questions, here said he would have to pass the examination on to some other member, as he feared he was a little weak himself on that point. On this subject they asked him many curious questions, but at that time he was so well posted upon that subject that they failed to puzzle him at all. He passed the board as second lieutenant and was sent back to camp. Shortly afterward his appointment came, when he was attached and detailed on service at the camp.

## CHAPTER VI.

## LIFE IN THE CONSCRIPT CAMP.

THE first desire in the heart of this new-made officer was to protect those innocent new recruits who came into camp, from the rapacious clutches of this gang of thieves and gamblers, who still continued their plundering without any hindrance whatever. He called upon the commanding officer of the camp, and represented to him what iniquitous proceedings were being constantly carried on within the barracks. The officer replied that he knew very well such was the case, but he did not see how it could be prevented, the thieves always succeeding in clearing one another, and it seemed almost impossible to bring them to justice. Lockwell explained how they managed; stated that he had observed them carefully; knew most of them by sight, and thought he would be able to remedy the evil, providing, if instead of changing the officer of the guard every day, as had been customary, he could retain that position for three successive days. This arrangement was readily made, and Lockwell began acting as officer of the guard. During the

first day no trouble of any kind was reported. But on the second day a recruit, a new arrival, reported that he had been robbed of about eight hundred dollars in greenbacks, right in the middle of the day, and in about the centre of the building. One of the guard was sent with him to find the robber and bring him to the guard-house, which was done. But the chap was very profuse in his protestations of innocence. A smile of pure delight broke out upon the countenance of the lieutenant when he looked upon the man, and at once recognized him as the identical individual who had attempted to get his (the lieutenant's) pocketbook the second night he had slept within the barracks, though the lieutenant himself was not recognized. It was with the keenest pleasure that he looked upon this person as his prisoner, and when the latter said, as usual, that he could prove his innocence by several disinterested parties, our friend told him to bring on all the witnesses he could find, and a guard was accordingly sent with him to hunt them up and bring them in. They soon returned with half a dozen of the regular gang of thieves as witnesses. Lockwell asked the prisoner if these were all the men who could testify to his innocence, "for," said he, "these matters are generally proven by weight of evidence, and I believe I have some eight or ten witnesses who have testimony to offer against you."

"If that is the case," replied the prisoner, "I can bring others still who will prove that I could not have been guilty of the crime with which I am charged."

"Then the guard will go with you once more, but this time bring up all who can testify in your favor, for I myself will be looking up witnesses against you." The ruse was successful; this time the prisoner returned with the entire balance of the gang, seven in number, which, with the former six still waiting in the guard-house, made thirteen of the worst specimens of humanity that could be found in a day's search anywhere: professional thieves and gamblers who had enlisted with the object of getting, first, the big bounty then given in many places, and next to win by gambling (and acting in concert they always won) all the money they could, and lastly to steal all they could not otherwise appropriate. But they were so uniformly successful in this last manner of operating, and so certain to clear each other by perjured testimony, that they came very generally to adopt this easier and quicker method of procedure.

The lieutenant was now convinced that he had nearly, if not quite, the whole gang before him. He conducted them, all unsuspecting of the fact that their long and perfectly successful career of crime had at last collapsed into the guard-house.

He knew that they were desperadoes of the most determined class, who would hesitate at nothing if they thought they were being caught. It was, indeed, extremely likely they would make a united rush for the gate, knowing that one or two of them might, and probably would, get killed, but the others stood some chance of escape. Such a thing had been attempted from this same camp several times previously by bounty-jumpers, but always with very indifferent success.

At one time fifteen of them had succeeded in loosening a long plank from the rear of the barracks, and at a preconcerted signal they all made a rush for this plank, and placing it against the top of the fence they went over it, passed the guard and into the open fields beyond, where they scattered, no two keeping together, and all taking different directions, so as to distract any organized effort at pursuit, which they knew would be at once instituted by the reserve guard. Out of the fifteen making this desperate effort for freedom, two were shot and killed by the nearest guard, while passing the fence. Three were badly wounded and taken in the pursuit. Four others were captured, and the remaining six succeeded in escaping. But the gang now in the guard-house had no thoughts of danger to themselves, and they were in the best of spirits. To prevent all chances of trouble and dis-

turbance they were told that, in order to prevent them from following each other's testimony, if they were so disposed, they would be taken singly into another room and examined separately. As they had already agreed among themselves just what they should swear to, this arrangement did not trouble them in the least, and they regarded each other with knowing smiles. As each was passed into another room he was immediately seized by the guard, heavily ironed, and led out by another door. When they were all thus disposed of, and brought again before the lieutenant, they were nearly crazed with rage and disappointment. Deep, and even loud were the imprecations called down upon the head of that officer, as he stood before them with folded arms regarding them with a scornful smile.

"Oh! you can do your worst now," they exclaimed, "but the war will be over some day, and then, you may rest assured, we will meet you again if we have to hunt over the whole earth to find you, and then we will get more than even with you. We won't leave a whole bone in your body. You don't know who you are dealing with."

"Well, gentlemen," replied the object of their wrath, "if I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance I will have ample opportunities to remedy my misfortune in that respect before you leave this



guard-house, but I know some of you better than you think, for that man," indicating the first prisoner, "was the man who twice in one night attempted to rob me when I was a new recruit in the barracks. You, and you, and you," pointing out three more, "were among those who rescued the thief when I held him. I have lived among you long enough to know each one of you, and you all constitute a regularly organized gang of thieves, who have long and openly preyed upon these recruits. You had studied the question up thoroughly, and enlisted for those regiments which the fewest recruits came for. In this way your chance of remaining in the camp a long time before being sent to the front was good, and you had fully made up your minds to attempt an escape before being sent away. You had confederates outside of this camp who visited it regularly to receive the accumulations of your ill-gotten gains. I only wish there was some means of getting that money back and returning it to the poor, honest recruits, who have been the sufferers at your hands, but that, I fear, is impossible. As to your meeting me again hereafter, my friends, it must be in the immediate future, that is to say, in this world, for, judging from your present conduct and your general character, I shall be disappointed in whatever hopes I may have entertained of meeting you in a future life.

I have only to add that you will be kept securely confined until you are forwarded to your respective regiments. The information which may be necessary to judge of your general characters will also be sent with each of your descriptive lists, to enable your commanding officers to know how to treat you. Here you will be compelled to labor at such work as we may find for you to do around the camp. And now the good discipline of this camp compels me to add that any more such profane language as you have just indulged in will put me to the disagreeable necessity of tying the one who utters it up to a tree for a few hours."

This speech had a very chilling effect upon most of the gang. But one of their number was still furious, and indulged in such an incessant stream of oaths that a gag was placed in his mouth, and he was then tied up by his thumbs till he signified his intention of obeying orders, when he was taken down and placed with his companions, as meek and humble as could be wished.

After this there was little to vary the dull monotony of routine duties for some weeks. The camp became almost wholly free from complaints of robbery after the arrest of the baker's dozen who had been the scourge of the barracks. These gentlemen were well employed with ball and chain in doing all the heavy and dirty work around the

camp, and at night they were confined in the guard-house.

About four weeks after the arrest of this party, and while a squad was about to be made up to send away, when most of them would be sent to their regiments, one of their number, who was by far the most respectable of the party, having behaved himself in such a manner as to win the confidence to some extent of the officers, found an opportunity to approach Lockwell, unperceived by his companions, and while that officer was again in charge of the guard, and to tell him in a low voice that if he would give him an opportunity he would communicate something of importance; and then quickly slipped away. Taking the hint, Lockwell soon after approached the men while working clearing up the ground, and ordered this man in a rough voice to "Take that wheelbarrow and go around behind that building and remove a pile of dirt which you will find there." The man obeyed, and Lockwell, soon after passing through the building, found the man, as he had expected, waiting for him.

"Well, my man," said he, "what have you to communicate to me of such importance?"

The man, who was evidently in a state of great fear, answered, "Oh, lieutenant, for mercy's sake don't let those men see you talking with me or they

will suspect that I am betraying them and they will kill me sure. But won't you find some way that I can tell you without their suspecting it? They are preparing a way to escape and will succeed surely if they are not prevented. This way will not be ready for two days yet; so if this evening or to-morrow you can find a way for me to communicate with you it will be time enough; and now I beg of you to let me go, for they will be sure to suspect otherwise, and then my life will not be worth a minute's purchase." The lieutenant mused a moment, then told him to go back and resume his work with the others, and about half-past five o'clock—that is, about half an hour before the men quit their work and were taken to the guard-house—he (the lieutenant) would be passing near them and would order this man to do some little job or other, when the latter was to reply in an impudent manner, and he gave him the words of a saucy reply which he was to make, and the lieutenant would then at once order him to be taken to the rear of the building and be tied up to a tree as punishment, and he would have it understood by the guard that he was not to be tied up so tight as to hurt him, and immediately afterward the others would be sent back to the guard-house, supposing that their comrade was being severely punished, and then the lieutenant would visit him and hear what he had to say.

The particulars of the revelation that the man had to make were, that the gang, after being shut up in the guard-house nights, had contrived to remove a board from the floor, and with patience and industry had dug, first perpendicularly down about six feet, and then laterally along about ten feet, which was the distance the guard-house was situated from the outside fence ; and they were now at work very nearly under the fence. As the prisoners were rarely disturbed after being locked up at night they had had good opportunities to carry on their work to success, which they would undoubtedly have achieved but for the timely betrayal by this one of their number.

After getting all the particulars of the affair, and being satisfied of the truth of the report, the betrayer was sent back to the guard-house, as though nothing had happened. He was offered the freedom of the camp as a reward for his faithfulness (?), but such was his dread of the vengeance of his comrades that he desired to be treated just as usual. He promised also to keep the lieutenant posted in regard to the progress of the work. The next day, when the prisoners were all out at work, an examination was had, which fully confirmed the story of the man on the preceding evening.

It astonished the beholders to see the amount of work which had been accomplished with tin plates

and case-knives alone. Every particle of dirt had to be excavated with these knives, which were given them to use with their victuals, and then carried backward on tin plates (the men moving on their stomachs, for they only made the hole large enough to crawl through, and only one could work at a time) to the pit, and there handed it to some one at the top, who would receive it and carefully pack it away under the floor. After they began working on the tunnel the one man who was at work always had a string tied to his leg and reaching back to one of the others, who was always on watch to see if one of the guard or an officer was coming that way, in which case the string was pulled violently, the man hurried out, and the board was replaced, hiding all evidence of anything unusual going on, and all the prisoners were in their accustomed places.

No wonder the one who turned traitor was in fear of his life if they should ever discover that he had informed on them, and so rendered all their immense labor abortive. The reason for his course was probably revenge. He had had some hard words with the others, and at one time they had even come to blows, and he swore to be revenged. Possibly, also, he was not sanguine of final success, and thought he could do better to betray everything before it should be discovered. He knew he would be rewarded in some way and so would be gainer.

The much-talked-of "honor among thieves" only exists when it is a matter of policy.

This man afterward had the freedom of the camp given him, was not forwarded to the army in irons, as were the rest. Of course he took advantage of this immunity to desert on the road.

When the gang returned to the guard-house there was nothing to be seen to indicate that their intentions had been discovered. It had been remarked in the last few days how well behaved the prisoners were, and hopes were expressed by the chaplain that they were reforming. All sullenness and impudence had ceased. The men worked cheerfully and obeyed all orders with alacrity. But, alas, it was no moral reformation. Just as the young wife, when about to clope with Gustavus Adolphus, or the French count, always shows more ardent affection for her husband, so these rascals were the best-behaved prisoners when just about to break jail.

The commanding officer of the camp decided, with the advice of the lieutenant, to let things progress until the following night, when the prisoners were to break through the ground on the outside of the fence, about midnight, providing it was a dark night, which was fully expected, as there was no moon; and then it was determined to watch on the spot where they must come up, and catch the

first fellow who should show his head above ground, and the whole arrangement was again given to our lieutenant. While the prisoners were out on the ensuing day a careful survey and measurement had been made of the works, and the exact spot where they must come up was marked.

The eventful night for the prisoners arrived. To-night their hopes of freedom must meet with fruition or be changed to despair.

The night was propitious. As our hero expressed it, "The heavens were as black as the ace of spades."

The hearts of the prisoners beat high with hope.

By putting the ear close to the ground the steady work of the men in the tunnel could be heard only a few inches from the surface. The guard surrounded the hole that was to be, and the lieutenant, with a revolver, the first chamber of which was loaded with powder only, but no bullet, sat on the ground within six inches of the spot, and could distinctly feel the slight jar of the earth as the final dirt was being removed. At half-past twelve a small hole was made. The lieutenant could just distinguish this by the sound, and by putting his face close to the hole he could make out the form of a hand occasionally protruding through. The man at first worked with extreme caution, carrying back the earth every few minutes, and listening at the



hole for the slightest sound. If one of the guard had coughed or sneezed it would have betrayed their presence. But nothing of that nature happened, and the workman, being apparently satisfied of his complete isolation, and having the hole now some larger, ventured to throw the dirt out that way. This facilitated his operations very much. A minute more and the hole was large enough to permit a man to squeeze through. Another moment and the head and shoulders of a man were seen to rise up through the earth by the lieutenant, who himself was lying flat down, and had a black mask upon his face, which was within a foot of the man as he came up. Another instant and the full light of a dark lantern, which he held in readiness, was flashed by the officer upon the man, and almost simultaneously the report from his revolver, which was discharged so close to his face as to blacken his ear, rang out on the stilly night. In describing the very brief scene which ensued our hero says in his MSS.: "I have often seen by the papers that the Western Union time-ball dropped eleven twenty-sevenths of a second slow, but I will guarantee that man was not eleven thousandths of a second slow in dropping back into that hole." And he dropped directly on the head of the next man who was following him, and which caused that one to give a most awful yell of pain and terror, and this added

still more to the fright of the first man, who fully believed he had been wounded, and that unless he quickly retreated under cover of the tunnel which terminated in the outside hole he would surely be killed by the next shot, which he thought would be fired down the hole. But as the limited size of the outside hole did not give him room to turn over he had to go back feet first, and the next man who was following him already blocked up the tunnel, and could not crawl backward quite as easily as a crab. Then the man in the hole outside, in desperate fear of a second shot, tried to work his body back so fast that he kept violently kicking the next man in the head, who swore awfully, and pressed the next man behind him, who in turn was impeding his progress, or rather retrogression, and he, in turn, passed the same treatment to the others behind, till the curses, oaths, and yells of bitter disappointment resembled a pandemonium. The scene, or rather the sound, was so ludicrous as to excite the laughter of the lieutenant, who ordered the hole to be filled with stones and dirt, then retired to his quarters.

## CHAPTER VII.

LIFE IN THE CONSCRIPT CAMP.—(Continued.)

AGAIN an interval of quiet for some days. But the class of recruits now enlisting were mostly induced to volunteer by the large bounties paid by many townships, and were composed, with many noble, honorable exceptions, of scallawags and scoundrels, who, enlisting only for the bounty, were determined to run away before going to the field. The camp at this time was nearly full of these men, and guards were doubled, and extra precautions taken to keep the men from deserting. One day Lieutenant Lockwell noticed a great many men scattered through the camp who wore white handkerchiefs around their necks. And he further noticed that they generally recognized one another when passing near. This excited his suspicion that some plan was being concocted by these fellows to promote their escape, and he determined to watch them carefully. Some days more went by, and the number of those who wore white handkerchiefs rapidly increased. Fearing that, if left alone, they would increase to such an extent as to make any at-

tempt they might make to escape very formidable, he communicated his suspicions to the commanding officer, who at first was disposed to make very light of the matter, thinking that previous attempts had been so very unsuccessful, that fact would deter others from attempting the same. But when the lieutenant argued with him that previous attempts had been unsuccessful simply because of the small numbers engaged, and that there would be no more killed out of a large squad than a small one making the attempt, and that the men were fully aware of this, he took the alarm and gave our friend full authority to investigate and act as he might think best. The first thing Lockwell did was to go through the camp and ascertain how many there were who wore white handkerchiefs, and ascertain exactly how they wore them. He found that there were nearly fifty wearing this sign, and, furthermore, that they all wore them with the knot under the left ear. Making sure of these facts, he also noticed that the frequent private conferences of these handkerchief gentry, whenever three or four were gathered together, were invariably dispersed upon the arrival of an officer in the vicinity, which would not have been the case had the subject of their conversation been legal. From many little signs he concluded there was no time to lose if effectual measures were to be taken to prevent the

success of their plan, whatever it was, for that it was of the nature of an escape he never for a moment doubted.

Picking out one of the most intelligent of the new recruits, one who appeared to be superior in every way to most of them, he revealed to him all his suspicions and desired his help to go among the men with white handkerchiefs and ascertain the facts. He instructed him to tie a white handkerchief around his neck with the knot under the left ear, just as the others had theirs. Then he gave him full directions how to act, and added that he must be sure not to allow any of them to shake hands with him, as they undoubtedly had secret grips, signs, or tokens, and his failure to give the proper ones would betray him.

The young man, who was a youth of quick perceptions, entered heartily into the plan. Leaving the barracks, equipped in the regular regalia, he sauntered among the others similarly rigged, and, watching his opportunity, he cautiously spoke to one of them, saying in a whisper :

“Do you know I sometimes am afraid this arrangement of ours will fail after all?”

“Why should it fail?” quickly responded the other; “I see no reason for thinking so.”

“Well,” said the spy, “I don’t think there are enough of us engaged in it to secure success.”

“Not enough? Why, you know up to last evening there were fifty-three of us altogether. That ought to be enough as against any means they have got here for stopping us.”

“But how do you like our leader?”

“Like him? Why of course I like him, don’t you?”

“Well, I thought we might have chosen another better fitted to conduct this enterprise.”

“A better man than Latham? I don’t know who you mean, I am sure.” Now this was one of the principal things he was to try to ascertain—the name of their leader; it was Latham. The next thing to find out was just when they were going to make their attempt, so he resumed: “Well, perhaps Latham is as good as any one, I don’t know. But I think we ought to delay a little longer before the final attempt.”

“Why in the world should we put it off again? When it was postponed from last Friday till—but, I say, look here, give me your hand,” he exclaimed, a flash of suspicion evidently crossing the speaker’s mind that all was not right, and stopped him just as he was about to reveal what the other most desired to know, the time set for the escape. To give his hand, knowing none of their secret grips, would be to betray the fact that he was a spy upon them. So, with ready tact, he said, “Hush!

I see an officer looking this way; we had better separate," and walked quietly away. But as there was no officer in sight, this only added to the aroused suspicions of the other, who now was very fearful that he had betrayed secrets to one of the uninitiated. The spy in the meantime reported what information he had acquired to Lieutenant Lockwell, who concluded the best course to pursue was to bring matters to a climax at once. Delay might be dangerous. Who knew but the very next day was set apart for the attempt? Looking over the roster of the recruits he found two Lathams, but observing them both, he saw that one only wore the handkerchief. This was undoubtedly the man. Seeing that all the extra guard were in readiness, and every man prepared for an emergency, he, with two or three of the guard, arrested Latham and took him to the guard-house. This act caused great consternation among the knights of the white handkerchief, many of whom urged an immediate precipitation of all their force upon the guard-house, the rescue of their leader, and the immediate execution of their long-cherished scheme for liberty, by rushing through the gate, bearing down the guard by force of numbers, and gaining the outer world. This plan was undoubtedly their best one, and was the one which Lockwell very much feared they would adopt, and if they had done so they stood a

very good chance to succeed, as the guard were very limited in numbers and very inefficient in discipline. But, fortunately, a large number of these fellows believed that their leader had been arrested for some trivial offence not connected with their great plot, and their true policy was to await his discharge before making any movement. Thus their different views of the situation kept them from agreeing upon any course of action. In the meanwhile every species of threat or promise had alike failed to induce Latham to confess the particulars of the plot. But Lockwell determined to act just as though he had confessed everything, believing that he already knew enough about it to make the others think that their leader had confessed. He directed an orderly to call all the recruits together—there were then between six and seven hundred in camp—and going out, he thus addressed them:

“I have called you all together, though I wish more particularly to speak to you gentlemen with white handkerchiefs around your necks. I trust you will not be offended with me if I advise you when you organize your next plot to assassinate the loyal soldiers who are doing their duty to their government, as guard in this camp, in order that you may desert from the army with your worthless lives and carry them elsewhere to prey upon people—to select for your leader one who will not be-



tray you as soon as he himself is arrested" (a voice in the crowd: "It is a lie; he has not betrayed us"), "and you men can now take off those white handkerchiefs or continue to wear them, as you please. I have the names of each and every one of you, taken from the lists, and I give you notice that you will be most thoroughly watched, and at the first suspicious movement you make you will be sweeping up these grounds with a ball and chain to your leg. Finally, having just come from your leader, I have the honor to add that the great plot for your escape, which was to have taken place last Friday afternoon, but was postponed, is now again postponed, this time *sine die*. Gentlemen, accept my thanks for your kind attention, and allow me to bid you adieu."

He had scarcely finished speaking when one man, who had been gradually working his way through the crowd, and now stood directly in front of him, cried out: "Comrades, now is our time to act. If we are betrayed we will never have another chance like the present to pass out yon gate. Follow me all you who wish to escape from this place. As to this — lieutenant, who has thwarted so many of these attempts, he will never interfere with another." Saying which, he quickly drew a revolver which was hidden under his coat, already cocked, and before the lieutenant could

make a motion toward one of the two revolvers which he always carried, he had discharged it directly at him. The man was so near at the time of firing that the ball certainly would not have missed its mark, but, at the instant of firing, the arm of the assassin was thrown up by someone behind, and the ball, instead of passing through the heart, passed through the hat of the officer, and in much less time than it takes to relate it, the lieutenant had drawn, cocked, and fired his revolver straight at his assailant. The ball passed through the body of the latter, and he fell a corpse at the feet of the young man who had undoubtedly been the means of saving the officer's life, and who proved to be the same young man that had acted as a spy upon their actions. This young man had noticed the assassin when he was striving to get close to the officer, and judging from his conduct and his looks together that he meditated mischief, had closely followed, and stood directly behind him when the revolver was drawn, and so was able to knock up the arm just in time to save the life of Lieutenant Lockwell. The attempt upon the life of our friend aroused all the latent fire of his nature, and standing there with a cocked revolver in each hand, and his eyes ablaze, he cried in a stentorian voice to the dozen or fifteen who had started to join the dead man in his desperate attempt to incite the others :

“He called upon you to follow him, and there he lies. Now, follow him, will you? There are eleven chambers still loaded in these revolvers, and eleven more of you will surely follow him if you make the slightest motion toward insubordination. If there is a class of men whom I hold in supreme contempt, and whose lives I do not consider worth the powder it takes to kill them, it is those who have accepted the pay and bounty of the government and now seek to leave her service by desertion. You worthless, contemptible, cowardly ruffians, I would have no compunctions of conscience in mowing you down like sheep if you make a movement that I consider at all suspicious. If there are any more assassins in your ranks, whether two or twenty, now is their time to come on, for I am all alone.”

But no one accepted the invitation. The sight of their comrade, still lying in his heart's blood, and knowing their leader was a prisoner, and the bold and fearless action of Lieutenant Lockwell all combined to discourage them, and they gradually dispersed, and took off their handkerchiefs as they went.

Thus ended the last attempt to break loose from that camp with which our friend was connected.

He presently acknowledged his gratitude to the soldier who had saved his life, whose name was

Train. And then and there began a deep and lasting friendship between them.

Everything continuing quiet for some weeks, our friend had an opportunity to cultivate the acquaintance of the young ladies of New Haven, of whose society he was extremely fond. If it did not sound like a solecism we should say, if he had a weakness, it was his strong love for the ladies, or, at least, he always appeared to derive great gratification in making love to them, and when remonstrated with because he was making and professing the most devoted and ardent love to half a dozen different young ladies, he would reply that it did not do him any hurt, and it did them a great deal of good. Young ladies liked better than anything else to be made love to, and he did not see why he should not gratify them. But in all this he was never guilty of any mean or dishonorable action. He never made any promise of marriage. If he had done so, such was his conscientious sense of honor that nothing would have induced him to break the engagement, although at this time he had an unconquerable dislike to the bonds of matrimony. He never made love to a lady without first convincing her, by an ingeniously contrived narrative, that it was wholly impossible he could ever marry her. And while he was a great votary at the shrine of pleasure, he would sooner have cut off his right

hand than have brought any girl, no matter how lowly or humble, any injury.

There is no event in his career worth recounting from this time on until a few months afterward, when he was ordered to join his regiment at the front.

On his way from New Haven to Virginia he stopped a day in New York, and taking the few hundred dollars he had, he embarked it all in Wall Street, thinking to astonish the financial magnates by the speed with which he would acquire a fortune, but in place of that he astonished himself by the speed with which he lost all he had. Then he passed on, musingly, to join his regiment.

A service of a few uneventful months ensued, then he was discharged for disability (chronic catarrh), and retired to private life.

And now we find him living in New York city, debating with himself where he shall go, and what he shall do.

But, in the meantime, following his favorite pastime of making love to the fair sex indiscriminately, and constantly falling at the feet of beauty.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### COMMITTS SUICIDE.

AMONG his intimate friends residing in the city of New York were two married ladies for whom he entertained the strongest possible friendship consistent with purely Platonic principles, though perhaps all the speeches that he was accustomed to deliver while sitting at their feet would not have been unreservedly endorsed by that ancient philosopher of rigid principles. He never could determine which of them he loved best; the one he was with for the time being always appeared to him to be the superior angel of the two. In fact he "could always be happy with either were t'other dear charmer away."

As their intimacy increased so did their friendship grow apace, and none of them being of that straight-laced pharasaical sect of moralists who think that a married woman should never look at a single man, they enjoyed each other's society; that is, the ladies each, in their turn, received his visits and all his protestations of undying love. But the ladies themselves were only slightly acquainted one

with another. When he told one of them that he never for a moment could be happy away from her society, she believed him fully, and he thought at the time that it was true, or at least but very little exaggerated, and when virtually the same speech was made next day to the other, it was delivered with like sincerity and received with the same faith. This was enjoyed hugely by all three of the parties concerned, and was continued for weeks, but as the best of friends must part, so the time came when our hero determined to seek in the far West for fun, fame, and gold.

This determination was arrived at reluctantly, but from financial necessity. Money was again running short, and he must soon commence his "struggles for hash," as he was wont to express the idea of earning his daily bread; and the freedom with which he expended his last cent, on many occasions, rendered the expression often very appropriate.

Before going away he determined to impress the truth of his devoted love toward each of the above lady friends in such a manner as would convince each one separately, and unknown to the other, of his deep attachment. With this determination he remained pacing the floor of his bachelor rooms till late at night concocting the following tragical plans:

His clothes were to be found upon the bank of some stream or pond of water, in such a manner as to suggest the idea of suicide, and in the clothes was to be left a letter which would confirm that idea of suicide, and also convey to each one of the above mentioned ladies the conviction that it was his hopeless love for her alone which caused him to commit the rash act, and this letter must be worded in such a way as not to suggest to either one the least suspicion that it could in any way refer to the other, for, although they were but slightly acquainted, yet they occasionally met in society, and each also knew that the other was an acquaintance of Lockwell; and there might be also just the least trifle of jealousy existing between them.

As the time approached for putting his designs into execution, the visits of Lockwell at the respective homes of his charmers became more and more constant. He gradually became sad and even gloomy. Some deep grief seemed to have taken complete possession of him. He would sit for many minutes gazing upon the one he was visiting with looks of unutterable love and deep despair, and when the fair eyes were raised to his he would look down in deep dejection and heave a sigh that told of unutterable anguish of the heart within. When questioned as to the cause of such deep depression of spirits he would evade a direct reply or



perhaps just hint at his devouring love, which a most cruel fate had decreed could never be requited. He had long talked of going West, and now when asked by one of them if he expected soon to go, he would reply vaguely that he might soon go West or—yes, he might take a much longer journey; then he would break out passionately that he did not care when or where he went; then he would rise, seize his hat and hastily depart, and going by a circuitous route to the residence of the other adored one would repeat the scene almost verbatim. This course was kept up, with suitable variations and appropriate intermissions, until both ladies became somewhat alarmed about him.

Meanwhile he had been looking up a suitable place for the tragedy and composing the final letter which was to be left in his clothes upon the bank of the lake which he had selected for the deed.

Writing the names of each of the ladies fully and carefully many times, then comparing them, he found that by using the usual pet name of the first one with the middle and last name in full; then taking the full first name of the second one, with only the initial letter of the middle name, with her last name in full, and both names would thus contain exactly the same number of letters, viz., seventeen.

Writing them in this manner plainly, each on a card, he started out to pay the final visits.

With all the gloom of despair on his countenance he entered the presence of the first one, who rose and received him with all the warmth of pure affection untarnished by an unfaithful thought toward her own husband and family. He replied to her questions in such an absent way that she looked at him in surprise, and finally asked him, "What is the matter with you to-day? are you not feeling well?"

"Matter? Feeling well? Oh, yes. Oh, I don't know," he replied very slowly and absently, then added, "But do you know I have come to bid you good bye!"

"Indeed, are you then going away so soon? But where are you going?"

"Ah, indeed," very absent-mindedly, "would that I could tell where I shall be this time to-morrow."

"Why, are you not going West?" said she in some surprise.

"Oh, yes," as if suddenly recalling himself, "I am going West, of course; what am I talking about! Do you know," he added, after a long pause, "what number I would choose—well, say if I were going to buy a ticket in a lottery? or rather," said he with deep earnestness, "do you know what

number would be found engraven upon my heart if it could be seen?"

"Why, I have not the slightest idea as to what you mean."

"This, then, is the number, seventeen, and this is why that number is engraven upon my heart," and he handed her the card on which her name was written, as before described, so as to make seventeen letters, and after the name were the figures 17.

"Count the letters in that name, as I have done a thousand times, yes, a million in the last few months" (it was only the day before that he had made the discovery that the name could be written with seventeen letters), "and," he added excitedly, "you have seen me wear this plain gold ring for months, have you not, but did you ever see the inside of it? but I think you have not. When I bought that ring the jeweller asked me if I wished my initials placed upon the inside. I told him no, but that he could place the figures 17 there, and he did so," with that he passed the ring to her for examination.

But at the same instant he trembled as the thought occurred to him that as those figures had only been placed there half an hour before, they might have a new appearance which she would detect, the ring itself being old and worn. She did not, however, but passed the ring back to him

with a deep blush at this new evidence of his intense affection for her.

"But," he exclaimed, grasping her hand, "I must go now; to stay one moment more would unman me. Whatever may happen in the next few hours, think kindly of me, and if people from the other world are allowed to revisit this, rest assured that I will always be with you," saying which he again wrung her hand, and pressing a kiss upon her brow, rushed from the room.

A few hours later a similar scene was enacted in an almost precisely similar manner with the other dear lady friend.

Having left each of them with the firm conviction that she alone was the lady for whom he was almost crazed with love, and that seventeen was considered by him a sacred number, because that was the number of letters that constituted her name, he proceeded to the completion of those preparations which were necessary to finish the programme, the final catastrophe of which was to come off that night. He had selected a large lake a few hours ride from New York, which was very deep, and some dozen miles long by about two broad, and as he had repeatedly visited this place, he knew just where a small skiff was kept that would answer his purpose.

Arranging all his little affairs in such a manner

as to give the impression that he expected to leave permanently, he awaited the coming of night.

Immediately after dark he took a train for the nearest station to this lake. On the way he purposely talked with the conductor in rather a wild and incoherent manner. Arriving at the station he was particular to attract attention from the men who belonged there, and asked the nearest route to the lake, although he knew it perfectly. At his previous visit to the lake he had gone by another route and taken a carpet bag containing a suit of clothes and all the linen he intended to take West, and this carpet bag he had hidden in the nearest bushes, which were but a few rods from the borders of the lake. After receiving his directions from the people at the station, and while they were still looking at him, he started for the water, and was quickly lost in the darkness of the night. Some of the people at the station, thought he ought to be followed, but as what is everybody's business appears to be nobody's business, he was left to follow his own course unmolested.

Arriving at the place where he left his valise he found it all right, and going thence to where the boat was fastened he cut the fastenings and placed the oars in position; then taking off all his clothes he left them in a pile upon the beach and got into the boat in a perfectly nude state.

He had left his valise about a quarter of a mile up the shore from where he was to start out with the boat, so that he would not in any case have to return to that part of the shore.

The night was quite dark, and everything was propitious. Rowing out about one third of a mile from land, he stopped, raised up, and placing his foot on the side of the skiff, jumped high in the air, coming down with a splash that must have been heard on shore if any one were listening. Quickly coming to the surface he struck out swiftly and very silently for that part of the shore where he had left his valise. As he was a very expert swimmer he was soon upon the shore once more, and but a few rods from his valise, from which he took his clothes and was soon on the road toward a more distant railroad station, and on another route.

Before morning he was back in the city, and just after daylight was again on his way, this time for the far West.

He was extremely curious to know what would be thought of the affair by the public, and more especially by the two fair ones for whose especial benefit the whole thing had been performed.

As soon as he arrived at his destination, which was in Minnesota, he awaited with extreme impatience the arrival of the mail of the succeeding

day, which would bring the New York papers, containing, as he rightly conjectured, an account of the affair. Hastily glancing over the papers he was not disappointed, as the following account copied from the *New York Daily Press* will show:

*SUICIDE! DROWNED IN LAKE BLANK!*

LOVE AND DESPAIR BRING A VERY RESPECTABLE AND  
WORTHY YOUNG MAN TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE.

A SAD OCCURRENCE.

As Mr. Silas Brown, a well-known citizen who resides upon the shores of Lake Blank in this State, was sitting last evening, quite late, upon the piazza, about twenty rods from where his small skiff was tied to a stake in the edge of the water, he thought he indistinctly heard the sound of oars. As there were no other boats in that immediate vicinity, it flashed across his mind that some one was borrowing his own without leave. Then he walked hastily down to where he had left it, and, as he feared, the rope was cut and the boat was gone. Not knowing just what to do he remained some minutes standing there, and was shortly surprised to hear a distant splash, as of somebody or something falling into the water. Wondering what it all meant, he was about to retrace his steps, when his eye caught a dim sight of what appeared to be a small bundle of clothes lying near the water. Examining them as well as he was able by striking a match, he saw that they were the entire suit of clothes and underwear of a man. This as he thought explained the absence of the boat and the splash also. Some one had undoubtedly gone in swimming there and had taken his boat to dive off from. Thinking he would lecture them a little for their

freedom with other people's boats, and their impudence besides in cutting the rope, he waited patiently for them to return.

But as minute after minute passed and nobody put in an appearance and he heard no more noise, he concluded that they had caught sight of him on returning, before he could see them, and had put off again, waiting for him to leave. With this idea he resolved to pick up the clothes and carry them off, thus compelling the chap who owned them to come up to the house for them. So he took them away with him, laughing at what a ridiculous figure he would compel the purloiner of his boat to assume as he sneaked up to the house after his clothes.

But as half an hour, and then an hour passed, and still no one came, he began to wonder, and to think perhaps the man had come back and gone home without his clothes, or he might have had a companion who had divided his raiment with him. And again he visited the shore, but no boat was there, nor apparently had any one returned. Returning once more to the house he looked more closely at the clothes and observed the end of a large envelope protruding from the coat pocket. Taking it out he found it addressed to "Any one who finds these clothes."

Mystified beyond measure by these words, the gentleman decided that he would not, by himself, open the envelope, which was sealed, but he took it hastily over to the nearest railroad station, where he related the circumstances of his finding it to the ticket agent and one or two others, when the envelope was opened and found to contain the following:

"Let whoever shall find these clothes not trouble himself at all to find the owner, for he is deep down on the bottom of this lake. It is as good a sepulchre as he requires or desires. Besides, it will be utterly impossible for you or any one ever to find my remains. I shall row a long way out, then jump



overboard with a bag containing ten pounds of shot tied to my feet; so tight will it be tied that I am satisfied when I am in the water and find myself sinking, if the desire to live longer returns to me, as I am told it often has to others who have attempted suicide by drowning, I will not be able to sever the fatal bag before the waters shall have put an end to my existence.

“I believe my friends all know that the only fear I ever had in connection with death was that of being buried alive, or returning to consciousness under ground in my coffin, with no means of putting an immediate end to my life. This, then, is my favorite means of burial, and here let me remain unsought for. My affairs are all in proper condition. I leave nothing to be quarreled over, and owe no one a dollar in the world.

“As to the cause of my desiring to leave this world, that is briefly told. I have loved—devotedly and fondly loved. She whom I have spontaneously and unavoidably though very unwillingly loved is not free to return my love. She is married to another. Whether, if she were free to return my love, it would be reciprocated or not, is a question I have never asked her. She is noble-minded and pure in every thought and action, and I die with a blessing for her upon my lips, and the *seventeen* letters which compose her name stamped deeply upon my heart. My last thought is of her; my last wish for her welfare. When she of the seventeen letters shall receive the account of my death, then will she know how deeply I have loved her, and if there is any such a thing as a conscious existence after death, then let her be assured that the first thing I will be conscious of in that other world will be my love for her. And if by any means I can there exert any influence over the destinies of mortals, then will she know that there is one always at work in her behalf. And oh! perhaps (may I hope it?) in that other world we may

be free to love each other, and that my love will be returned; if so, will not that be heaven indeed? Yes, though it were placed in the middle of Hades itself. Till then, I say farewell. I have only one request to ask of the world at large. Do not pronounce me insane. Suicide is no indication of insanity.

“If, after one has carefully looked over everything bearing upon his case, he finds he has more misery than pleasure in life, with no chance for improvement, it is only philosophical to wish to end that existence. It is often the true philosopher who commits suicide, and the lunatics live on. I know that life to me away from the object of my affection would be a heavy burden. Then why carry that burden when I can so easily throw it down and find eternal rest? Such is my determination. A few sharp pangs while in the water and grief and sorrow have left me forever. Then why cling to them? This little pain of a minute is the last I shall ever feel. The intense desire for that which might have been, but now can never be, will soon have left me forever. Envy me, ye who continue to live on through disappointed hopes; through unsatisfied ambition; through unrequited love; through longings never satisfied; through labor without rest, and through life not worth the living, and tell me which of you would wish to live your whole past lives over again. None. And yet you have no reason to think your future lives will be any better. Well, live on. I will find no fault with you for so doing, and do not find fault with me for choosing a different course. I have no one dependent upon me in this world in the slightest manner; then am I not free to do as I choose with my own life? If any one has further curiosity concerning me they may inquire at No. 37 Blank Street, New York, at which house I have boarded for a long time, and am very well known.

“J. LOCKWELL.”

On reading this strange epistle the men at the station had no doubt whatever that it was the gentleman who inquired the way to the lake in the beginning of the night (it was now nearly morning), and who they perfectly well remembered had acted in so strange a manner as to excite their suspicion that all was not right with him. But as nothing could be done in the night they waited patiently for daylight, and then several boats put off in search of further information. It was not long before the missing skiff was found drifting about, but containing nothing but the pair of oars belonging thereto. How far had it drifted from the suicide's grave? None could tell; it might be rods, and it might be miles. Nothing more could be done than to communicate the facts to the authorities and to his friends in the city, which was done.

On inquiring at the number indicated in his letter our reporter found that the suicide was a young man of more than ordinary abilities, who had served with some distinction in the army, but who appeared not to have been occupied with anything recently, and had been talking of going West to push his fortunes in the mines. [Then followed some incidents in the life of the supposed suicide with which we are already acquainted, and concluded by saying:]

The family at the house have not the slightest idea who the lady is that was the innocent cause of wrecking his mind—for that he was insane his letter gives us abundant evidence, notwithstanding his assertions to the contrary; for who could speak of committing suicide in the manner he does unless they were already insane. He was extremely reserved about all personal matters, and it was owing to this reticence on his part that the family were unable to imagine who the lady might be. In prosecuting his inquiries, however, our reporter was able to discover the name of the lady concerned, but as she belongs to one of the most respectable families in the city, and was in no wise to blame in the matter, we refrain

from publishing it. [This was a piece of professional lying on the part of the paper, for the reporter had not the most distant idea as to who was the lady.] The whole affair is a very sad one, and if a moral can be deduced from the story of the facts it is, perhaps, that married women should not encourage too much the attention of other men, though we have not the slightest doubt that no harm at all was intended in the case.

Our hero smiled audibly as he closed this pathetic and prolix account of his own death, and exclaimed, "Well, I will be hanged if they have not made me insane after all. Now, as poor as I am, I would give eleven cents to know just what those two angels in human form think of this account when they see it. But I will come to them as a ghost some day, or else materialize. Happy thought! materialize will be the very thing. If I keep close while I am out West here not a suspicion will be raised of my still living, and when I return East I can get some one to act as a medium, give a little seance, and then appear as the materialized spirit of the suicide! It shall be done. I will stay out West here a year or two, and then hurrah for some fun in the spirit line! And now to business." But before following our friend further let us see how the two ladies received the news of their friend's suicide.

The lady who had resided nearest to him when in the city was sitting at the breakfast table on the

second morning after the event when her husband suddenly turned toward her, asking, "What was the first name of that Lockwell who has been visiting here lately?"

"Oh, by the way," replied his wife, "he was here day before yesterday to say good-bye; he has gone away—gone West. His first name did you ask? It was Joseph—Joseph Lockwell."

"My dear, I am afraid this news I hold in my hand will be a great blow to you. You evidently thought a great deal of that man, and as he was honorable and upright, I was always glad to have him come and see you. I could not foresee this. I thought that, as I was away so much, it would always be pleasant to have his calls relieve the monotony of your rather dull life. I am truly sorry to tell you, my darling, that he will never again come to this house, or to any other. He is dead—committed suicide," and he gave her the paper to peruse.

"Great God!" she exclaimed; "what are you telling me? Then reading the account she burst into exclamations of sorrow, amazement, and horror, and at the close threw herself weeping into her husband's arms.

"My husband, do you know who is the lady he refers to there?"

"I think I can guess."

"It is I. I am the unintentional cause of all this. I have long known he liked me well—loved me in fact, but, as he was the very soul of honor, I knew you would not object to his coming here, even if you knew all."

"Most certainly I should not have objected, even had you told me all this before. I had great confidence in him, and perfect confidence in you, and was always glad to have him call upon, or take you out, and knowing all I know to-day I should still be glad to welcome him here exactly upon the same footing as of old, if he were alive."

"Oh, my husband. It is this very liberal, generous, noble nature of yours that keeps my love for you as strong and fresh as it was eight years ago when I married you. And now let me confess still further. There is no man I have yet seen whom I liked as well as I did this Lockwell. But you will believe me, I know, when I tell you that never for a moment did my love for him approximate that which I bear for my husband. And let me add that never once in any way did he make the slightest attempt to win my love away from my husband. On the contrary, he always spoke in the highest terms of you, and exalted your character in a way that was intended to increase the love of your wife for you. Ah! would to God we could undo the work of the last two days."

"I fully believe you," replied her husband, "and it is only what I should have expected of you both."

Then she told him how Lockwell had written her name, making just seventeen letters in it, and gave him all the history of his last call upon her, with every incident, and they together mourned the loss of her friend.

We wish it was as fair a picture of domestic life that we have to recount in the case of the other lady. But alas! there are not many husbands who take this better way in the treatment of their wives. Many think that it is among the stern requirements of duty to be strict, austere, and unrelenting in their conduct toward their wives, not knowing that such conduct will in time wear out the most devoted love of any woman so surely as it exists; and, although they may still remain faithful toward their husbands as the world regards that word, yet it will always be up-hill work, and there will be a constant and natural inclination toward other and more congenial society.

Here, too, it was at the table and on the same morning that the news was read first by the husband. Turning to his wife he exclaimed, "Well, this is just what might have been expected. Don't you know, Sarah, I often spoke to you about receiving the calls from that young bachelor Lockwell? Well, you persisted against what I told you

was your duty in the case, and now you have murdered him."

"Great heavens!" said she, "what do you mean? Is he killed, or what are you talking about?"

"I say he is murdered by you," he replied. "But here, take the paper and read this account, and then you had better seek the privacy of your own room and ask God to forgive you the great sin which your light and frivolous conduct has caused."

She read the article, most painfully blushing all the time; for she knew the stern eyes of her husband were watching her countenance to detect evidence of guilt, and this fact alone was sufficient to make her appear guilty, though in very truth she was conscious of having done no wrong. Yet she knew the simple fact of her having received the pleasant calls of this bachelor friend was a great crime in the eyes of her puritanical and fanatical husband.

It was unavoidable under the circumstances that there should have arisen in her bosom a feeling of the warmest friendship, and followed by love for Lockwell, as fast as the love for her husband was dying out—killed, not by her regard for Lockwell, but simply by the course of her husband himself. It was not surprising, then, nor was it wrong, that she should seek in the companionship of another that social pleasure which the fanatical zeal of her



husband prevented her from finding in his company. She yielded to him the duties of her marriage contract and remained faithful to her vows. More than this, under the circumstances, should not have been required of her. Yet she was actually obliged, by his natural antipathy and opposition, to deceive him whenever she received the calls of Lockwell, who was pretty well acquainted with the facts of the case; and although he heartily despised her husband, never in any way spoke disparagingly of him in her presence, but sought in every way in his power to alleviate the misery of her existence, and succeeded in enabling her to pass many a pleasant hour. And in all this there was no harm.

So it was with genuine grief she read of the fate of Lockwell, and yet there was an under-current of intense joy when she thought she was so beloved; for she never doubted for a second that she was the lady referred to in the published account. Did not the seventeen letters and the card he had left with her prove that? When she finished the article she had somewhat recovered from her confusion, and turning toward her husband said:

“If I am the one referred to by him, and so have been the innocent cause of his death, I am truly and sincerely sorry; for there has perished one of nature’s noblemen. A man in every way fitted to marry and make his wife happy. Having no mor-

bid jealousy, and being the soul of honor himself, he would not be continually looking for and suspecting dishonorable actions upon the part of his wife. Being liberal in his opinions, he would be liberal in his judgments upon his wife's actions. As his views were not cramped by narrow religious dogmas, so he would not allow his wife's conduct to be controlled in any such way as are some other wives', and in return he would receive from his wife perfect confidence and trust. She would never wish to learn to deceive him. That love which she feels for her husband when she marries him would increase and strengthen as the years pass on. To secure that society which every person craves and should have, she would not be compelled to resort to clandestine meetings, and thoughts of illicit pleasures would never be entertained by her. In short," said she, waxing indignant, "they would be about as different a couple from some others I could mention as you can well imagine; and"—breaking down—"they would be about as happy as others are miserable."

"Well, madam, if these are the tears of repentance I am glad to see them, and I will leave you alone with your reflections and your God," saying which he withdrew.

"Ah, yes," she murmured, "it is leaving us wives alone with our God that causes all the mis-

chief. He is not sociable enough. Or at all events the god of a woman is love, and she must worship it through some tangible shape. Ah well! how deeply he must have loved me to die for me! There is comfort in that thought."

The statement made public by the clerk of the hardware store where Lockwell purchased the ten pounds of shot (for he had indeed bought the shot and thrown them away, leaving the bill so that it would be found in the room which he vacated), to the effect that Lockwell himself had bought the shot the day before the suicide, effectually dissipated all lingering doubts, if any there were, as to the genuineness of the suicide.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE DUEL.

DIRECTLY after his arrival in Minnesota our friend heard of an expedition soon to start from there across the plains for the gold fields of Montana. As this was in the right direction he resolved to join it. He paid his fare through in advance, to the leader of the party, and awaited patiently for the caravan to start. But he waited in vain. Week after week passed, and for one reason or another the time for starting was postponed. He was kept there, with many others, until their patience was exhausted, and, finally, Lockwell demanded the return of the money which he had paid for his fare, as he wished to go to the mines by another route. This was refused. Lockwell became very indignant at this, and expressed his opinion very forcibly that the whole undertaking was a swindle, and gotten up by a rascal, which opinion was shared by all the others, some thirty in number, who had joined the expedition and were in the same predicament as our ex-lieutenant. The language he used was very forcible, and came to the ears of a brother of the organ-

izer of the party, and who then was in temporary charge of the expedition, the real leader and responsible man being away. This brother sent to demand an explanation. Lockwell explained that he had paid his fare upon the representations that the party would start across the plains a long time ago. And as there was still no prospect of starting, he wished to go by another route, and if his money was not returned, then he reiterated and reaffirmed "that whoever kept it was a swindler and a scoundrel."

Now, as this brother was totally unable to return the money, he felt obliged to resent the language, and accordingly sent a challenge, which was promptly accepted, and the next morning was named as the time, and a neighboring but obscure grove was selected as the site for the hostile meeting. That very evening, word having gotten out in some unknown way that the affair was to come off, the disappointed members of the party wanted to mob the opponent of Lockwell, believing he was as guilty as his brother of embezzling their funds, for they had all paid their fare in advance, and now could not get it back, and it was only at the earnest solicitations of Lockwell, who believed this brother was wholly innocent, that they could be prevented from acts of violence. He told them that if they now broke up this little affair of honor the other party would certainly think that he (Lockwell) had

instigated them thereto for the purpose of preventing the meeting. So it was decided not to molest either party.

On the evening previous to the duel the meditations of our friend were not of the pleasantest kind. He could not get rid of the impression that as he had just been playing at death—pretending to commit suicide—now death was coming to him in reality. He was sorry for the whole affair. He did not believe his opponent was at all to blame for the acts of his brother, and although he at the time had felt justified in using very strong language against that brother, he could not but admit that if he himself had been situated as was his antagonist he would in all probability have done the same. Let the affair end as it might, he fully determined not to have the blood of this man on his hands. Yet exactly how to manage he did not see. They were both good shots, and if neither party was hit on the first fire they were to continue firing till one was wounded or they emptied their revolvers. So if he fired intentionally missing the other, and he himself was not wounded, his opponent would continue banging away at him until he fell. Not a pleasant prospect, surely, to stand before a good marksman at fifteen paces and receive his fire till you dropped dead! But he determined to write his letters and not think any more about it

than he could help. He spent most of the night in writing about a dozen letters, including one each to the two married lady friends, in which he described the whole deception of the suicide, and asking their forgiveness if he had caused them one moment's pain, assuring them that such had not been his intention; a little amusement and final pleasure for all being his only object, and then gave each a full description of the situation in which he found himself this evening, and they would know by getting these letters that he had fallen on the succeeding day, by the bullet of his adversary.

He wrote at great length, for, as the hours advanced, he felt a greater and stronger presentiment that he would fall at the first fire, and that the sun had set for the last time for him.

He finished with a note to his adversary, telling him that he fully exonerated him from all blame in his death, and hoping he would be put to no trouble in the matter.

These letters sealed and placed upon the table with directions to mail only in case of his death and he once more turned his thoughts toward his course of action on the following morning. Yet so strong and certain had become his presentiment that he would be killed on the first shot, he scarcely thought it worth while to trouble himself about what he should do. Yet his usual reason prompted

him to provide a course of action in case he was missed, for it might so happen. He finally decided to hold his revolver down by his right leg, and at the word fire, if he did not on the instant feel a wound or drop dead, he would, in wheeling and raising his pistol, contrive to shoot himself in the fleshy part of his arm, and, if possible, in such a way as to give the impression that the wound was made by the other party, or, at worst, that he had accidentally shot himself. In either case it would terminate the duel. Taking a revolver in his hand he practiced in his room for many minutes on the proper way to hold it till he thought, if he had a chance, he could put the idea in practice with success. He never mistrusted his own nerves; he knew he would be perfectly cool.

Then he laid down and fell into a tranquil slumber till about one hour previous to the time fixed for the meeting, when he was aroused by his second. He ate his breakfast as usual, then they proceeded to the ground selected and arrived five minutes ahead of time, but the others were already there. They were soon placed in position by the seconds and everything pronounced correct and in readiness.

The arrangements were that they were to be placed back to back at fifteen paces, the seconds should toss up as to who should give the word, and that one should count slowly one, two, three, fire!



and at the word fire, and not before, they should turn and bang away. Our friend's second won the toss; the time has arrived, there is a hush of anxious expectancy as he says, "Gentlemen, are you ready?"

"Ready," they both respond.

"One, two, three—fire!"

Almost simultaneously with the last word came the report of the pistol of his foe, and without a perceptible interval of time Lockwell completed his wheel and his fire ringing out seemed but a continuation of the report of the first pistol. He did not fall: he had been missed; and his own programme fully carried out, he felt the sharp pain in his arm, from which the blood was flowing. The seconds cried "Enough, enough, one is wounded," and only just in time, for the pistol of the other was again raised and about to press the fatal trigger for the second shot. The wound from which the blood was flowing was found to be quite severe, more severe than our hero had intended by a great deal, but the surgeon whom they had brought speedily dressed the wound, and told him that the worst he need fear was confinement to his room for a week or two. Lockwell had feared that his shooting himself would be noticed by the seconds and the surgeon, and he was all prepared to attribute it to haste and nervousness. He was surprised and pleased, there-

fore, to find that they all supposed as a matter of course that he had been hit by his antagonist, and the latter himself never suspected anything else. He let that impression remain with great satisfaction.

While his wound was being dressed his late enemy was standing by watching the case with deep interest. Reaching out his hand, Lockwell said: "I suppose we have done all that is necessary to satisfy the code of honor, and now with great willingness I offer you my apologies for the offensive language I used in regard to your brother. The truth is——"

"Say no more," interrupted the other, grasping the outstretched hand and shaking it with great heartiness. "It is I who ought to apologize, and I am truly sorry to have wounded you. To tell the truth I was in hopes, by some miraculous interposition, we both would have escaped."

"Then you should be very glad, instead of sorry, for this little scratch, for when I remember what a good reputation you have as a marksman, I think I may well congratulate myself at receiving no more than this. But you will come with me to my room and assist me in burning up the letters which I spent last evening in writing."

In good spirits, and as the best of friends, they adjourned to Lockwell's rooms, where the letters then lying on the table caught the eyes of both

gentlemen, and Lockwell said, pointing to the one addressed to his opponent, "Take that and read it, although it was only intended to be read under different circumstances." The other read it through and was visibly affected as he exclaimed, "You cannot think how rejoiced I am that this affair has turned out no worse. Had I been so unfortunate as to slay you this letter would have heaped coals of fire upon my head!"

"Well, we will say no more about it, but if you will oblige me you may throw those other letters, that I spent so many hours over, into the fire. By the way, I had a strong presentiment or premonition that I should be killed this morning, but, like nine out of ten of all premonitions, it did not come true; only those that come true are remembered and the others not noticed or forgotten, and so people become superstitious."

Notwithstanding his making so light of it, Lockwell had received a very painful wound. The ball had passed through the flesh of his left arm below the elbow, and it would be weeks, if not months, before he fully recovered the use of that member. But he was not disposed to complain when he thought of "what might have been."

## CHAPTER X.

## HOME-MADE "HASH."

THREE weeks after receiving his wound and he was once more traveling; this time with some half a dozen members of the broken-up expedition, who had determined to go down the river to St. Louis and thence across the plains, with a train of some kind, to Nevada or California. Arriving at St. Louis the party concluded, by unanimous vote, to remain there a few days and see all the sights. But as funds were very limited with most of the party, it was decided to hire, for a week, a vacant garret on the very top floor of a large five-story warehouse, get a small coal-oil stove and do their own cooking. Flour and molasses were bought, together with yeast-powders, salt, and all the small necessities of the kitchen. But as no one knew how to make bread, it was decided to have pancakes, or flapjacks, as they called them.

For a description of their housekeeping perhaps we cannot do better than copy verbatim from the MSS. of Lockwell. He says:

You see there was only one fellow among us

who thought he could build flapjacks, and what under the sun ever gave him so erroneous an impression I cannot conceive. However, he went to work with flour, water, etc., and you would have thought, to have seen him, that he knew all about it, so calmly he took the yeast-powders and put just flour enough in them to season them, and then set the whole in the corner to rise, while he sat down close beside it to watch. We were all looking on hungry and waiting for our dinner. The major suggested to the cook the quicker way to raise it would be with the toe of his boot. Another timidly asked the cook if he had put salt in the mixture?

"No," said that individual with a glance of scorn at the man's ignorance. "You put salt in the molasses you eat on them."

Another, still more impatient, went up and uncovered the tin kettle in which they were put to rise, to see, as he expressed it, if they weren't done. "By Jove," he exclaimed, "instead of rising they have gone down an inch. If we wait any longer they will go down through the floor."

"Oh," said the cook, "they always fall just before they rise."

"Oh, I see, they go down through the floor just to get a good start to go through the roof, eh?"

Five minutes more of patient, silent waiting, then—

“They must be all right by this time.”

“If they have not gone up now they never will.”

“Come now, cook, you need not keep us waiting just to show how smart you are,” etc., etc.

Ten minutes in all had not passed when the cook announced they were ready to be fried, and I tell you I was glad, for I was getting very hungry.

Fire was lighted in the kerosene stove, the grid-dle put on, and we all watched the cakes as they were put on to fry. Just then some one suggested that as we all ought to practice economy, and we would each of us need all the money we possessed before arriving at our destination, that we take a solemn resolution to eat nothing at the restaurants, but only partake of what we ourselves should cook upon the coal-oil stove; this was solemnly agreed to, and hands were shaken to celebrate the good resolution.

By this time the cakes were supposed to be done on one side, and an effort was made by the cook *pro tem* to turn them; but alas! he had forgotten to grease the griddle, and now that and the cakes were more firmly united than if they had been married by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. All efforts to divorce them proved futile, and the grid-dle was removed and scraped amid the anathemas both loud and deep of the surrounding party, who

were beginning to surmise that the cook was not thoroughly conversant with his business. Broad hints were dropped that he might better sell his commission. But that individual, perspiring at every pore, coolly said he would fry those cakes or he would perish in the attempt. The griddle was cleaned and replaced upon the stove, when the discovery was made that there was no grease in the house! The spirits of the party fell ten points. Many began to regret the solemn resolution they had made not to get their meals elsewhere. One of the party volunteered to go for some butter or lard, whichever he could find first, and he started.

"For heaven's sake," called out after him one famished individual, "get axle grease if you can save any time by so doing."

Twenty long minutes passed. Blank despair was falling upon the party when the messenger returned bringing half a pound of tallow and two bottles of whiskey! "Gentlemen," said he, "I do not approve of drinking as a rule, as you all know, but as an exception I do, and if there ever was an exception, I think the present time will come under that head. While the cook is preparing our frugal repast, let us obey the scriptural injunction and take a little wine (or whiskey) for our stomachs' sake, saying which, he broke off the neck of the bottle, and with a tin cup passed it around, saying:

“Drink, that we may receive strength to abide by our good resolution to waste no more money in restaurants, for,” with a glance at the griddle, “I think we shall need it.”

“Need what?” said the major, “the strength, the money, or the flapjacks?”

“All three, my friend, all three, without discrimination.”

In the meantime the cakes had been successfully turned and were now being removed. One for each individual was placed upon a tin plate and handed to him, together with a knife and fork. The molasses cup was also passed around and carving commenced. The cakes were a beautiful brown—in fact they were brown before they were cooked.

“Thunder!” said the major, as with the third attempt he succeeded in cutting off a very small piece from the gutta-percha-like substance before him. “Cook, get a suitable mould and make that batter into rubber boots and you have got a fortune.”

By this time each one had got a piece in his mouth, and the looks they cast, first at one another and then concentrated upon the cook, must have made the hovering angels laugh.

I think the cook himself by this time began to get a faint idea that he was not a proficient in the culinary art. The cakes had the horribly bitter



taste of the yeast-powders of which they were principally composed.

"The bitter taste," said the cook, "I think comes from the molasses, it has not been properly refined; but the cakes appear to me to be, on the whole, very good."

"Then I move," said the major, "that he be compelled to eat a couple of them, and I would not make my worst enemy eat more than that; besides, they are so heavy that two is all he could possibly carry about with him."

This proposition, which was immediately seconded, made the cook turn pale, and he hastened to say: "Well, gentlemen, if you are not fond of cakes I will go out and get some potatoes and we can boil them, and I will also get some bread and butter, so we will make out for this meal, and the next man whose turn it is to cook may do better for you."

This compromise was effected and recourse was again had to the second bottle of whiskey to assist in passing the time till something better could be had to stay their stomachs.

At the fourth round of the bottle the major insisted that he could dance the hornpipe, and that he felt like doing so. The cook told him he was only drunk! He retorted that if he was light-headed it was because those fried yeast-powders

which he had eaten had at last begun to rise, going up into his head and making him so.

As I did not enjoy drinking whiskey I concluded I would take a stroll around the block until the next attempt at a meal should either have succeeded or failed. Some of the others had already sauntered out. I walked up half a dozen blocks till I passed a grocery store and saw exposed for sale, in a tub by the door, a large quantity of eggs. A happy thought struck me; I quickly bought two dozen of these eggs for our dinner. Here, at last, was something the acting cook could serve up without spoiling. Eggs would be good whether cooked hard or soft. It was singular none of us had thought of eggs—the very thing we wanted. Hastily retracing my steps, I chanced to glance in while passing a restaurant and there, in the very act of devouring a huge beefsteak surrounded by steaming vegetables, I saw one of our garret party. I moved on without his seeing me. If that was all his resolution was worth I pitied his weakness. I was sure the rest of us would feel much better eating our nice boiled eggs and remaining firm in our resolutions of economy. Gaining the garret, I found all of us were there patiently waiting the motions of the cook except the recreant member whom I had seen through the restaurant window. The eggs were received with delight. Prepara-

tions for cooking the potatoes which had arrived were suspended, and the eggs were at once put upon the stove in a little water, and the happy party now felt certain of having something good to eat in five minutes at furthest. In about that time the eggs were pronounced done, and as they were served up the major was the first in the attack upon them.

"Well, I will be hanged," said he, "if ever I saw eggs cooked as hard as these are," and he tried to cut through one with his knife.

"By Jove!" and "Thunder!" and "Oh! murder!" came in quick succession from all sides. Some of the eggs had chickens in them, and all the balance had evidently received the most strenuous efforts of the old hen to hatch them, for the strong mephitic odor diffused in the atmosphere certainly did not produce a very agreeable sensation upon our nasal organs. In fact, we were all obliged to leave the room.

Without a word being uttered, and straight as an arrow, every man walked rapidly to the nearest restaurant, and soon was oblivious to the pangs of hunger.

The next day there was a coal-oil stove for sale by the party.

Not finding any expedition about to cross the plains, the party broke up, and our hero returned

to New York to take a steamer for the Isthmus of Panama, and thence to San Francisco.

Arriving in New York he went to a hotel where he was confident that he would see no one whom he knew, registered under an assumed name, and the next day was on his way to 'Friseo. He had fully determined to let the impression of his death remain intact until he should return at some future time prepared to carry out the plan for a grand spiritual materialization scene. How well he succeeded in this will be shown in due order. We have now to follow him in his adventures upon the Pacific coast through what he describes as his Western "struggles for hash."

## CHAPTER XI.

### TAKES A WALK.

ARRIVING in San Francisco, it was necessary to see the sights, as a matter of course. Next he had to "do" Sacramento, after which he determined to go straight to the gold mines of Montana—those presenting, in his opinion, a better field in which he could display his talents for gaining a livelihood. Arrived in Placerville, a short distance from Sacramento, he began to think it was time to look at his circumstances in a very serious manner. The first thing was to procure a good dinner, and then reflect and determine upon his course of action. Counting his money after paying for his dinner, he found he had just twelve dollars and a half on which to travel thirteen hundred and fifty miles, the distance he would have to go before reaching his objective point in Montana: less than one dollar for each one hundred miles; while the fare by stage, the only means of passenger travel, was just twenty-five cents per mile, or twenty-five dollars for each hundred miles, and meals were one dollar each all along the route. It took him less than five minutes to

make up his mind to roll up his blankets in as compact a form as possible, and strap them on his back, putting inside of them a pound or two of dried halibut, and two pounds of crackers, and after making an arrangement with the proprietor of an hotel to take care of his valise, he started upon his thirteen hundred mile walk to Montana. At the start he had to cross the Sierra Nevada range of mountains, and the summit of these was covered with snow—the stage lines here exchanging coaches for sleighs. While crossing these mountains he always sought cover for the night, but on reaching the plains of Nevada he generally scooped out a hollow place in the deep, dry, and all-pervading sand of that desert country. His victuals consisted almost entirely of such concentrated food as he could buy along the route and carry in his blankets on his shoulder. He suffered at times from the want of water, having frequently to travel from ten to twenty miles over the burning sands before reaching a place where water was to be obtained, and then it generally was of such brackish taste and contained so much alkali that five minutes afterward he was as thirsty as ever. The deep and yielding sand made walking terribly tiresome; the sand would penetrate his shoes and blister his feet till every step was agony. In this condition he would see the stage with four horses dash past him, and oh! how he then would

wish he had some of the money which, at different times, he had so foolishly squandered, and could take his seat in that coach. While he suffered by the heat of the scorching sun by day, he also suffered with the cold by night, and often, after lying for two or three hours, he would wake up chilled through; then he would reach out with his hands and haul the light dry sand over and around him. If this did not answer, he would arise, roll up his blankets and push forward for a few miles until the exercise of walking had warmed him up sufficiently, then he would repeat the attempt to sleep. In this manner the weary days passed until he reached Salt Lake City in Utah. There he succeeded in selling a small revolver which he had carried with him all the way for protection against robbers. But as his cash had dwindled down to less than two dollars, he concluded that the fear of robbers need not keep him awake nights, even if he had no revolver. He sold it for eighteen dollars, and then securing cheap board in a humble but very intelligent Mormon family, he concluded he would remain awhile in that beautiful city and study Mormonism.

The Mormon semi-annual conference was in session, and holding meetings twice daily. These our hero attended regularly. The Mormon ladies in the house where he resided were fully competent to

discuss religious subjects with him, and, as usual with that sex, were earnest advocates of polygamy.

"I am surprised," said Lockwell to them one afternoon just after he had returned from conference meeting and as they were all sitting in the cosy little parlor, "I am surprised to find you ladies all in favor of polygamy. I had always supposed that the advocates of that peculiarity in your religious system were confined to the male sex exclusively."

"Why should they be? The objections to more than one wife I do not consider sound, or at least will not hold good until property is more evenly divided. You have in many parts of the East localities where the ladies largely predominate. Your monogamic laws simply compel some of these ladies to remain single, for there are not husbands enough to go around" (Lockwell blushed as he thought these husbands were apt to "go around" rather too much as it was, but he made no reply, and the lady continued); "but supposing they were exactly equal in numbers, is not a man who is worth one hundred thousand dollars better able to support and protect a dozen wives, and bring up and educate fifty children, than a pauper is to do the same with one wife and two children? Suppose you ask any one of the thousands of industrious girls who are just eking out a miserable existence sewing shirts at six cents apiece if she would not like to be the second, third,



or tenth wife of some honorable man who likes her and is well able to take care of her, and if she would reply in the negative it is only because she has been taught to despise such a position and hold such a person in contempt. But now let the laws be changed, and the customs of your society changed, so that a second or tenth wife holds just as honorable a position in society, and then she would gladly accept the position, and would she would not be far better off? would not the State be gainer? and who would be harmed thereby? The dislike to being a man's second or tenth living wife is founded upon an unreasoning prejudice which is the result of their education, and education can also eradicate it. Again, about one half of your population in the great city of New York, for instance, are living in tenement houses, and a very large proportion of them are in cramped circumstances to say the least. Now tell me if you think these children who have little or no care; running in the streets; no instruction except what the law compels them to get at the public schools, grow up to be better citizens than if they belonged to fathers who were able to instruct and care for them and to see them well started in life, even though their mothers were second, third, or tenth wives? We here, both women and men, believe that the misery of your great cities would be immeasurably relieved if your marital laws were so

changed as to allow those who were able to bring up and make good citizens of fifty children to do so, and those who could only bring up children in the gutter should not be allowed to have any."

The blushes on the countenance of our unsophisticated friend during this harangue were painful to witness, but he stammered out the inquiry, "Then you would not allow a poor man to marry at all?"

"Not till the State was satisfied that he could make good citizens of his children. A person's character depends almost wholly upon his early education and surroundings, and the influences brought to bear upon him while his mind is forming; if all these are bad, in nine cases out of ten he will make a bad citizen. If hunger compels a youth to steal against his inclination he will soon become a voluntary thief. No! no! You must either distribute your property in great cities more evenly, or you must rearrange your marriage laws."

"But," said Lockwell, "if you allow a man to have two wives you must also allow a woman to have two husbands."

"That by no means follows. It is generally the man who earns the money and has the property, and he it is who has to furnish the support and protection, and the number of his wives should be regulated just according to the amount of that support and protection. Besides there is a larger num-

ber of women than men in almost every country. But nature has settled that question, for a woman can never be mother of more children than one man may well be father of, but one man may well be father of as many children as a dozen or twenty women can have."

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Mormon," replied our hero.

The ladies taking part in this conversation were the first and third wives of a Mormon merchant of the city—the chief speaker being the latter.

What struck Lockwell very forcibly in this place was the apparent morality of the inhabitants. In every other city of similar size in the United States that he had visited, dozens of houses of ill-fame might be seen on every hand—here not one. Less drunkenness was observable here than elsewhere. Modesty, industry, and quietness were the characteristics of every class.

There were many Gentiles here, most of whom came with the idea that the Mormon women were no better than the thousands of street-walkers that they had left behind them in their own cities, and this very erroneous idea was the cause of the many difficulties occurring between the two classes, and was really the principal, if not the only cause, of the antipathy manifested by the Mormons toward foreigners. He noticed invariably that when a

Gentile resided for any length of time among them, and treated their women with respect, he need have no fear of molestation. It was while Lockwell was stopping there that a Gentile by the name of Copperfield was murdered—shot just as he was entering the door of his hotel in the early evening, and instantly killed, undoubtedly by a Mormon, but it was just after dark and the man who fired the shot was not seen. Immediately there was great excitement among the Gentiles, many of whom rushed around the streets with drawn revolvers, asking if any more of their number had been assassinated, and whether there was not some danger of a general massacre, etc. Correspondents the next day wrote letters to the Eastern press stating the fact, and speaking of it as a cold-blooded and causeless murder—the result of religious fanaticism on the part of the Mormons. Now the facts, as our hero fully ascertained, were that the murdered man had grossly insulted a Mormon woman who was a stranger to him, but whom he knew was the third living wife of her husband. She at once reported the language to her husband, who, of course, respected her as much as his first wife, and felt bound to give her the same protection, and simply did what any Eastern husband would have done to the insulter of his wife—he shot him.

After spending three pleasant weeks in Salt Lake City, and his funds running very low, he thought it time to push forward again toward Montana.

Greatly refreshed and invigorated by his rest, he resumed his dried fish and cracker diet upon the road. He had about four hundred miles to go yet before reaching his objective point, Virginia City, Montana. He had no acquaintances in that country, but had made up his mind to try his fortunes in the gold mines near that place. He met with no incident upon the trip worth recording, and arrived in the streets of Virginia City one evening just after nightfall, a total stranger in a strange land, and with just seventy-five cents in his pocket, and here all meals were a dollar, and all lodgings the same. He walked slowly up the main street of the town gazing with ever-increasing longing at the good things displayed in the windows of the bakeries and stores. Footsore and weary, he had no very definite idea as to where he should go or what he should do immediately. Stopping a few minutes to look at some cakes and pies to be seen in the window of a bakery, he felt a decided hankering after a particular pie he saw there. With only seventy-five cents in his pocket, and not acquainted with a soul in the whole Territory, he was not sure

that it was his best financial policy to invest anything in luxuries. Yet those who have never been deprived of their regular variety at meals cannot imagine what an intense desire arises for what is called in Western parlance a "square meal" when one has long been confined to any one article of diet alone. He entered the shop and timidly asked the price of that pie, fearing it might be a dollar, everything was so dear.

"Seventy-five cents," said the baker.

"Hand it out," said our hero. The pie eaten, he felt in good spirits, notwithstanding he was in a strange place at night, and not a single cent in his pocket. He walked on till he came where two hotels were located, one on each side of the street. He concluded they would be naturally in opposition, and consequently reasonable, and just now he wanted a *very* reasonable hotel. He entered the first, and going up to the proprietor who was behind the bar observed :

"Well, sir, I have come to stop with you."

"All right, glad to see you; let me take your blankets."

"Hold on, my friend, I have not got one cent in the world to pay you with. And now if these terms don't suit you, I will go straight across and patronize the opposition hotel across the road."

"Well," said the hotel keeper, gazing curiously

upon the newcomer, "please explain yourself a little more fully."

"Certainly. I have come to this Territory to work in the mines. I want to stop here all night. I have got no money now, but as soon as I get some I will pay you, if you are willing I should stay in that way."

The other looked him over for a few seconds, and then said that although he did not generally do business in that way he guessed he could remain.

The next day Lockwell sought and obtained employment in a quartz-mill about twenty-five miles away, and with the first money he earned he returned and paid his hotel bill.

## CHAPTER XII.

### VALUABLE PUPPIES.

HE remained in that vicinity but a few weeks, and then took another walk of one hundred and thirty miles to the celebrated gold *placer* mines or gulch of Last Chance.

Now the workings of gold placer diggings are not so generally understood as those of quartz mines, and at the risk of being tedious we will give a very brief description of the way they are managed.

What are known as placer or gulch diggings are those mines where the gold is distributed through gravel and sand in fine particles, ranging in size from those which are so fine as not to be distinguished by the naked eye, and these are called flour gold, to any sized nuggets, the usual size being about as large as iron filings, or where it is what is known as scale gold, about the size of a pin head and very thin.

To separate these different kinds of gold from the sand and gravel through which it is distributed is, of course, the object of all the different



“washings.” Until these later years, when, where practicable, the “hydraulic” has superseded all other methods, the sluicibox was the most common and satisfactory method of washing the gravel. This consisted of a long narrow box, or succession of boxes, say fifty to one hundred feet long, and twelve to twenty inches wide, and about six inches high. All along the bottom of this box are placed what are called “riffles,” and consist of anything presenting sufficient irregularities to catch and hold the gold as the water carried the dirt down and along over the bottom of the box. These riffles very frequently consist of a false bottom full of holes, or else slats placed in either crosswise or lengthwise. When the dirt, gravel, or sand is thrown in these boxes with a head of water passing through, the dirt is dissolved and the gravel and sand are carried along by the water, but the gold being the heaviest clings the closest to the bottom and is the first to be arrested by the “riffles.” In the evening most of the water is turned off; the false bottom is raised and the gold carefully brushed and washed together down to a pan at the bottom.

In the mines to which Lockwell was now directing his steps the “pay dirt,” that is, the only gravel that would pay to wash, was found about eleven feet beneath the surface; eleven feet of the top

dirt had to be removed, shoveled out, and wheeled away before they reached this pay dirt, and that was only about three feet thick. So this thin streak of pay dirt under so much that had to be removed must be very rich in order to pay expenses, and it was very rich; about twenty millions of dollars were taken out of this one gulch alone.

On the ground where Lockwell went to work the manner of conducting operations was about as follows: A piece of the ground some twenty feet square was "stripped." All the top ground to the depth of eleven feet was dug up and carried away in wheelbarrows. After this pit reached a few feet in depth these had to be run up steep planks to the top. When all the dirt was removed, saving only about three feet of hard, compact dirt and gravel at the bottom, the sluicboxes were arranged to cross the top of this pit with a decline of about one inch to the foot to give a free flow of the water.

A scaffold was then put up half way between the boxes and the gravel, and onto this scaffold was first thrown the gravel, thence into the boxes.

Our hero desired to get, first, a thorough knowledge of this way of mining, and next to increase the size of his not very plethoric pocketbook, and to accomplish both purposes he was resolved to go to work as an ordinary laborer, the usual wages being about five dollars per day. But here he encoun-

tered a difficulty. The mining district was overrun with men seeking work; the work was manual labor of the most tiresome kind. Only few men who had done no manual labor of any kind could stand it longer than a few hours. Fifty men were at all times standing near waiting for a chance to work, and, as often happened, when one man ceased to work up to the mark, and was told he could leave, a dozen sprang to take his place.

Lockwell began to think that his "struggle for hash" in this place was going to be a very difficult one. Many men looking for work were actually suffering for the necessities of life, and really hungry. Two days he thus spent in looking for something to do, but in vain. The prospect was gloomy. His money was again running very short: something must be done at once. The third morning he went along the gulch until he came to where they were stripping a pit and had got down with it some seven or eight feet, and wheeling the dirt up the steep plank was extremely tiresome. Going into this pit he asked the man in charge if he did not wish to employ another good hand. "Why, no," was the answer. "I have now all the good men I can work to advantage and you don't look like a man who is accustomed to hard work, and if not you had better not try this kind of labor; you would be compelled to give up before you were at

it two hours. We pay high wages, and the season is so short that we are compelled to work our men to the utmost limit of endurance. Besides, there are so many here now looking for work that we can take our pick and have none but the best; old miners, who can stand the hardest kind of labor."

"I notice," said Lockwell, "that you have two men with each wheelbarrow; now there is a wheelbarrow with only one man connected with it; you had better put me to work there and give me a trial."

"No, it would be useless. That man with his wheelbarrow is really more than I can work to advantage, but as he has worked for me a long time, and is a good man, I don't wish to discharge him."

"Then I will go there and work with him for nothing; I want the exercise, and I won't charge you anything for the privilege."

The other laughed at an idea so novel as a man working for nothing, but, of course, could not refuse his consent, and Lockwell went to work. Two men were working with each barrow; they would use their pickaxes and shovel to fill a barrow, when one would wheel it out and the other would be constantly loosening up the gravel with the pick until the return of the barrow, when both would again load it, and the man who took it out before would remain behind to loosen the gravel. In this way

there was no chance for rest, not a moment could be snatched for the relief of his constantly strained muscles. The first few hours were gone through with comparatively well, but before noon the fatigue was so great it seemed impossible to continue, but still he kept at it by mere force of will. Oh, if he could only rest for just five minutes, what would he not have given. But his pride and will kept him going till after eleven o'clock; then he knew by the sun he had less than one hour to keep going till the recess for dinner came—from 12 till 1. He kept glancing up at the sun, and it seemed as though it would never reach the meridian.

Noon came at last, however, and he was soon at the log hut where he was living, and then had to fry his own bacon, which, with some bread and nothing else, constituted his dinner. One o'clock came all too quickly and he was back at his work. The afternoon passed far worse than the morning. The eye of the "Boss" was constantly upon him. Nothing but his excessive pride and determined will kept him up. No work so fatiguing had ever fallen to his lot before. When the time to quit came, at six o'clock, he could only just stand; his hands were terribly blistered and raw all across his palms. But not one indication of his sufferings would he allow to be seen by any individual—particularly the Boss. And when he passed that indi-

vidual after quitting work he (Lockwell) remarked to him, "Do you call this hard work? Why, man, it is nothing; scarcely enough work about it for exercise. I used to work harder than this before I was fifteen years old, and when I was on my father's farm."

"Well," said the Boss, "young man, you have earned your five dollars to-day, and you will get it, too, and if you wish to continue on the same way each day you can do so." And he did. Several weeks he kept at it without flinching, though it was fearfully hard. He says in that portion of his MSS. describing these scenes, "The work got a little easier as I became used to it, although I never got so I hankered after it."

Thus he became initiated into the mysteries of placer mining, which was to become his profession afterward. A few weeks of this hard life passed and he had secured enough money to justify him in looking about for some ground to work upon his own account.

One Sunday, while in a crowded saloon watching the manipulations of a score or more of professional gamblers who were scattered around at as many little tables, playing their nefarious practices upon all who were foolish enough to risk their money upon these games of chance, and the name of such was legion, he overheard two men talking as follows:

Said the first: "I wish I could remain and work it for it is paying me well, but you see that under the circumstances it is absolutely necessary for me to go East."

"Yes, I know it," replied his companion. "I wish I did not have already more ground than I can work I would quickly take it off of your hands, for I know that a man can do well with the ground, and, perhaps, make a small fortune."

"Well, I will dispose of the ground to-morrow for some price, as I must leave at once for the States" (for so they called going East).

Our hero thinking that this might be the very chance for which he was looking, approached the last speaker and asked him what it was he had for sale. The man answered, "Only a very small side-hill claim, but it is very good, averaging me about twenty-five dollars a day over and above all expenses. But I have just received word from the States that my wife is very ill, and I must start at once if I wish to see her alive, so I have to sacrifice this piece of ground and start at once. A week ago a man offered me twelve hundred dollars for the claim, but then I had not got this sad news, and, of course, would not take any such figure for it; now, when I have got to sell, I can't find that man, he has gone away, and everyone else who has got any money has also got all the ground they can work, so I must take just what I can get."

“What will you take for it, then?”

“As I said, stranger, I must sell for just what I can get to-morrow. Come down in the morning and prospect it, and you will see just what it is.”

This was agreed to, and the next morning Lockwell, following the directions of the miner, arrived at the claim just before the other came up; then they proceeded to “prospect” it. This process consists in taking an iron pan about the size of an ordinary milk pan, and filling it with the pay dirt, carefully wash it down, or “pan it out,” as it is called, until only the fine particles of gold are left therein, and by these he can tell about how the dirt will pay to work. Lockwell had prospected a great deal where he had been at work, and was a good judge of such matters. “Here,” said the owner, “where you see this strata of gravel is the pay dirt. There is only a small portion uncovered, but if you will take this pan and try some of it you can tell something about what the ground is worth.” This was done, and a splendid prospect obtained. The ground yielded a fine result in coarse gold, and must be worth many hundred dollars. Alas! our hero only had about one hundred dollars to offer for it, and he did not think this would be accepted; but he made the offer, at the same time saying it was all he had to give. “Well, stranger, as I told you before, I



must dispose of it, and now I will tell you what I will do, and it will be almost the same as giving you the property : give me the hundred dollars, and as you look like an honest man, I will give you my address, and if you will promise to pay me the first thousand dollars you take out from the ground over and above all expenses, and send it East to me, the ground is yours, and I am off at once for the East." The offer was quickly taken, the money paid, and the transfer made. Our hero now found himself the owner of a mine which he had calculated would yield him at least twenty-five dollars a day profit, so that in less than two months he would have his mine all paid for, and after that he would have the profits of the ground clear for himself, perhaps for years. He was satisfied that his "struggles for hash" had ended. Visions of a brown-stone front in New York, with a nice little cottage by the sea, began to flit across his brain ; also a nice little wife, for he began to think that a wife would be a good thing with a brown stone : would set it off to advantage. Then in the summer cottage, too, there she would come in good. That night he lay awake trying to think and decide which of his eligible acquaintances he should select. When he fell asleep he dreamed that he had acquired half a dozen more claims, all paying him enormously. Then he found a

quartz ledge containing six inches of solid gold encased in a wall of pure silver a foot thick on each side. He married Queen Victoria and built her a palace of solid gold. When he awoke it was time to fry his bacon and get to work ; the two other men whom he had hired would be there awaiting him. But he was on time, and they all three set to work with a will. He had gone in debt for some tools and other necessary articles, and had only just ten dollars with which he was to pay his men their wages at night. That night he cleaned up his little sluiceboxes, expecting to get about fifty dollars, and got just seventy-five cents ! A dark suspicion crossed his mind ; he seized his pan and prospected the ground once more. It was as he expected : he could get scarce a color of gold ; the ground was worthless, and had been " salted " on him. He had been deceived ; his money was gone, and he had absolutely nothing to show for it ! How quickly the brown-stone front and pretty wife visions were dissipated, and in their place rose the stern reality of renewed hard labor with blistered hands in the pit again, if he should be lucky enough to get his place back once more ! The operation of " salting " consists in sprinkling a little gold dust on the gravel that an intended purchaser would be likely to pan out, and thus deceive him in regard to the worth of the

ground. It is in the same way that many a worthless piece of oil land has been sold in Pennsylvania—by pouring oil down a well in process of sinking, and then claiming to have struck oil.

Our friend's "struggle for hash" had recommenced in earnest.

Two days after the discovery of the swindle that had been perpetrated upon him Lockwell saw the same man who had sold him the ground just emerging from a saloon, where he had evidently been spending some of Lockwell's hard-earned dollars for rum. When he saw Lockwell he approached him with a grin upon his face, and said :

"Well, stranger, don't you think you could make me a small payment on account of that thousand dollars from the net profits of what you have taken out of the claim?"

The man's good-humored assurance struck Lockwell in such a ludicrous light that he burst out laughing, and when the man insisted that he should go in and take a drink with him, said :

"I will, on condition that you answer me two questions truly."

"Forty, stranger, forty, if you like; now fire away; but first nominate your liquid poison, for it may be dry work."

"First, tell me how is that very estimable lady,

your wife, who was so sick the other day that you were afraid you would never see her again alive?"

"Well, you will observe, stranger, that I suddenly happened to think that before I could possibly get to her she would be either dead or well; in the latter case she would not need me, and in the former case I would not need her, so what was the use of my going? Queer I never thought of it before, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was queer you never thought of it till after you sold your claim. But I will not take advantage of you. You may have your claim back for the same price I paid you for it."

"Give us your paw, stranger," exclaimed the miner enthusiastically, extending his hand; "tip us your bunch of fives. I would scarcely have expected to find such sentiments from a pilgrim; they would do honor to the oldest miner in the place. Here, barkeeper, set 'em up once more in honor of the noble sentiments of this pilgrim. But, stranger, I never go back on a bargain; the claim is yours, and you must keep it. I would not go back on a bargain I had once made; no, not if it cost me a leg."

"So I supposed," said Lockwell sadly. "The next question I want to ask you is, Where is the man who offered you twelve hundred dollars for that ground? I would like to find him just now."

“Don’t know, stranger, don’t know; and if I were you, pard, I wouldn’t spend much time a-looking him up. You see the fact was about this way: One day while I was busy on my claim along passes a man with two pups, a-leading one and carrying the other in his arms. When he sees me, says he, ‘How much will you take for your claim, pard?’ Says I, ‘How much will you give?’ Says he, ‘These two pups.’ ‘How much are they worth?’ says I. ‘Six hundred dollars apiece,’ says he. So you see, stranger, twice six hundred dollars is twelve hundred!”

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE INDIAN MASSACRE.

HE resumed his old place at hard labor, and retained it for many weeks. At last the man for whom he was working took him into partnership, and they together took large contracts for stripping ground in the mines, and were very successful, clearing several thousand dollars apiece. As winter came on—a season in which no work could be done in the mines—and he would have to go somewhere to pass the frozen months, he resolved to return to New York and put in practice, if possible, his long-contemplated plan of having a great spiritual seance in which he should materialize to the view of his two very dear friends in New York city. We find him late in the autumn leaving Montana by way of the Missouri River, with a few thousand dollars in drafts, and in a flat boat containing about thirty men. This boat had been built by themselves away up on the headwaters of navigation (Fort Benton), and was simply a flat box with the sides about two feet high and thirty feet long by eight feet broad; in this boat they started to float down

with the current, assisted also by oars, a distance of some two thousand miles to Omaha, Nebraska, their final point of debarkation. At that time three fourths of the route was through a total wilderness inhabited by hostile Indians, who already had killed many men attempting the same feat. It was a foolhardy attempt, and bitterly did they rue their boldness and lack of discretion in at least not providing better means of defence; the sides of the boat being only of one-inch board and only two feet high left the occupants wholly at the mercy of any enemy who might remain hidden in the bush upon the banks of the river, and who might continue concealed while traveling from point to point as they followed the boat, and could pick off one after another till all would be massacred. Lockwell at first sight of the boat observed and commented upon these dangers, but as he was among a class of men who laughed at all kinds of danger, he forbore making any further remarks thereon. They started, and for five hundred miles they had a very pleasant country to pass through. Well provided with all the necessaries for such a trip, they would land to do their cooking, make their coffee, and boil the potatoes, but all the cooking was done morning and evening to prevent delay. Enough cold cooked victuals were carried aboard in the morning to do for the midday meal. Most always a good sheltered

spot was found for their camp at night, and not unfrequently a good supply of game, that formed a very acceptable addition to their larder, was secured by means of the arms with which each passenger was well supplied. Taking turns at the oars, of which they had two pair, they propelled the ungainly craft ahead of the current, which flowed about four miles an hour, and altogether they would make about seventy-five miles a day of ten hours. One evening, just after dusk, they were still on the river, not having passed any place which offered a very tempting campground, and the evening was very pleasant, when they heard some splashing in the water directly ahead of them. Instantly the thoughts of all were on the Indians which were known to be in that vicinity, and every man's hand was upon his firearms. But as they drew closer to the object of interest, they quickly saw that it was the head of a buffalo who was trying to cross the river right ahead of them. To turn their unwieldy craft and pursue the monster was now the object of all. A few vigorous strokes of the oars brought it close up to the hairy, matted head of the buffalo, which was the only part visible above water, and which was snorting and blowing at a terrific rate. About twenty shots from all kinds of arms—rifles, shotguns, revolvers, carbines, and all kinds of pistols—were discharged at his devoted head. What



must have been the poor animal's sensations when this murderous onslaught was poured into him! Many shots must have hit him and many more missed him. But the matted masses of hair about the heads of these old fellows are almost bullet proof, and no sign of disaster was manifested by the unfortunate brute. The swimming and the snorting still kept up. The shore was reached, the firing was continued; the animal walked out on the ground, stood still, shook himself, and slowly commenced sinking. This was not understood by his pursuers. The animal did not tumble down as he would have done if badly wounded, but remaining on all fours kept gradually sinking lower and lower. Lockwell, who was observing him closely, exclaimed, "He is on a hill of quicksand; if he does not move quickly he will be our meat yet." The next instant the huge beast realized his own position and danger, and madly plunged for liberty. It was too late; each struggle only put him deeper in the treacherous quicksand. "Now is our time," observed Lockwell; "he is fast, and by stepping quickly around upon this sand there is no danger; don't fire any more shots, but save your ammunition for copper-colored game, enough of which we may see yet before getting through," saying which he approached the animal with an axe, and hitting him several heavy blows on the head ended his life. It

was found that the animal had sunk in the quicksand down to his body, and had not been able to move. A quarter was cut from his body to cook, but it was found so tough and strong as to be useless. Two days more passed pleasantly, and as they were then entering a bad Indian territory it was considered safer to travel by night and lay by in the daytime, and this course was adopted. At first a strong guard was kept out as pickets all day, but as there were no signs of anything dangerous, all vigorous precautions against danger were relaxed, contrary to the advice of Lockwell, who strongly insisted that by taking every precaution against danger they were doing no possible harm, and might be doing themselves a great deal of good. His advice was unheeded, however, and the result was disastrous. On the third day after the adventure with the buffalo, and being then about seven hundred miles on their journey, they were traveling at night about one third way across from the southern or right bank of the river, when from the bushes nearest them came a volley of bullets and arrows that killed three of their number and wounded two more. The suddenness of the attack paralyzed the entire crew, and the next instant they were all lying flat in the bottom of the boat, which was left to drift at the mercy of the current. Unfortunately the set of the current at this place was toward the

same side of the river whence proceeded the deadly shots, and to drift but little closer was to give the Indians certain opportunities to fire on the prostrate forms of the unfortunate travelers. Realizing the danger when he came to take thought, Lockwell sprang to his feet, and in a hurried voice explained the nature of the danger, and grabbing an oar called upon the others to assist him in moving the boat toward the other side of the river. Seeing this example before them three others sprang likewise to the relief of the boat, and amid a perfect shower of bullets and arrows pulled with all their might toward the other side of the river. But it was of no use ; the boat was so unwieldy, and the current so strong, that it was steadily moving them all toward certain death. The Indians seeing that the whole boat's load was certainly coming into their hands, stopped firing, in all probability to save their ammunition. Their loud yells of triumph could now be heard by the doomed band in the boat, and they felt their hearts and spirits sink within them as they saw the certainty of their fate staring them in the face. Again the quick wit of Lockwell came to their relief. Taking his oar he quickly plunged it over the side of the boat into the water till it touched the bottom, and withdrawing it he gave a loud cry of triumph. " Hurrah ! boys," he shouted, " we will beat those savages yet. Jump overboard

every one of you ; the water is not over four feet deep, and we can walk on the bottom and with our hands on the edge of the boat we will tow her along after us." And he set the example by plunging over, and letting himself down by the edge of the boat till he struck bottom, he held the boat fast until all the others had done the same, first placing all their arms on the seats near the side of the boat that they were to be on. The movement was a perfect success : when they had gained the water they found they could tow the boat without difficulty ; besides, the boat and the water proved an effectual shield against the bullets of the Indians, who recommenced their firing with yells of rage and disappointment when they saw the success of the last movement. They were now getting rapidly to the other side of the river, and also going down somewhat with the current in order to get below the projecting point of land. In less than an hour they were out of reach and out of danger of pursuit. This was a terrible place to have wounded men, but fortunately, although there were three killed outright, yet the two who were wounded were only slightly so, and by careful treatment with the best that could be given them they were not as badly off as was feared. The dead were buried near the river on the grassy bank. Arrived in Omaha thirty-two days from leaving Fort Benton, they

were congratulated upon their escape, and the party broke up. Lockwell took the express for New York, pondering upon his anticipated debut as a spirit. He had determined to make this event a success if it were possible to do so.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## APPEARS AS A SPIRIT.

ARRIVED in New York, our friend registered under an assumed name, and kept clear of all places where he would be likely to meet any person who would recognize him. He found that in order to render his plans a success he must necessarily take a few persons into his confidence. Proceeding cautiously to the house where he had boarded formerly he appeared to the landlady and almost frightened her to death, and it required his constant assurances for almost an hour to satisfy her that he was not dead. At last she listened while he unfolded his plans, and he was not mistaken when he had calculated that she would yield him a ready assistance. Having enlightened her as to his plans and secured her assistance, his next move was to find a medium who would be open to financial persuasion. This he knew would not be a difficult undertaking. Calling upon one whom he considered available he simply stated that he wanted her services at so much a night (naming a very liberal fee) to assist him to act the part of a disembodied spirit materializ-

ing. With some pretended hesitation the medium consented and the whole details were arranged as follows:

A meeting or small gathering was to be had at the house of the landlady whom he had taken into his confidence, and with the medium present, but not Lockwell, there was to be rapped out a communication to this landlady purporting to be from the spirit of Lockwell and earnestly requesting that a lady friend of his, whose name contained seventeen letters, should be informed that the spirit of her friend Lockwell desired to communicate with her, and ask her to be present on another given evening, at the same hour and place. After this the medium was to give the ordinary revelations and communications that are found, with a little different expression, at all the spiritual seances in the land. The day following, the landlady was to drop a note to each one of the two lady friends of our hero describing the communication, and adding that she had often heard Lockwell speak of her while he was alive and boarding at her place, and she could not doubt that she was the lady whom the spirit of their mutual friend was so anxious to communicate with, and she (the writer) would most earnestly desire that the invitation would be accepted, and without doubt manifestations of a most wonderful nature would be witnessed, etc.

The programme was carried out fully. Lockwell devoted all the energies of his active, restless mind to the successful carrying out of his project for harmless deception and amusement, and as he had considerable money now with him all the principal difficulties vanished one after another. He had to pay the medium fifty dollars a night when her services were required; but he did not mind this at all if only he could succeed in producing the greatest feat of spirit materialization of the age. The lady friends received their respective notes, each with astonishment and incredulity; then a strong curiosity seized upon them to know what it meant anyway, and they both finally determined to accept the invitation, and they accordingly sent notes to that effect. This relieved the mind of our hero vastly; he had been in a great state of anxiety, fearing that they might not come, or perhaps not more than one of them, in which case it would have been necessary to have changed the intended programme somewhat, and substituted something else for the appearance of Lockwell, who was determined he would appear only when both ladies were brought there together. However, this trouble was avoided by the acceptance by both ladies of the invitation to be present.

It had been arranged with the medium to invite about a dozen of the most faithful of the believers



in spiritualism to be present; men and ladies who would not hesitate a moment to receive all they saw with that perfect credulity which causes this as well as every other religious sect to flourish. The all-important evening arrived. A clothes-press, emptied of its contents, was to furnish the necessary cabinet in which the disembodied spirit of our friend was to rehabilitate itself in similar flesh to that which it had voluntarily discarded in the waters of Lake Blank one year before. The dozen believers, the two interested ladies, with the husband of one of them, and the landlady constituted the audience. A false bottom had been prepared in the cabinet, under which, for the space of about one minute, Lockwell was to jam himself, lying flat down, and the door would be then thrown wide open a few seconds so all could see that there was no one in the cabinet. All of which was done; the audience, one and all, were satisfied that there could be no one in the cabinet; the doors were closed and Lockwell arose from his painful position. The lights were now turned down very low, and the medium requested that they all join in singing some simple hymn (to drown any noise not intended to be heard) and that they all join hands. She then entered the cabinet. A few minutes of suspense followed; a few raps were heard. The voice of the medium was heard slowly saying:

“Everything appears to be propitious; a spirit of unusual power is endeavoring to get control of my will. I yield to his power. It is the spirit of a man drowning. Oh, heavens! I see him spring high in the air from a small boat; something is tied to his right foot—a small bag of something; it appears to be very heavy. He comes down into the water with a splash. Oh, my God,” she exclaims in accents of terror, “he goes down, down, down beneath the cold waters. Although his act appears to be voluntary, nature asserts herself; he clutches with a grasp at the bag which is so surely dragging him down; he cannot remove it; he has reached the bottom; a few spasmodic struggles and all is over. He lies quietly on the bottom of the placid lake, and there he must continue to lie. Ah! what is this? Is he rising again? No, there he is as motionless as ever. Then what is this that is rising up, up, with steadily increasing speed through the water as though there were no water there; transparent, intangible, yet wonderfully real, bearing his form and likeness and expression, while he still lies cold and dead below; what is it? It is the mind and spirit-form of that man rising to that sphere of immortality which it is best fitted to enter, and it is to this same spirit that I must now yield up control of my organs of speech. I can say no more.” This last in a very weak, faint

voice. A dead silence of some moments now intervened. If the two ladies for whose benefit all this was arranged were somewhat startled, it was as nothing compared to their feelings later on. After about five minutes of a quite painful silence, a deep and solemn voice issued from the little apertures in the upper portions of the doors of the cabinet, which served as windows, which sent a startled thrill through every nerve in the frames of those two, as they recognized beyond doubt the very voice of their suicided friend. That it came from the cabinet into which none but the medium could possibly have entered was beyond doubt. They knew not what to think. Heretofore they had both belonged to the sceptical classes in regard to spiritualism. They had heard of many remarkable manifestations of so-called spirit power, but had always credited them to trickery; here was a case in which there could be no trickery. Yet they would not and could not believe it all at first. They thought it must be some illusion of the senses. Very slowly began the voice: "It is only with the most extreme difficulty, my friends, that I have been able to gather power enough in the spirit world to assume control of this medium. The intense desire I felt to have her whom I so ardently loved while in the flesh, know that I still entertain the same feelings toward her, and to con-

vince her that I am ever near her, though unable, except through a medium and under favoring conditions and influences, to communicate with her. She on whose account I took my own life is present here this evening, and she need not blush to know that the pure and holy friendship she entertained for me was reciprocated by the deepest love—such love as caused me to commit suicide when I realized how circumstances must forever keep us apart. To her I say, be of good cheer. In that spirit life which you must sometime enter you will find numberless friends to take you by the hand and lead you on, ever upward and onward, upward and onward.”

Our hero had prepared a beautiful little speech which was to come in here, full of the platitudes which we usually get from the spirit world; but at this point his memory deserted him, and what to say next he could not think, but say something he must. He continued confusedly:

“I found it pretty cold down there—I mean it is pretty warm up here—that is to say, the spirit land is very beautiful.” He was getting terribly mixed up when a happy thought struck him: “You see, my friends, that my power is waning. It is only by the most tremendous efforts of my naturally very strong will that I am enabled to keep control of my medium. I have also now

quite wholly assumed the material form similar to that which I bore when I kicked the bucket—that is, I mean when I passed over. This is a privilege very rarely allowed to us mortals—I mean to us spirits. I can only hold this material form together for a few moments more, and during that time I will pass out and appear to you closer if you will all join in singing that hymn entitled, ‘Johnny, fill up—’ I would say, if you will all unite in singing that sacred hymn entitled—that is called—” (aside to the medium) “For heaven’s sake give me the name of some hymn.” The medium whispered, “‘When I can read my title clear.’”

The ghost, who could not hear very well, repeated, “You will all please sing, ‘When I can read, my little dear.’” However, it had the desired effect; the twelve faithful ones, who had so often been through similar scenes, knew about what was wanted, and immediately struck up on the well-known hymn, while the ghost stepped slowly and cautiously out of the cabinet. Though the light was dim, yet the well-known form and features of their lost friend were plainly discernible by the ladies as he stood before them.

And here came very near being a denouement which would have been very unpleasant to all concerned. On getting a plain view of the person of Lockwell, the two ladies simultaneously fainted

dead away, and he sprang forward to their relief, and a second later he would have betrayed his real existence by giving them his support, but fortunately the medium was close beside him, and, without observation, grabbed him by the wrist in time to save his reputation as a veritable ghost. Seeing the others rushing to the assistance of the two swooning ladies, he retired with ghostly dignity from the scene, and re-entered the cabinet. The medium shortly after emerged from the cabinet in apparently a very exhausted state; the doors were again thrown open for a minute's inspection of the cabinet if any one so chose, but all were satisfied as to the honesty of everybody and everything. The seance now broke up. The ladies who had fainted were carefully carried to different rooms, as it was desirable that neither should know of the other having been so effected. They were quickly restored, and without meeting again were sent to their respective homes.

The seance had been a success, and Lockwell now devoted several days to a complete and elaborate statement of the whole affair, together with a full statement in regard to the suicide, and sent it to each of the ladies in question, who had a perfect faith in spiritualizations since the evening of the seance, and who was each convinced that the spirit of her friend was ever hovering near her.

Their astonishment on getting each the explanatory letter, and learning that Lockwell was still in the flesh, and that the whole thing had been trickery and delusion, can better be imagined than described. At first they were disposed to be rather indignant when they considered they were the victims of a practical joke, but when they read the closing paragraphs of his letters, in which he stated that all had been done only to add to the amusement of all concerned, and humbly begged their pardon if he had in any way caused them a moment's misery, as such effect had been very far from his intentions, they readily granted him the desired pardon—the more readily as neither knew that the other was also connected with these affairs. Both having swooned simultaneously at the seance, neither supposed that the other was at all affected by the proceedings. He was, therefore, received by them on the same footing as of old, and the incidents and the results of the great suicide formed the topic of many an hour's conversation.

After making himself known to all his friends, and enjoying their surprise to the utmost, time once again began to hang heavy upon his hands. He often remarked that the worst kind of privation and labor was not so disagreeable to him as the ennui of idleness. About this time it was with great pleasure that he encountered on Broadway

one afternoon Mr. Train, the young man who, as a recruit in the barracks at Fair Haven, Conn., had saved his life when about to be killed by a bounty-jumper, as narrated in a previous chapter. The meeting was full of pleasure to both parties, who were really attached to each other, and when our friend found that the other was a medical student who had just received his diploma but was in very impecunious circumstances, he took him to his boarding-house and made him accept of a room and board there at his (Lockwell's) expense, until he could look around and decide what to do, and ended by sending him out to one of the mining towns in the far West, where there was a good opening for the young physician and where he succeeded and prospered.

The winter months had nearly passed, and Lockwell decided this season to seek a more southerly field of operations; a place where, if he felt so inclined, he might remain all winter. Arizona was the objective point. He was off once more en route to the far West, but on passing through Santa Fé he was induced to remain and enter the store of Retrop & Snibbets, a large wholesale and retail house. Though he was successful here he remained but a short time when he became impressed with the idea that the Northern Pacific Railroad, then in process of construction, would develop a very



fine country at its western terminus on Puget Sound in Washington Territory, and he determined to go there and locate himself. He went by way of San Francisco and started up the coast in the good bark "Sylphy," bound for Puget Sound.

## CHAPTER XV.

## SHIPWRECKED.

THE good bark "Sylphy" had been on her voyage but two short days when she became becalmed, and remained drifting about, now headed one way and now another, for fifteen days; days of unutterable weariness to our hero.

There were no other passengers, and he used to pace up and down the deck in his loneliness praying for wind. Day after day passed and only the heavy roll of the ship on the long swells that came in from midocean, causing the sails to flap against the mast, relieved the position from being one of absolute inertia. There are few more solitary positions imaginable than a becalmed vessel out of sight of all other sails, and five hundred miles from land.

At last their prayers were all answered at once. As is frequently the case the unusually long calm was followed by a severe storm, in fact almost a hurricane. It came upon them with but little warning, yet the captain, ever on the alert, had succeeded in getting everything in the best possible

condition for receiving the brunt of the attack. The sails had all been furled, except only such as were necessary to keep the vessel under control. It came upon them first with a deluge of rain accompanied by thunder and lightning. The vivid play of the lightning, as flash after flash succeeded peal upon peal of thunder, caused each man to shrink in terror from the vicinity of the high masts, fearing they would attract the electric messengers of heaven.

An hour passed with a constant outpouring of water from the clouds; then the rain slackened and the wind increased. Violent before, it now became perfectly irresistible. Sail after sail was torn away, replaced, and torn away again.

The captain had the helm in his hands, and every sailor was busily engaged working in the rigging about the foremast. Lockwell stood by the side of the captain, viewing with deep awe the majesty of nature when aroused as at present, and thinking more of the beauty of that pyrotechnical display than of the danger by which he was surrounded, when he was aroused by the voice of the captain exclaiming in great alarm, "That topmast will surely give way, or carry the whole mainmast with it if that sail is not cut loose, for the ropes are foul, and I have no one to send up there."

Lockwell looked up at the bending topmast, then

at the endangering sail, the ropes of which were foul and so could not be loosened from the deck, then at the sailors, all of whom were required forward, then turning to the captain he said :

“Can’t I hold the helm while you go up?”

“Never; it is as much as our lives are worth to let the helm go out of my hands now.”

“Then can’t I go up in the rigging and cut that sail loose?”

“You? Well, I don’t know. Yes, perhaps you might if you are not afraid to go up there. Take this hatchet with you,” and he then explained fully just what was to be done. In an instant Lockwell was ascending the rigging. He was forced to hold the handle of a small hatchet between his teeth; so great was the power of the wind it required both his hands to hold on while ascending. When just at the top, and about to free the overstrained mast, a gust of wind which seemed to have the concentrated force of a dozen previous gusts struck the ship. She careened so that he thought the top of the mast would plunge into the water and the bark turn over. Although she turned so far that she appeared to be lying on her side, and the mast on which Lockwell was clinging was nearly level, and he was but a few feet above the water, and could have walked back to the ship on the mast if it had remained in that position, yet the next instant the

vessel was recovering herself, bringing her masts with great velocity again up to the perpendicular, but the same moment there was still another blast of wind fully equaling its predecessor in power and velocity; the return to the perpendicular of the masts being simultaneous with the arrival of this latter blast of wind, doubled the effect and force of the latter upon the sails; no ordinary masts could stand the pressure, and the one Lockwell was on bent and snapped in an instant close off at the deck and fell with a clashing sound, fearful in his ears, down into the Pacific Ocean, which, on that night, was thoroughly belying its name. Instinctively he clung tight to the mast as it descended to the water. The ropes fastened to it on the windward side somewhat broke the fall, otherwise he might have been rendered unconscious by the concussion on the surface of the water. As the mast struck the water the sails, which were attached to it and descended with it, prevented it from sinking deep down, and, after a momentary plunge beneath the waters, Lockwell found himself floating on the surface still clinging tightly to the mast. On seeing the fall of the mast the captain had left his wheel and sprang with an axe to cut the ropes still connecting the floating timber with the ship. While this was absolutely necessary to prevent the vessel from becoming a wreck, it also cut off all hope or chance of

rescue from the fallen passenger. As these occurrences had all happened late in the afternoon the dusk of evening was already falling when Lockwell, rubbing the water from his eyes, saw the vessel fast leaving him to his fate. For those on board to attempt to rescue him in such a tornado he knew would be worse than useless. They would only endanger their craft and could render him no assistance. Situated in the vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean, supported only by a mast, and every moment a towering wave covering him entirely for a second, only to emerge time enough to recover his breath and be prepared for the next, and also to see the fast-receding outlines of his ship while the obscurity of night was coming on apace, altogether was enough to strike dismay to the stoutest heart, more especially as there was no probability of a sail passing in sight that way for many days, if at all. He was well aware, from the captain's daily observations, that during the long calm they had drifted many leagues to the westward of the regular route of coasting vessels, and that, therefore, his chances of rescue were almost *nil*. These were not pleasant meditations. In the meantime the thunder and rain, which had almost ceased during the heaviest blow, now returned with increased force, and the wind in its turn lulled very materially. Aware that there was a long night before him, probably

the first of many that would find him in nearly the same place, he began to look about him with a view to make his condition as comfortable as possible before it should be utterly dark. He saw that the spars still remained fastened crosswise to the mast. Many ropes had likewise remained attached to the mast and spars, together with a great deal of sail, and in these things Lockwell saw an opportunity offered for arranging quite a comfortable position to remain in until death from hunger or thirst should come to his relief. Every few seconds his glance would turn again toward the less and less distinct vessel plunging onward into the obscurity of the night. A few minutes passed and his eye is caught by a very bright light on the vessel. Yes, it was clear now that as soon as the wind lulled they must have hove too, and were burning fires on the deck to signal him, or to guide him as to their position. But how useless! he could not move his matted pile of logs, ropes and canvas one inch in any direction. But what an immense fire they were burning to attract his attention. How could they do it? There was not enough combustible material on board to build such an enormous fire, and, see, it grows larger! My God, it cannot be—ah! yes, there is now no earthly doubt in his mind that the ship has taken fire, that she is one mighty blaze. She was undoubtedly struck by lightning, and would very

soon be burned to the water's edge. But where were the crew? Taking to the boats, undoubtedly, but could the only two small boats that the bark possessed live in such a sea as that? He doubted it very much. He even thought that if it was possible for him to leave his present raft and get into one of those boats he would hesitate to do so; his raft could not founder, but if the boats filled with water, and he thought they must do so, he was far better off on his raft, that is, of course, only for the present time. When the sea went down the boats might be pulled over the five hundred miles intervening between them and the shore, whereas he could not move his craft a foot. So little surface was presented to the action of the wind that even with the gale then prevailing they were drifting to the leeward only very, very slowly. But he very much doubted if any who took to the boats would live till the sea went down, and, strange to say, thinking upon the trouble of his companions seemed greatly to lighten his own. A few minutes before and he would have given three fourths of his life to have been once more upon the deck of that vessel; now he was saying to himself, "Well, I am glad I am here and not there." The wind had now decreased very materially, and the white water no longer broke over his body. Trying the spar that crossed the mast where he was then sitting, he



found it fastened securely and he could not remove it; crawling along till he reached the next one, he found that by a little cutting and prying he could loosen it, which he did without much difficulty; then slowly and carefully towing it back alongside of the first he placed them both together and tied them in that manner with some of the surrounding rope. He now had a surface on which he could stand without much difficulty, and if he chose walk up and down, although the heavy swell of the ocean made it careen more than was comfortable. Standing upright now he called with all his might, and repeated this at intervals of a few minutes. He had summed up his ideas of the situation about in this way: The captain and crew had taken to the boats as soon as they had relinquished all hope of saving the vessel. If they could keep their boats at all from being swamped they would, in all probability, have to keep scudding before the wind, that is, in a direction away from him, but there was just the possibility that they might control their boats sufficiently to make headway against the wind, in which case, he had no doubt, they would return to look for him, hence his calls, but, as he expected, there was no response. As near as he could estimate the burning wreck lay from seven to ten miles away and would, he thought, still remain afloat as a drifting hulk. The night was passing, the fire was growing

dimmer, and soon no vestige would remain of the vessel visible to his eyes. He had given up the small hope he entertained of meeting those in the boat and ceased his calls. He chose the most comfortable position he could find, and tried to think over his present position and future prospects. Tomorrow night, he thought, he would be hungry and suffering still more from thirst. The wind and the rain still continued, and he wished there might be some way to catch the latter, as he should certainly need it soon; he took off his cap and wrung it out; most of the salt water had been washed out by the rains and replaced by fresh, and he wrung out the remainder as dry as he could and then replaced it upon his head, knowing that when it should be again soaked the water would be fresh and he could then wring it out in his mouth; he did the same with his coat. Thinking of fresh water reminded him of the hogsheads filled with water on board the bark; what would become of them? they would not burn; a barrel filled with water would not burn in an ordinary fire; it would char all around but would not burn through. Then these hogsheads must still be full of water in the bottom of that drifting hulk. If he could get to them he could prolong life for a few days more. But how could he get to them? The body of the vessel, burned hollow, if still afloat, would be drifting about the

same as his raft, but how to approach one another was the question.

The wind was very slowly drifting him toward the wreck, but it must be drifting the wreck fully as fast away from him, so there was nothing being gained. To increase his speed then was evidently his present object. He looked at the sails entangled around him; if he could get some of those spread before the wind the thing might be done. But he had no upright supports on which to fasten them, and no sticks that he could handle and make into little masts, that he could see. He went to the other cross-spars and succeeded in getting two more of them loose, and taking them, one at a time, back to where he had tied the two together, he found that by slowly raising one end while the other end sank in the water he could bring it to an upright position, when about half of it would stand upright out of the water. Fastening it in this position with the ropes which he detached from the sails and masts, he brought up the other and placed it in the same way about fifteen feet from the first.

It had taken him, he thought, at least two hours of incessant labor to accomplish this much, and he thought it must have been near midnight when he began, making it now about two o'clock in the morning. It was still raining a little, with a fine breeze, and he was exceedingly anxious to get sail

upon his masts while the wind held. This was very difficult, as the sails were all beneath the masts and spars, all entangled together, and were extremely heavy to move. He saw he would have to go down in the water to accomplish anything, so he took off his coat and cap and hung them over two ropes which he had stretched across from one spar to the other, in such a way as to catch all the rain possible; then he went to work at extricating the sail. A long, tedious job he had of it, but at last sufficient sail was landed upon his platform to stretch across his spars, and with almost infinite trouble he placed it in position; then walking to the fore-part of his curious craft, he had the satisfaction, by getting down and looking closely, to see that he was moving at a greatly increased rate of speed. By putting his hand in the water he roughly guessed that he was going at the rate of two miles an hour; then supposing that the hulk was only ten miles off, and was not drifting at the rate of more than one mile an hour, he would overtake her in ten hours. There was a great deal of guesswork about this, but still he thought that the estimate would approximate the true figures.

As he was terribly fatigued he concluded he would sit down awhile and enjoy the sail. He had scarcely recovered a little breath when he noticed that his ungainly vessel was evidently going at a

much slower rate of speed, and although the wind had not decreased any, yet it appeared to have changed its direction, for now it was blowing straight across his craft instead of coming directly from behind, as had been the case when he first set his sail. In his MSS. he thus speaks of this affair:

“It was very strange, but for some minutes I could not understand it, and the idea that the wind had changed filled me with the deepest gloom, for in that case I must be going away from instead of toward the wreck. I confess this made me awfully down in the mouth. Suddenly it flashed across my mind like a streak of lightning that as I had no rudder the whole caboodle was turning round, and that the wind had not changed at all. This thought tickled me again, for however hard a job it might be, yet I knew it was easier to put a helm to my ship than change the wind.”

This was true, and it was singular that he had never thought of the necessity of a steering apparatus, and now it was a matter of extreme difficulty to think of any plan to remedy the defect. There was still one cross-spar not in use; he had tried to get it disconnected from the main-mast but had failed; now he must get it without fail. He went to work with the huge jack-knife which he carried in his pocket, and by dint of much turning and twisting he finally got it loose; hastily

taking it to the stern-end of the main-mast, he fastened two long ropes to one end thereof, and fastened the other end to the main-mast, thus allowing it to drag behind. Carrying the other ends of the two long ropes forward to the cross-pieces, he took one out to each end of them and there fastened them. It was by these ropes he calculated to move the rudder which he had just contrived, and he believed everything would work. But now, unfortunately, the craft having come beam to the wind, was lying perfectly still and had no steerage-way. The difficulty was to start it, and he could think of no way except to swim out with all his might and main, with a rope attached to one end of it, and try to tow that end around a little to bring the wind to bear upon his sail sufficiently to start it, when with the rudder he could put it before the wind and keep it there. Now came the most fearful struggle of that memorable night; he was already exhausted by excessive labor; he felt poorly qualified to battle with the waves and exert all the strength required to get the end of his raft before the wind. But without he made this movement a success he could not hope to escape from his most perilous predicament. A slow and lingering death seemed almost certain in any case, but he was resolved not to give way to despair, but to do all in his power for his own preservation, and trust

to luck for the remainder. With one end of the rope around his waist he plunged into the water and swam with all his might; in a minute the rope around his waist was drawn taut and he strained every muscle to gain headway. The strain upon his muscles was terrific; at first he felt sure that he was gaining, then he felt equally sure that all his efforts were perfectly fruitless. He had fastened the rudder in such a way that it would bring the craft around of itself as soon as the wind was brought to bear upon the sails and give it motion. Minute after minute of this awful struggle passed, and he had given up in despair and returned to his craft; but what was his joy to find that she had just started, and was then very slowly but surely moving, and the wind was perceptibly coming from one or two points abaft the beam. With a thrill of delight he stationed himself at the ropes to guide the vessel and keep her before the wind. As the rudder was already properly arranged he had some minutes in which to regain his strength before it required his attention. At last the raft was once more headed before the wind and moving along between two and three knots an hour. The rudder was drawn straight, and the lonely pilot had only the feeling of the wind to guide him in his attempts at steering: when he judged by the feel of the wind that the craft was heading too much on

one side, he would haul on the rudder rope on the opposite side, and thus bring her into position; of course he knew if the wind had changed all his efforts were useless. It was tedious work, and every operation had been conducted in the dark. Now it was with something like hope that he witnessed the indications of a coming dawn, which appeared close to the horizon. As more and more light came upon the ocean's expanse he strained his eyes more and more to catch a glimpse of the deserted bark. But disappointment only came with the daylight: no bark was in sight. Alas, he feared she must certainly have gone to the bottom, and with her all hopes of his prolonging his life till succor of some kind might come that way. But when he thought of all the time lost just before he fixed the rudder, he thought he could reasonably hardly expect to have come within sight of her. Hour after hour passed. The rain had stopped and he had wrung out his coat and sucked all the water he could from both it and his cap, and the conviction began to steal in upon him that that was the last drop of water he should ever taste. But to give up was never a part of his nature. He went to the bow of his pile of sticks and gazed long and earnestly ahead; it was no use, "sky and ocean, no more." Then he bethought him that it was very unlikely she would be directly ahead, as his own



craft had not always sailed directly before the wind, especially before she received her rudder. These thoughts led him to scan the water also well on both sides, and great was his astonishment to plainly discern a black object of some kind immediately abeam of him on the port side—that is, this object was parallel with him on the left side; he was about to pass it, leaving it behind, yet it was miles away from him. He had no doubt it was the wreck he was in search of, yet the sight of it in that position confused him terribly; he could not sail his craft in that direction, not being able to change the shape of his sails. He could only turn it two or three points either way from running directly before the wind. They were now running on parallel courses, side by side, yet miles apart. He sailing at the rate of two or three miles an hour, and the wreck drifting before the wind at about one. How was he to get to her? There was but one way; by changing the course of his raft, by means of his helm, as much as possible toward the left, it would then eventually reach the line on which the wreck was drifting, but *miles* ahead of that vessel, he could then haul down his sail and wait for the other vessel to overtake him. This delay was vexatious, for if the wind went down it would render his plans impracticable. However, there was nothing else to be done, and the rudder

was changed to turn the head of the raft as far as possible toward the left. Hours passed: it was again approaching evening. The day was unusually warm, and our friend began to feel the need of food and water, and he was, moreover, excessively tired and needed sleep and rest, and now he feared that the darkness of night would again come on before he reached the abandoned vessel, and he also began to feel less sure of finding water when he got there. Adverse circumstances were beginning to get the better of his strong will, and he felt exceedingly discouraged. Nevertheless he would not say die till he had boarded that other craft. And now he was almost directly ahead of her on the line on which she was drifting before the wind; he hauled down the sail and waited. Now, if his raft had presented as much surface to the wind as the other they would have drifted equally, and so have kept just as far apart; but his logs lay so low in the water that the wind had very little effect upon them. So the black spot, supposed to be the wreck, steadily approached and increased in size till he could clearly make out the black hull of the ill-fated bark that only twenty-four hours before had contained himself, all unconscious of impending danger. He could now distinctly see the unevenly burned edges of her sides—burned down to within a few feet of the water's edge. He also saw that

one mast was still standing, though charred and burned off about half way from the top.

The drifting mass was plainly distinguishable now, and he saw that it would pass about one fourth of a mile from him : he had crossed its path and gone about that distance beyond.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## “LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.”

HIS only course now was to let the hulk drift past him, then raise his sail and endeavor to steer straight for the object he had taken so much trouble to find. Everything was in readiness for the next attempt to board her, for he was very fearful that if darkness come on before he had joined the two crafts they might drift so far apart as to be out of view of each other in the morning, in which case he would have no idea where to seek the other. When the hulk had gone past for about the distance of half a mile he thought he would be able to come up with her by pointing his raft at a spot about half a mile ahead of the other, and on her course. This movement was entirely successful, both the pursuer and pursued arriving at that point about the same time.

By a little extra exertion our friend was enabled to carry his craft directly in front of the burned, wrecked, and water-logged hulk, when he instantly lowered his sail and awaited the arrival of the other.

The wind having in the last hour declined still further, the hulk was coming very slowly ; in fact, was now only just moving as she struck the left arm of his raft, and he had his arms extended to grasp the chain that was hanging from her bow, and a rope ready to securely tie them together. The ship was drifting sideways, or nearly so, at the time she came in contact with the raft, and only a few feet of her bow overlapped the raft. Yet it was sufficient for all practical purposes. The two were securely joined together. By the time that this was accomplished it was as dark as it would be that night ; it was clear and warm, with very little wind.

Lockwell had just strength enough left to stand upon his tip-toes and look over the burnt edge of the vessel at the interior.

The sight was not encouraging ; she was nothing but a hollow shell, containing several feet of water, on which floated many pieces of wood, burnt and charred, and of every conceivable shape ; ends of planks, pieces of spars, etc., etc., and among them he thought he could detect, also floating, but with very little above the water, the charred hogsheads of fresh water. But this fresh water was so very difficult to get at, even now, he having nothing with which to remove the bungs, and no way even then to get out the contents, that, thirsty as he was, he

concluded to postpone all action until daylight on the ensuing morning. Seeing that the two vessels were securely fastened together, he laid down on the narrow bed made by the two spars fastened together, and, being very exhausted and sleepy, soon was sound asleep.

It was near daybreak when he was awakened by a slight jar or shock upon his raft. This surprised him, and as soon as he could collect his scattered senses he raised up and glanced about to see what had caused this unusual motion of his bed.

Had he been boarded by some boat's crew? He almost hoped so. Yet, on second thought, he remembered that the chances of being discovered out there were as a thousand to one against him. Then he looked around, and the first glance filled him with despair. The old hulk had gone; totally disappeared! She was nowhere in sight; she had evidently sunk.

A sickening feeling that all was now lost indeed came over him. He threw himself down again with a moan, and buried his face in his hands and arms.

The daylight coming some minutes later, he raised his head again and looked around. He could see for miles in every direction.

If the two crafts had separated, which was unreasonable to suppose, they could not have drifted

twenty feet apart, for there had been no wind. He could see for certain that she was not within miles ; then he knew that the remains of the old bark had gone down, and the shock he felt was when the rope or chain had parted. Again, with his head upon his arms, he pondered long and deeply. What chance was there of his being found? None whatever, or so nearly none that it was not worth considering.

He was entirely out of the track of coasters, and not in the track of anything else. No, his fate was inevitable. He must stay there and suffer all the agonies of hunger and thirst until an awful death came to his relief !

No, there was one way far better than that ; he could escape all the worst agony by committing suicide. “This time in earnest,” he said to himself, as he thought of the other attempt made in fun. Yes, he would live a few hours more, and then as soon as the cravings for food and water became painful, why, a little resolution on his part and it would all be over.

He still remained lying with his face down, although the sun was now above the horizon. He began to feel very thirsty ; he thought of the water casks he had seen floating around inside the hulk—floating ! the thought passed through his mind that if they were floating *then* they must be float-

ing *now!* The ship, having no deck, could not carry them down, and they must be still floating near by. In his misery this evident fact had not occurred to him. He jumped to his feet. There, scattered all around, were all the floating articles he had seen on the previous evening inside the old bark, and not fifteen feet away were to be seen two water-casks floating—black, charred, and smoke-begrimed, but still undoubtedly water-casks. A flash of hope came with the sight, but the next instant he was calling himself a fool for feeling any joy at the sight. What was water without food? It would prolong his misery for a few days, and then the same end—suicide—must come. In fact, would it not be better to end the whole thing at once? Well, he would have a good drink of water anyway before he died.

Now he noticed that the raft was not lying regularly. The side to which the ship had been fastened was almost under water, while the opposite side was not. This puzzled him, and he went to where the rope which he had tied to the chain of the ship was still fastened to the cross-spar, and, as he supposed, the broken end was extending down into the water. As he approached closer, unbounded was his astonishment to see, not fifteen feet below the raft, the outlines of the vessel, suspended by the rope and chain from the raft!



Now, if this portion of Lockwell's MSS. seems too unlikely to receive credence from the reader, we must beg him to remember that it was the wooden hull of a vessel, and was not expected to sink at all, even if full of water, and would not have done so but for the cargo, a small portion of which was heavier than water. Most of the cargo had been consumed by the fire, but when the fire broke out some little water was in the hold, as is always the case, but a great deal more had been thrown in by the crew in their efforts to extinguish it.

We will also explain (what was not then known to Lockwell, of course) what had transpired at the ship immediately after she was struck by lightning. The fluid had struck the foremast, setting fire at once to the forecastle, the cook's galley, and even to the freight in the hold.

At first it was thought that the fire could be subdued, and all hands were employed in drawing up and casting on water, and it was not till the whole forward part of the ship was burned away, including most of the main deck, that the captain concluded to abandon her. The rain had so assisted them in preventing the spread of the fire that it was not until after two or three hours' hard work that they despaired of success. The boats were then lowered, and well provisioned and watered, after which the captain, with remarkable presence

of mind under the circumstances, told the second mate to go down into the after hold with a large auger and bore two or three holes below the water-line, thinking the water would then rush in and cover some of the cargo before the fire destroyed it all, and so, as the ship went down, much of the lighter cargo would become detached from the heavier and rise to the top, where it would eventually find its way to some shore, or be picked up by some vessel, and so do some one some good. It was a good idea, but the second mate, who was intrusted with the mission, in the excitement, and the freight also being in the way, bored his holes too high up—above the water-line—and failed of producing the intended effect; he, however, reported to his captain that the water was pouring in as desired. The boats were then launched, and the crew embarked. Shortly after the fire started some twenty barrels of oil which were carried as freight upon the deck were thrown overboard, and the bungs knocked out, with the double purpose of keeping it away from the fire, and also to calm the troubled waters in case they had to take to the small boats. They now saw the wisdom of this policy; the oil had spread out a long distance over the surface, and by keeping the boats in the middle of this they were enabled to prevent them from being swamped, and in this patch of oil they re-

mained till daybreak, when the storm had so much abated they were enabled to move out of the charmed circle. The captain proposed at once to go in search of the missing passenger, but the others were for steering at once for land, thinking it utterly impossible that their late passenger could have lived through the night, and one of the sailors decided the case by saying that when the first mast went by the board he had distinctly seen the passenger become detached in the descent and fall in the water, from which he did not rise again. The captain thinking this very likely, and having no reason to doubt the man's story, consented to row for the nearest land, which they reached after six days of hard pulling at the oars. After the fire had consumed all it could, and was finally put out by the dashing of the spray over the sides, there still remained packed in the bottom of the hull light and heavy cargo mixed together, the heavy cargo holding some of the light freight down. Among this heavier freight were a good many canned goods and vegetables, and this class of goods is but very little heavier than water when packed in light wooden boxes; nevertheless, were just enough heavier to counterbalance the natural buoyancy of the ship, and a very, very little more, so as to carry her very gently down. When he took possession of the ship she was, of course, leaking some, though

very little, but as the auger holes were then only about an inch above the water-line, she gradually settled down to those holes in the night, when, of course, the water poured in, and she sank gently down till she felt the sustaining power of the rope which was attached to the raft, when she sank no lower by the bow, but the stern kept sinking till she stood straight up and down in the water, held in that position by the rope at one end and the heavier freight, much of which had now slid back in the stern, thereby loosening some little of the lighter stuff, such as bales of dry goods, which now rose to the surface, and floated around the raft. The escape of these goods increased the strain upon the rope and chain, of course, but not sufficiently to part them. Such was the condition of affairs when our hero rose to seek the casks of water. Knowing nothing about the auger holes and attending circumstances, his surprise was unlimited to discover the ship in the position described. His active mind at once took in all the great possibilities of the occasion. He jumped from the very depths of despair to the summit of hope. But he was a man of action as well as thought. The first thing to do was to quench his rapidly increasing thirst; taking a small rope in his teeth he swam to the nearest water-cask, and placing it carefully around, taking the other end in his teeth the same way, he re-

turned to the vessel and hauled the cask carefully alongside, lashing it strongly to the mast, with the bung up; this done, he used his large knife to pick and cut out the bung. This accomplished he had no way to get at the water, which was about a foot below the bung, except to drop one end of his large pocket-handkerchief down in the cask, and hauling it up he sucked off the dripping water. This he repeated many times, becoming greatly refreshed, and also feeling his courage return once more to battle for his life. He was half famished; so the first thing to do was to try to get something to eat. He was sufficiently well acquainted with the ship's cargo to believe that the few floating boxes did not contain any eatables. He also knew that there were canned fruits and vegetables in the hold, and he thought that some of these might be still there. As he was an expert swimmer and diver he resolved to explore; taking off all of his clothes, he followed the rope down to the vessel, and inside as quick as possible (knowing that in one minute he would have to return for breath). He felt around till he came to what he thought was a box of fruit, but now he had to hasten back for breath. Losing no more time than was necessary, he returned straight to the spot this time, thinking he could carry up the box with him, but he found that it was too large for him to handle.

Going up again, he returned with his knife between his teeth, and with this he pried off the thin side of the box and got a can out, which he succeeded in getting to the surface. It was labelled "String-beans." Opening it with his knife, he tried to imagine it was a can of oysters, and so he could make a good breakfast off of them; but not having his imagination well trained he failed miserably in the attempt. He forced some of them down, nevertheless, enough to stop the intense cravings of his appetite. All his life he had disliked the taste of string-beans, avoiding them always, and many a time afterward, when asked if he liked string-beans, he would say, "No, I can't eat them; I have done it, but I do not hanker after them." A few more attempts below the water, and he brought up a can of green corn.

"Succotash, by Jove," he murmured, as he set the corn and beans together. "I will mix them, and see if they go any better."

He did so, and made quite a breakfast from out the two cans. Then emptying out the balance of the beans on the log, he made a small hole in the edge of the can with his knife; made a string from the fibre of the rope, and dropping the can into the water-cask, drew it out full. This was a great improvement over sucking the handkerchief, and now he began to feel if he only had a man Fri-

day and a tropical island he would be a second R. Crusoe, Esq.

But he had too much hard labor before him to waste his time in idle speculation. He went to work with a will.

We will spare the reader the details of how he collected in, first, everything floating in the vicinity which he thought might be of any possible use to him ; next everything that could be removed from the wreck below.

It was while working at this latter part of the business that he conceived the idea of floating the old hull once again. He reasoned that, if a little of the heavier freight was thrown out of her, she would come to the surface of her own accord. But the work was necessarily slow, owing to his being able to stay under water scarce a minute. Besides, he did not wish to lose anything that by any possibility he might need. He had found all kinds of canned goods, also some salt codfish, which, when re-dried, was uninjured, and he had yard after yard of cloth, which he had dried, but this was of little use to him. He had four good large casks of water lashed to his raft, and each one of these would have lasted him three months. But he had no intention of waiting here till he drank it up. He was very fond of good fare (though he cared very little for liquor). An intense desire now grew

up within him to have some fresh meat; also bread and butter—in fact, to have a “square meal,” and he came to the conclusion that he was not cut out for a Robinson Crusoe, but that he must go where they had something good to eat!

In brief he had formed a very bold plan of escape—no less than the floating, fitting up and sailing of the bark straight for the shores of America.

As said above, he was satisfied that when everything should be removed from the wooden hull of the vessel that she would then float of her own accord, and he would then try to find where she leaked and bail her out.

As expected, when cleared of her contents she slowly and easily came to the surface, a few inches of her sides only being above the water. To prevent any unnecessary weight above the water from pressing her down he had, by means of an axe and hatchet, both of which he had discovered lying together upon the bottom, cut all her sides down perfectly even, so that there was no place where the water came over the top. Then he spent many a minute trying to think how to get the water out of her. The way she sank puzzled him not a little. She had been many hours afloat when he discovered her, and only had a few feet of water in her, yet the same night she must have taken in at least



two or three feet more before she sank. This he knew could only be done in one way. When she settled a little further down she must have passed other holes or leaks under water, through which the water passed in torrents, and these holes must have been very near where the water-line then was when he discovered the inside of her, and he tried to remember just how far up the water came that night, for about at that elevation on the ship's sides or ends must be the *first* of the extra leaks at all events. He got inside of her and commenced, as well as he could, a thorough examination under water all around the ship.

He spent three tedious, discouraging days in this tiresome work, and it was not till on the afternoon of the fourth day that he succeeded in finding the auger holes. This encouraged him, and he felt that now if there were only no more holes he could eventually bail it out. Yet he also knew that it would be almost an infinite undertaking to clear this hulk of water with nothing but one of his empty fruit cans to bail with. And he also knew that the ship leaked some, almost every ship does that, and has to be pumped out, and if she leaked as much in the twenty-four hours as he could bail out in the twelve or fourteen that he could work each day, his labor would of course be useless. He dreaded to begin this work, but the thoughts

of his now detested "hash" spurred him on. "I knew," he writes in his MSS., "that this was going to be a most fearful struggle for hash. The food that I was then compelled to eat was extremely nauseating to me. Salt cod-fish and raw canned vegetables are very good once in a while I suppose, but take them twenty-one times a week right along and I tell you they get monotonous. Nothing but the hope of having something fit to eat by-and-by kept up my courage." Preparing his food, such as it was, so that he might get it with as little loss of time as possible, he began very early one morning to bail out the wreck. He had, of course, stopped up the auger holes. He bailed steady that day for sixteen long hours, with only such intermissions as were absolutely necessary, and yet at night he could not see that he had lowered it any. He slept, he thought, about seven hours, then renewed his work at this frightful undertaking. About fifteen hours more of excessive labor was put in this day, yet he was not sure he was gaining one pint upon the bulk of water to be heaved over the side with his little tin cup. But the motion of the ship was such that he could not measure the depth of water with any degree of accuracy.

Another day passed with equal hard work, but on this evening he was rewarded by seeing that

the vessel had undoubtedly risen some, though only very little.

Day after day followed with only the same slight decrease in the water. Incessant labor, yet he could not rest one day, for had he done so, while he rested the water would have been increasing all the time in the ship. He increased the number of hours of his daily labor; six hours was all he allowed himself for sleep; he became thin, exhausted, and almost broken down. He was almost crazed with the thought that if he should become sick, if only for a few days, the vessel would refill and all his work have been in vain. For nine weeks he kept this up, almost night and day.

The ninth week was one of almost absolute torture. But the end came at last—the bottom was reached; the last cupful of water was passed over the side; then with his knife and a few rags he carefully examined the entire bottom and sides of the vessel, and wherever he saw any water oozing through he would carefully force some rags in, and in most cases was successful in stopping the incoming water.

He now took a good long rest of several days, excepting that he had still to bail every day for about one hour on the water that would still come in in spite of all that he could do. He next turned his attention to getting everything on board. He

constructed a rope ladder on which to pass over the side of the vessel. How to move the fresh water casks on board bothered him again. There were no small casks and he could not lift the large ones over the side. He could think of but one way, and that was going to consume more time than he wished to spare, but there was no help for it. He entirely emptied one cask of all the water, then he was just able, by means of ropes, to haul it over the side of the ship. He placed the empty cask on the bottom inside, then, with his tin cup, he began the wearisome task of bringing the water from the full cask outside to the empty one inside. He lost much time in this tedious process; then he took the other three casks and emptied all the water out of them, carefully replaced their bungs, and brought them also on board. He knew he was on a very rickety craft, that would founder at the first show of a heavy blow, then these empty casks would make another good raft if he were compelled to continue this "life on the ocean wave." But he writes in his MSS.: "I had fully made up my mind that rather than have to undergo such another struggle I would go at once to heaven and have done with it. These struggles for hash were too severe; they did not pay."

Many days yet elapsed before he was ready to start. He arranged ropes so that he could haul

two of his small spars aboard the bark; then to raise one of them up by the stump of the burnt mast and fasten it there took much time. Then there was the sail to be attached to that, and thence to the sides of the vessel, and the helm to be fixed, and all in such a way that he could turn the sail when necessary so as to sail at right angles with the wind, or nearly so; also be able to raise and lower it quickly all alone, for when under way he would have to steer and manage the sails at the same time.

All these arrangements took very much time, very much thought, and very much labor. But at last, and after many days' constant occupation, the ship was prepared as well as he could prepare it, and he who was to be captain and crew, pilot and passenger, all in one, stepped aboard, cast loose from the old masts and spars to which he had been so long attached, and with a gentle breeze started in search of a "square meal."

The breezes in that locality, and at that time of year, were nearly always blowing off shore, that is from the east, and he could not sail against them straight toward the land, but he was in hopes that with this improved craft he could sail a few points east of north and so strike the coast of Vancouver's Island, about, as he estimated then, six hundred miles distant.

We will not relate in detail the monotonous routine of duties which, for seven days, he passed through before he reached the coast. The weather, fortunately for him, remained pleasant and the winds steady.

To manage the sail and the helm at the same time required all his attention for about seventeen hours a day. Then he would haul down his sail and sleep the remaining time. Had there been a storm or even heavy winds his craft would surely have filled with water, in which case he had already prepared a raft made of the empty water casks lashed together, and fixed with a platform and pole on which to raise a small sail, and also on the extreme top of this he had contrived a flag of distress which was intended constantly to float in the wind. In short, with two empty water-casks as a basis he had contrived and arranged a perfectly safe life raft which would have kept him secure for many days and would also have sailed a little. It was with almost a feeling of disappointment that he finished his journey without being obliged to use this completely arranged craft.

However, when the dense forests which border the island of Vancouver came in view and he realized that this great "struggle for hash" was soon to be successfully crowned with a "square meal," his joy and delight knew no bounds. Nor can we wonder

at it. He was worn out. He was weak from scant and impalatable food, and his cravings for something to eat which he could relish had tempted him to keep up his sail and his vessel under way much longer each day than he should have done.

His hardships and trials were manifest in his emaciated form and haggard countenance, and he was not an Adonis in his appearance when he at last startled the natives of a small Indian village by running the remains of the ill-fated bark "*Sylphy*" in full force upon the beach in front of their abodes.

A large crowd of Indians, squaws, pappooses, and half-breeds had been gathering upon the beach ever since the queer-looking craft had come into view, and were now congregated in open-mouthed astonishment to witness the landing of the only person visible in or about her. And when he came straight on without lowering his sail or slackening speed they drew back in superstitious awe as though they expected his vessel could travel over land as well as upon the water.

The first inquiry of our friend upon landing was for some coffee, beef, and potatoes. He spoke to some of the half-breeds present, but, unfortunately, not a soul could speak English—only an Indian dialect, and "*Chinook*," which latter is a species of compromise between the former and English.

So neither party could comprehend the other. But he soon started around among the huts in search of such food as he could find, and was successful in procuring some hot boiled beef and potatoes, and at another hut he was served with some coffee, and these, being the first of either that he had tasted for many days, were eaten with great gusto.

He then brought off many things from the vessel, which he distributed among the people, and finally, by much signaling and many motions, he contrived to make the head men of the tribe understand that he would give them many yards of cloth if they would send him in one of their immense canoes along the coast to the nearest white man's settlement, which they told him was about four days' travel.

It was while this bargaining was going on that the head chief of the tribe approached Lockwell, leading three young and comely ladies, which he made Lockwell understand were among the very choicest of his wives, but he would give them to him in exchange for the vessel and cargo! Lockwell blushed as he gently but firmly declined the seductive offer.

A bargain was finally concluded by which he was to be carried to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, in exchange for the ship and cargo.



And to this place he was accordingly taken, where he created no little surprise when he reported who he was, as the fate of the vessel had been reported by the captain and crew, all of whom arrived safely upon the coast of Oregon.

Remaining in Victoria but a few days he took the Puget Sound steamer for Seattle, his originally objective point. Here he remained for several months, engaged, more or less successfully, in land speculations and investments.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

ABOUT eight months after his arrival on Puget Sound we find by his records that he had his mind made up to search for gold mines in newer fields. This time his plan of operation was to go from one end of the Andes in South America to the other, or at least until he should meet with success. He returned to New York and sailed thence to the northern coast of Colombia.

He entered the Magdalena River from the Caribbean Sea and passed up to near its head-waters. Most of the navigation of the river above Honda, the head of steamboat navigation, was made in large canoes. These were pushed up by means of long poles. The canoe in which Lockwell embarked to make a voyage of one hundred and twenty miles above Honda was about forty feet long, and cut out two feet deep, and nearly four feet wide. It was covered over by means of bent sticks, like bows, rising up from the sides to the height of nearly two more feet, and were placed about three feet apart; poles were then tied on to these, and all

tightly thatched. This gave a circular opening on the inside of nearly four feet in diameter, and two thirds of the length of this craft was occupied by freight, leaving only a small portion, say twelve feet in length, to be occupied by the passengers, of whom there were three including Lockwell. The four men who were conducting the canoe walked upon the top of their boat, which they kept near the shore, and pushed it along by means of long poles, the ends of which they either placed against the bottom, the banks, or the overhanging branches of the dense forests which border the streams in the lowlands of all tropical countries. Fifteen miles a day was about the average, and for eight days the passengers were thus cooped up in a space which would not allow of their sitting up, and as there was only two lengths to lie down in, two of them had to lie side by side in the narrow bottom of the canoe. As there was no window or aperture of any kind, except at the ends, not only was the view excluded, but the atmosphere on the inside was extremely close and hot. At night they were all but killed by the mosquitoes, and in this rather uncomfortable manner the eight days of their journey were performed. And in this way very much of the travel in the upper portion of the South American rivers is performed. And that, too, on rivers which would afford ample facilities for the introduction of

steam navigation, and nothing but the utter worthlessness of the inhabitants, most of whom have Indian blood in their veins, prevents them from developing their naturally rich country, and taking a stand at least among the second or third-rate nations of the world. It is extremely difficult for a traveler among these Spanish-American countries to realize that these unambitious, degraded, contemptible, and worthless inhabitants are the descendants of the valiant and intrepid Spanish conquerors of America, and of the highly civilized Inca and Aztec Indian races. Three hundred years of Christian rule has placed these countries just three centuries behind and below where they were when the Spaniard first placed his foot upon their soil. It presents a vast field for the speculations of the ethnologist to determine why the union of two such superior races of men as the Spaniards were in those days and the gentle and industrious Incas should have produced the present Spanish-Americans—creatures wholly incapable of self-government or self-improvement. We know if these people had *improved* as much as they have really retrograded during these three centuries the cause would have been at once attributed to their religion: to the superiority of the Christian over the Inca religion, but as they have steadily retrograded we must look for the cause elsewhere. It seems to be a general rule

that in the union of two races the inferior characteristics of each will descend, while their superior qualities become extinct. Thus with these people; they inherit all the old Spanish contempt for manual labor with not a vestige of the ancient Inca industry; they inherit all the Inca incapacity for martial undertakings with no sign of that dauntless intrepidity that characterized the conquerors; they inherit all the reason-destroying superstition of both races. In short, add together all the faults and failings of both nations with none of their good qualities and you have the portrait of the present Spanish-American, whether found in Mexico or Venezuela, Ecuador or San Salvador.

Yet the writer of these lines has received as much and as sincere kindness from individuals in these countries as it was possible to have encountered anywhere, but this could not and should not blind his eyes to the facts which are patent upon every side.

Eight long months Lockwell spent prospecting for gold among the mountains immediately to the west of the Magdalena River, but without finding the precious metal in quantities that he thought would justify him in preparing to work the ground. He had traveled through almost impenetrable forests, through every foot of which he had cut his way with the long, broad-bladed knives called machetes, which nearly every one carries down

there, and which are absolutely necessary if any one intends to penetrate for any distance through the wooded lowlands. Every man you hire, either as a laborer or a guide, will come armed with one of these formidable looking weapons, and in the hands of one accustomed to their use they are not to be despised.

Two months previous to the misfortunes of our hero which we are about to recount he had fallen in with another prospector, and the two were then traveling together. For five days they had prospected in the mountains without coming into the settlements. They were among the densely-wooded hills and they were about to find their way back to the nearest town, as their supply of provisions was just exhausted; still there was one high mountain, bare of trees at the extreme top, which now presented itself to their view, but a little further in the wilderness, and this bald mountain they determined to examine before returning. Only the blunted top of this peak and a few rods down the sides were bare of vegetation; then the trees and bushes began, very thinly at first, but increasing in density till near the bottom, where the usual intermingling of trees, bushes, and vines formed an impenetrable mass for any one who should try to scale the steep acclivity without the all-serviceable "machete."

Commencing the ascent by cutting their way, they were soon able to sheathe their knives, and by dint of a little squeezing pass on without being compelled to cut. After several hours of intense labor they arrived at the top, and found the only thing that repaid them in any way for their trouble was the splendid view they had on all sides. Fifteen miles off they could plainly behold the little town where five days before they had started out with their provisions, which were now exhausted, and this reminded them that they had better retrace their steps before they began to suffer from cold and hunger, for the mountain, although very near the equator, was so high as to be very cold, and was subject to fierce squalls of hail and snow, often keeping its bald head white for hours. Even as they started down a cold drizzling rain began to fall, which soon wet them through and made them very uncomfortable. They proceeded but a short way down before the tracks which they had made in their ascent became entirely obliterated by the rain, and they were very uncertain as to what course to follow. Coming to a steep gulch or ravine, which intercepted their direct course and compelled them either to go to the right or the left, they differed strongly as to which side to turn, but finally adopted the left, and kept on till they had nearly reached the bottom, when both became

satisfied that they were on the wrong side of the mountain, and fearing to get lost in the unlimited wilderness of forests on the west side of it they retraced their steps again to the extreme barren summit, and there with the town in view which they wished to go to they took a fresh start and got near the bottom of this mountain again, but once more the fear possessed them that they were on the wrong side, and they reclinbed to the summit still again. Their situation was now critical, and starvation stared them in the face, even with the town they wished to reach not over fifteen miles distant and in plain view.

To correctly understand the difficulties of their position the reader must bear in mind that the mountain was surrounded on all sides, and for a long way up its surface, by an extremely dense forest, which at once shut out from view any object which our prospectors could have taken to guide them in their course, and this dense forest extended for an unknown distance toward the west, and a person penetrating but a few rods into it might, and probably would, become so confused and uncertain of his direction as to become totally and irretrievably lost. This our adventurers were very well aware of, and every time they would reach the base of this mountain they were afraid they were not on the right side, and so retrace their steps



to take a new view and a fresh start; this was repeated many times, till night came on and found them on the top of the mountain, with every view cut off by the dusk and gloom of a rainy night. Not a pleasant prospect! They now knew they would have to pass the night in this dismal place; wet through to the skin, they took off their coats and wrung a great deal of the water out of them, then replaced them on their shivering bodies. Not a place of shelter was there of any kind for them. Nothing to do but to huddle together on the cold bare ground and shiver. After dark their comfort was not increased by the steady rain, gradually turning into snow, which fell in great abundance, and slowly melted upon their famishing, shaking frames. All that saved them from perishing then and there was the getting up occasionally and running rapidly around in a circle; then they would again lay down, hugged as tightly as possible in each other's embrace. Thus passed a night of suffering scarcely excelled by any in his eventful life. When they first laid down they had a great fear of snakes—many very large ones were known to be in that vicinity—but their miserable condition soon banished all such fears, and it was scarcely probable they would have moved out of the way had they known the largest snake of the Andes was approaching them.

With the approach of day a slight feeling of renewed energy crept into their spirits, and they resolved to renew the search for an outlet. Looking well through all their pockets they found two or three very small crackers, also about a quarter of a pound of raw meat, which they devoured, and then proceeded to look for an escape. But we will not follow them through all that tedious day, which ended, like the preceding, in total disappointment. Again they cast themselves in silent despair upon the ground to pass another night. Fortunately for them the rain had ceased in the morning, so that their clothes were partially dried during the after part of the day, and they were not compelled to pass quite so severe a night, though they were now feeling the want of food.

It was not until during the afternoon of the succeeding day that they were able to find their old trail at the base of the mountain, and then they had almost wholly abandoned all hope of ever extricating themselves from their perilous position. However, as we have said, they at last found, near the base of the mountain, the marks of their own knives upon the bushes, and the opening which they had cut through the dense underbrush, and before dark they were safe once more in the town they had so often viewed from the top of the mountain in which they had wandered for two days

past. The next morning, on casting their eyes up toward the bald peak they saw it was covered with snow, and shuddered as they realized that had their escape been delayed till another day they could not by any possibility have existed through the preceding night.

The excessive hardship which Lockwell had just passed through was not without its effect upon him. He had been in town only a few hours when he was attacked with a violent fever, which wholly prostrated him. Once more his situation was most deplorable. Very ill with a severe attack of a malignant fever, among strangers, in a strange place, and with no hotel accommodations whatever. His companion now manifested that depravity of human nature which never was suspected by Lockwell, whose disposition and character presented so strong a contrast. Professing for him the greatest friendship, and really, for a few days, bestowing upon the sick man the greatest care and attention, he suddenly disappeared, taking with him all Lockwell's money and valuables, to the last cent! Unable to leave his bed, suffering intensely with the fever, and lacking all those little comforts only obtainable in civilized countries, our friend lay back on his rude couch thinking that this last blow was the feather that would break the camel's back. For the first time in his life he felt completely discour-

aged; he was gradually growing worse, and he shortly became convinced that it was his death sickness. He knew that with the care and conveniences he then had he could not recover, and he had not a cent left him wherewith to buy the little necessities he required, nor to pay for any attendance. Whatever he received in the way of medicine, food, care, or anything, must come from pure charity, and this was galling to his proud spirit. He writhed with both physical and mental agony. He grew rapidly worse. He received nothing but what was given him by his landlady, a poor woman in whose house he had hired the little room in which he lay, and who, like all poor people in that country, lived only from hand to mouth, and never had two days' supply of provisions in her house. He grew delirious, and saw visions of custards, jellies, and other things for which he craved. He cried to imaginary nurses to hand him that glass of cool lemonade to quench his burning thirst. Then he thought he had died and gone to hell! "Great Moses!" he exclaimed; "to think that there is a hell after all. I never believed it. I wonder which one of all those religions up there I should have adopted to steer clear of this place. Perhaps the Catholic; if so, this may be only purgatory, and I will get out after a while. I wonder how long I am in for. I guess it can't be the Catholic re-

ligion after all. It must be some religion that has not yet been discovered; then I don't see what I am here for. I could not be expected to believe a religion that I had never heard of, and I know no man of sense would believe any of the religions I have heard of. By Jove! ain't it hot. Still, if it don't get any hotter than this I guess I can stand it; but perhaps they are only just firing up. I wish the religion of the spiritualists was true, and this was the first sphere; I guess I would soon crawl out of it into the second sphere; it would be cooler there, you bet. I wonder if a fellow should gobble on to the true religion here if they would not cool it down a bit. I'll try it; but if there is not some one here to give directions there is not one chance in a thousand that I will strike the right religion. Let's see; if any, it must be the first religion, that is, the oldest one; all the others are backslidings; the oldest one is beyond question the Brahmin. Yes, that must be the true one, if any, for it is not only the oldest, but also the largest sect; but I will be hanged if I know what I must do or believe by that religion in order to be saved." And so he wandered on in these senseless and often incoherent ramblings of a fevered brain.

But a small, cool hand now shoved back the hair from his fevered brow. The hard and well-worn bag of straw which served as a pillow was quietly

removed, and a softer one of finer texture substituted in its place. A handkerchief dampened in cold water was pressed to his temples; a soothing and cooling liquid was given him to drink. The patient smiled in his delirium. "Ha! ha!" he laughed, "by jingo! I struck the right religion the first pop! They are already cooling things down, just on my determination to join the Brahminical church. Of course any fool might have known that the true religion would be the first one given to mankind—and yet—somehow I always thought that fetichism was much older than the faith of the Brahmins, in fact the only religion in the world a million years ago; but I must not think such things as these, or they may heat up things for me again. Now it is quite comfortable here, and I must look around sharp for some venerable Brahmin priest to post me in the true religion." He opened wide his eyes, and saw bending over him the very plain (we dislike to say intensely homely) form of the young lady who had entered his room, and by administering to the comfort of his suffering body had, unconsciously, thereby made a convert of his mind to the Brahminical faith.

"Halloa!" said our hero, on opening his eyes.

"Señor?" she replied.

"Halloa!" he repeated.

"Señor?" she inquired again.

"Spanish, too ! Well, of all the languages that I ever expected they would choose to speak in heaven this is the last one. I wonder why they did not adopt English ; it was certainly the language of the best people on earth."

Again his roving eye in that darkened room caught the features of his nurse still bending over him.

"Hallosa !" he said.

"Señor ?"

"Well, I'll be hanged," feebly murmured the invalid, "if they can't scare up a prettier girl than this to give a new and ardent convert in the Brahminical heaven I will change my religion yet. Yes, yes," he went on in his foolish way, his mind being in about the same condition as one who is nearly three thirds drunk. "Yes, yes, if this is a fair specimen of the pretty girls up here I don't think they improve much when they leave the body. Hallosa !" he said again as his eye once more caught her features, "you are homely enough to be awful good."

"Que dice usted, Señor ?"

Then he fell into a sleep, sounder and more quiet than he had enjoyed for many hours, and almost immediately thereafter two half-breed Indians entered the room and stood at a respectable distance from the lady. They were dressed in the semi-

civilized garb of the *peons* or servants of the better classes. The lady placed fresh handkerchiefs dipped in cold water upon his head, and then, motioning to these peons, they came forward, and carefully raising the couch on which our hero was now calmly sleeping, passed with it outside the house, the lady following, murmuring in her liquid Castilian, "Pobrecito, Pobrecito."

Outside she gave some directions in Spanish to the peons, then passed across the plaza and up the side-street to her home, about three blocks distant, and followed by the peons and their burden. Arriving at her house, a large, but low and unpretentious building, evidently belonging to one in moderate circumstances, our sick friend was carried into a large spare room on the first floor, very plainly furnished, but clean and comfortable, and laid on a nice bed in one corner, without disturbing his slumbers.

He slept all the remaining portion of that afternoon and all the succeeding night, and when he awoke on the morning of the day following no one was in the room. He was in his right mind, but so feeble and utterly prostrate he could not for some minutes recall how he came to be sick; but, as memory slowly came back to him, he turned to see if the old landlady of his room was anywhere in sight, and was surprised to find himself in strange quarters.



The fever had evidently broken, but left him in that very low condition from which he could only rally by the most careful nursing and with the most proper diet. He was deep in wonder as to where he was, and how he got there, when the same young lady entered who had been with him on the previous day during his ravings, but he did not recognize her, though he had a dim impression he had seen her somewhere. She went straight up to his couch, and, placing her hand upon his brow, said in Spanish, of which he could understand enough to gather her meaning:

“Oh, you are much better, but you must not talk; no, not one word. I know very well what you want to know. You want to know how you came here? Well, I brought you; you want to know where you are?—in the house of my father, Señor Guerrero, and I am his daughter, and here you will stay until you get entirely well, then you will return to your own friends and country. But your companion has gone away—left you; is not that strange? Never mind, he is a bad man, and the Señor is much better off without him. Now eat a little of this soup with toasted bread in it, and when you feel thirsty drink some of this water which has been prepared by boiling with some herbs, but don’t say a word nor attempt to speak; ’tis not good for you, and, after you have eaten, then go to sleep

again." She placed the refreshments close to his bed, said "Adios," and was gone.

In his weak, debilitated state he cried like a child at the great kindness of these people ; then the consideration of his own condition did not tend to console him.

He had not a cent in the world to recompense these people for their trouble. He was always disposed to be grateful for the least favors, and never easy till he had returned, when possible, every obligation he might receive.

With the tears still running down his cheek he turned on his side and fell asleep.

His convalescence was slow, but owing to the constant care he received from this family, his recovery was not doubtful. It seems that hearing of the sick stranger in the town, the eldest daughter, who appeared to occupy all her spare time in acts of mercy and charity, called to ascertain how he was, and seeing that good care alone would prevent that malignant fever from having a fatal termination, she had returned to her home and persuaded her father to allow her to bring him to the house, which permission she acted upon without loss of time. The days passed wearily for our hero, and his recovery was greatly retarded, no doubt, by the fact that his mind was in a state of greater depression than he had experienced before in his whole

life. Totally destitute, the present condition of the surrounding country rendered it impossible for him to send to his friends in the United States for any assistance, and now the questions kept constantly recurring to his mind: how was he to leave the country? how was he to recompense in any way the kind family who had taken him, a stranger, and brought him through the crisis of his fever? for well he knew that but for the unremitting care and attention which he had received just at the critical period of his existence he would not now be alive.

The family at whose house he was now domiciled consisted of the father, mother, and the oldest daughter, with whom we have been made acquainted, her two sisters and two brothers, all but the two latter of which were at home; and the two brothers only were married.

The care and kindness which he received from the whole family could not have been excelled had he been their own brother instead of a total stranger, and a foreigner, and of another religion, for though he had not adopted any of the superstitions of the day, he was, of course, considered a Protestant. The unremitting attention to his comfort from the oldest daughter, which had never faltered from the moment she brought him to the house to the present time, created within him feelings of the utmost gratitude and respect. He knew that the family

were then not at all wealthy, though they had seen much better days. One of the constantly recurring revolutions had stripped them of most of their property and left them in straightened circumstances, although not in actual poverty.

As soon as he was able to sit up the oldest daughter would bring her work and endeavor to cheer and console him by her sympathy and what little conversation she could assist him in carrying on. She, like most of the ladies of the place, had never been further than the immediate vicinity of the town, and had never in her life seen another city. The only means of traveling in that vicinity were on horseback. Although a town of nearly ten thousand inhabitants, there was not a four-wheeled vehicle in the place; not a paper was published, nor a bookstore in the place; not a book could be borrowed, or a newspaper either, except, perhaps, a few old religious books and one or two copies of *Don Quixote*. Under these circumstances the mind of the lady was not and could not be much developed, and she listened with intense interest as the invalid endeavored to interest her by full descriptions of countries which she had scarcely heard of. Alas, he succeeded in interesting her only too well. It was the old play of *Desdemona* and *Othello* enacted once more. But it was many days before the convalescent had any idea of the true

condition of matters. He had striven with all his power to please and interest her, that being the very smallest, and, alas, the only acknowledgment that he was able to make her for all she had done for him. The thought that all this time he was winning the pure and devoted love of this noble and unsophisticated girl never for an instant crossed his mind. Although no thought of love other than fraternal ever would or could be entertained by him toward her, yet he revered the girl for her pure nobleness of heart, and when at last he could no longer fail to see that she had poured out the rich treasures of her heart upon him and accepted him as her idol, it brought the severest pang of anguish he had ever known in his life. To bring misery upon one to whom he owed his very life; whose constant strivings to promote his comfort had been from the first so purely unselfish, was torture to his highly honorable and keenly sensitive nature. "Would to God," he exclaimed in bitterness of spirit, "that she had let me die when she found me raving in the delirium of fever upon the verge of the grave. Far, far better that way than that I should repay her by bringing, however innocently, only misery upon her young life." Then the thought would come to him, why not marry her? Oh, no; to take her to live in the States of North America, away from all friends and

associates to which she has been accustomed, and where the manners and customs are so totally different, and where she knows not one word of the language, would only increase her misery, even if the climate, so wholly different from anything she had ever seen, did not kill her outright. Then the still, small voice of conscience, that monitor of his own creation, distinctly said: "You are now clearly trying to find excuses from doing what is plainly your duty: you know what you ought to do, however disagreeable it may seem. If it has been your proud boast never once to have avoided that path of duty laid out before you by your code of morals, will you shun it now? You know perfectly well, however much you may try to deceive yourself, that your duty is as clear as noonday. You must marry this girl and remain *here* with her to devote the life which she has saved for you to making her happy, for you know that the perfect happiness or utter misery of her whole future life are in your hands to give her which you choose." He turned pale as the full truth and force of these words passed through his mind. Let not the reader, who has never traveled through that country, imagine our friend was making a mountain out of a mole hill, and that to marry such an estimable young lady was a fate rather to be envied than otherwise. Highly refined and æsthetic in his tastes, he had

only managed to endure the privations and unrefined associations of a sojourn in South America by constantly thinking of the happy time when he should return again to the land of civilization, and now to have to remain here all his life, away from everything that is conducive toward making life enjoyable ; married to a lady intensely homely, and with those manners which, however appropriate there, rendered her absolutely repulsive in his foreign eyes, was to him a fate from which death would be a happy relief.

But once before, in the Shenandoah Valley, when he thought death or dishonor were placed before him to choose which he would take, had he not chosen death ? And he would be as true to his principles of honor now as then. He had decided, but oh ! how he wished that it only might, now as then, all turn out to be a farce. Alas, there could be no such hope. All this was too real, too true. Well, he would devote the life which was really hers to making her as happy as he could. All was settled in his mind and he felt a sense of relief : something of the kind which a prisoner must feel when the long trial is concluded and he receives his sentence of imprisonment for life. If he could have done so honorably, willingly would Lockwell have exchanged his lot for a life-long imprisonment in the jails of his native State ; there, at least, he

could have food cooked somewhat after the manner that he had always been accustomed to; there he could have something to read and he would see the daily papers; there sympathizing friends would call and see him often. Here, nothing.

Weeks passed on and he was once more fully recovered in health, and he felt it his duty to look about for some employment whereby he could earn his livelihood. He told the family that he had abandoned all idea of ever returning to his native country, and was resolved to remain among them for the balance of his life. This news was received with great surprise and pleasure by the whole family, and the face of the oldest daughter, which had been pale and sad of late, as the time for finally parting with Lockwell was supposed to be drawing near, beamed with pleasure now. An arrangement was soon after made by which Lockwell was to take charge of a large sugar plantation in the nearest lowlands, and on very advantageous terms.

As there was no further reason for delay he proposed to his late nurse, and her face became fairly radiant with the intense joy with which she accepted him. Three weeks afterward the old Catholic cathedral witnessed the marriage of La Señorita Rosa Guerrero to Joseph Lockwell, by the bishop of the place. The whole town turned out to witness this novel wedding. A stranger was a great



rarity at any time in this far-off and wholly secluded inland town, but for one to come and marry and settle down there was an event the like of which did not exist in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Wedding trips being entirely unknown in that community, the bride and groom simply traveled on horseback the few miles separating the plantation from the town, and Lockwell entered upon the routine of his duties at the former place.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## MARRIED LIFE.

WEEKS passed by. Busying himself all the time with his duties, he strove to crush every homesick feeling, to stifle every yearning of his heart for the things of his native country. Every thought of other and, for him, happier lands he felt was treason toward the noble girl whose every thought was of him, and whose devotion he felt merited the best and only return he could possibly make, fidelity in thought and action. Her whole time was spent in studying how to please him and render him happy, with never a thought for herself.

Thus the weeks rolled into months with no change of interest to him. He thought at last that his wife was growing to be somewhat sad, and he asked her if she was not well, but she assured him she was perfectly well and happy, yet a few days more and he could see distinctly that her spirits were depressed by some unknown cause. He questioned her earnestly, but she repeated her assurances of perfect health and happiness. Then he scrutinized his own conduct deeply and asked himself if he had

given her any cause for sorrow, but he felt sure he had not. Hoping to restore her spirits, which were now so low that he greatly feared her health would become impaired, he took her back to her father's house to make a long visit, and, leaving her there, returned to his duties at the plantation, but he had been there only three days when he received a message from her father to return at once, as she apparently had become entirely overcome by grief at his absence. He returned at once. His wife threw herself in his arms and moaned, "Oh, my husband, my husband, my husband!" and crying bitterly all the time. The most urgent and anxious inquiries failed to procure for him any satisfactory explanation of this peculiar state of affairs. He consulted her parents and brothers and sisters, but they could give him no satisfaction. He was greatly distressed, for he feared that he had, unknowingly, given her some cause for grief.

He took her back to his plantation, and her love for him seemed to have taken complete possession of her. She could not bear that he should pass out of her sight for a moment; she followed him into the fields. In the house she would often, without any notice, throw her arms about his neck and give way to the most violent grief.

One day, after he had repeatedly asked her what he could do to mitigate her grief, he said:

"Is there nothing I can do to calm you? nothing to alleviate this distress?" She sat down by his side and, taking his hand in hers, said:

"There is one thing you can do for me, if you will, that will greatly relieve me. You must solemnly assure me that you will do it before I tell you what it is."

"How can you doubt," said he, "that if it is anything possible I will gladly do it. I, who owe you everything, most willingly promise."

"Nay, that is not enough; take this sacred cross and, pressing it to your lips, repeat that promise," and she handed him the emblem which she always carried. He did as requested. "Now," said she, and the deep sadness of her voice cut him to the heart, "you must leave this country and return to your friends. I will remain here but you must never come back." A thrill of joy tingled through his veins. Was he then to be set free? And was she really getting tired of him and wished him to leave her? But the next instant he cursed himself as a base ingrate for the thought. He knew this request of hers was made only because she, with true womanly intuition, had divined that he was longing for his own country, his own people, and his own home, and though the promise she had exacted had wrung her heart with anguish, yet when she felt that this was the only course to make him

happy she had gone through it with the spirit of a martyr, and now sank back on her seat a limp and helpless mass.

Again and again he cursed himself that he had not better guarded the secret desires of his nature, but never for a moment had he supposed that she could think him otherwise than contented and happy. He had not realized that his every look and gesture had been so watched by an anxious love, greater than that of angels, that she could read his every thought, and knew better than himself his intense longing once more to stand upon his native soil, and she resolved that *he* should be happy let it cost *her* what it might. He gazed down upon her with looks of veneration such as a saint might regard the Madonna or a relic of the holy cross. His was the very soul to appreciate such goodness. This girl appeared more than human in his eyes; he adored her, but could not love her, other than as a saint might love the Madonna or a priest his relic. She, on the other hand, who knew the beautiful lives and characters of all her saints as well as she knew her prayers, venerated them, but all the ardent love of her pure young heart was lavished upon this man, whom, one year before, she had never heard of, and with whose character she had had but little opportunity to become acquainted. Strange facts these, but observable wherever the civilized race exists.

Kneeling by her side, he took the unresisting hand in his and raised it to his lips, then whispered but one word, "Never."

She sprang to her feet, and placing both hands upon her heart, cried out in agony, "Oh, my God! has all this struggle been for nothing? But," she added, sitting down, while a heavenly smile appeared upon her lips, "how foolish I am; of course you will go, you must go, for there is your word of honor, and there is your oath, and you cannot break them. Oh, yes, you will be happy once more," and again that smile. "Now you can see why I made you swear to do as I wished before you knew what it was, for you have a good heart, and as you know—yes, you know that I love you—you would stay here for my sake, you are so good."

"Oh, my God," he exclaimed, "to hear *you* speak of *my* goodness!" And he sank at her feet, his eyes blinded by tears and his voice choked by emotion, while such a sense of his utter unworthiness came over him as he had never before experienced.

She laid both hands upon his head. "And you will remember, will you not, when you are far, far away in that beautiful country of yours, and of which you have told me so much (how well I remember every word), and when you are happy among those friends whose thoughts, habits, and

tastes are like yours, will you not then remember that there is one here who loves you well, who every day prays to the Good Father in Heaven to take care of and watch over you, and who every hour of the day will ask the Holy Virgin to intercede for you? I believe, I know that you will not wholly forget me, and in that thought I shall be happy." She was outwardly composed and tranquil. Not so he. He buried his face in her lap, while the tears streamed from his eyes and his whole frame shook with the intensity of his emotion. His extremely sensitive and sympathetic nature caused him to suffer acutely as he considered that he was blasting the life of this angelic girl, who had first given him his life, and was now endeavoring to secure his happiness at the cost of her own. It was many minutes before he could sufficiently control himself to speak a word. The poet has well said :

"Talk not of grief till thou hast seen  
The tears of warlike men."

And the tears which he then shed were caused by a grief deeper than could be produced by any misfortune happening to himself alone.

At last, raising himself up, he said, "I ask you now to release me from the oath I swore to you, and to let me remain here with you always." This time she whispered, "Never."

He jumped to his feet, paced hurriedly up and down the room for about three minutes, then, coming up close to her, said, "You have stated all I am to do to fulfill my oath, have you not?"

"Yes, all."

"And you will add nothing more?"

"Nothing more."

"Then here I will take another solemn oath: I have sworn to leave the country, but I have not sworn when I will go, so I now solemnly swear that I will not leave you nor this place for twenty years; so now to fulfill both oaths I will wait here twenty years then go to my native land." She turned deadly pale as he made this speech, and as she comprehended it she answered:

"Oh, I am no match for you." Then she begged him, with tears in her eyes, to do as she wished, while he, similarly affected, tried to persuade her to drop the subject and let him remain.

That day passed and the morrow came, and with it the young wife presented herself to her husband with the request that he would take her back to her father's house once more, as she was far from well. He conducted her there and returned to his duties, intending to visit her every evening and back to his duties in the morning, as he could easily do.

Going up the first evening, she sent out word to him that she was too unwell to see him; and the



next morning was the same. He rode back to his duties without having seen her. He spent an anxious day and went to see her very early in the evening. The same story was sent to him, and on his earnestly requesting her to allow him to come to her, she peremptorily refused. Each succeeding day for a week was the same; he had not once seen his wife. He consulted with her family and the attending physician, and they all told him that she was rapidly failing; that she refused the medicines and took scarcely any food, and spent nearly all of her time in prayer.

Disregarding all her injunctions that he should not be admitted to her room, the husband forced his way through to the presence of his wife, and was shocked at the palid brow and emaciated form that met his view; though the same heavenly smile replied to his eager greetings, he could plainly see that at the present rate the soul was not long to be among the things of earth. He asked, in agonized tones, why she was thus slowly starving herself to death. "Because, my husband, I love you better than my own life; you are too good, too noble and unselfish to free yourself from this thrallldom, therefore the Holy Virgin, to whom I constantly pray to do what is best for you, will take me to herself that you may return to your friends and be happy once more."

She was killing herself that he might be free!

He was greatly frightened; it seemed to him that he himself was murdering this his wife. "What can I do to save you?" he moaned.

"But one thing," she replied; "promise me again this time without any mental reservation, that you will start for your home in a week, and then the Blessed Virgin will restore me to carry on the duties which she wishes me to perform here."

"But my oath," he said.

"I can release you from that as it was made to me and for me," she replied.

Seeing she was determined to finish this act of self-immolation unless he yielded, he compromised the matter as well as he could by getting the time extended to one month.

It was therefore agreed that in one month he should leave his wife forever, and start for his native land.

From this moment she slowly but surely improved.

The feelings of Lockwell at this period were difficult to describe.

Combined with the natural joy of the prospect of participating once more in the refined enjoyments and pleasures, both for body and mind, only attainable in a civilized and enlightened community, was the deep sorrow he felt in thus leaving one

whom he knew was worthy of the happiest fate, instead of this sad lot which was to be hers through life. In vain he implored, and begged on bended knee, that she would come with him to his northern home. In this he was most sincere ; he earnestly wished it. He knew his mind would trouble him if he was to go and leave her behind. Suffering had rendered her appearance more ethereal, and the coarse look and unrefined manners peculiar to the interior inhabitants of South America had almost entirely disappeared.

But to all his persuasions she would only reply, "I know nothing of the ways of the world ; the laws of etiquette, the habits of society are all very different in your country and you would have constantly to blush for your bride among your fine friends. No, I will not go. Oh ! may the Blessed Virgin forgive me for the great and selfish sin I committed when I married you. I thought only of my great love for you, and never once that you must, of course, be miserable in our poor land without any of those advantages to which you have always been accustomed, but you will forgive me, will you not ?"

Then would Lockwell throw himself at her feet and swear that in all his fair land there was not one so like the holy angels, so like the Madonna herself as she was, and he believed it, and with reason.

Then would she gently rebuke him for his impiety, saying no mortal should ever be compared to the Holy Mother of God.

He settled up his affairs at the sugar estate, and, as his services there had been very valuable in regulating some machinery, and other matters, the owner presented him with a handsome bonus in addition to what had been agreed upon.

The last three weeks of his stay the husband and wife were constantly together. Their future course was marked out so far as it concerned one another, and accepted by both, so there were no further arguments ; they were to write to each other once a year, and he was never on any account to come back. She gave herself wholly up to the intense joy of his presence; she would sit for hours with her hands clasped in his and her head upon his breast breathing silent prayers for his welfare. His mind was distracted by thoughts as to what would become of her when he was gone. She had a good home and he had no fears for her physical comfort, but he did fear that her intense grief at his absence would become a settled melancholy and carry her to the grave. However, there was no help for it. He had done all he could to change her, but where duty or her love for him was concerned she was firmness itself.

The day before that set for his departure arrived

all his preparations were made. He had insisted on taking only just money enough to carry him cheaply through to New York, while she wished him not only to take all the money he had, but also desired to add to the amount from her own private store, but this he would not listen to, and she finally yielded. He was to ride on horseback (the only means of travel known) first for about eight days to Quito, the capital of Ecuador; there he was to rest for one day, thence proceed the same way and about the same distance to the seaport town of Guayaquil; thence by steamer to Panama, cross the Isthmus to Aspinwall, and then by steamer again to New York. There was joy in the thought, and well she could read what was passing in his mind as she stood by his side this the last day but one he would ever be with her, watching intensely every muscle of his face. He turned his eyes toward her from his absent far-off gaze, and drawing her head to his bosom asked her if she had no request to prefer before he left her. "Tell me," said she, "is it true that in your country they give divorces to people who are once married, and that they are then separated and can marry again?"

"Yes, it is true; why?" said he, looking at her curiously.

She trembled as she answered slowly, "And—will you get a divorce and marry again?"

“Never,” he said earnestly, and she, regarding him intently, knew that he spoke from the bottom of his heart.

“Oh, you make me so glad,” said she with a deep sigh of relief; “I never would have asked you to promise me, because if you ever desired to—to remarry, a promise would have bound you, and been in the way of your happiness. I know now that you do not at present wish to marry any one else, and I am contented, and do you know that I shall be almost happy, even without you, always praying for you and looking forward to the time when we shall be together once more in heaven, but how would it be in heaven if you had anotherwife?”

“Never mind about that,” he replied; “for though you do not wish to bind me I will bind myself, and I hereby solemnly pledge you my word of honor that—” “Hush,” she said, laying her hand upon his lips, “please do not; it would greatly trouble me afterward to think that you are bound in any way. It will be better for me to know that whatever may happen there is nothing to interfere with your happiness.” His happiness, at whatever cost to herself, was her only thought.

The final parting came; she told him she wished to give him a letter which he was not to open and read till he reached Guayaquil, nor then till the very day that he was to embark upon the

steamer. Would he promise? He, thinking of how hard she had striven to induce him to take more money, thought this was a ruse of hers to enclose some bills in the letter, and hesitated before he replied that if she would fold the letter in his presence and give him the envelope to examine first, he would promise as requested. Reading his thoughts with her usual clearness, she smiled and readily assented to this arrangement; getting her letter, which was already written, she brought it to him, unfolded it and showed him that it contained nothing but a few lines written on one side. Then he examined the envelope and returned it to her, when she replaced the letter, sealed all up and gave it to him. He placed it carefully away to be read as he had promised.

The parting is at hand. As the last hand-shake was given, and the last kiss was pressed upon her lips, not a tear was in her eye; not a tremor was visible, and it was such a relief to him to know that she could bear up so well, and gave him great hopes for her happiness in the future. Oh, he knew not till long afterward how much of this calmness was assumed on his account, nor that when she had seen the last waive of his hat as he disappeared in the distance she had turned deadly pale, then fallen on the floor in a deathly swoon from which it was hours before the family could rescue her.

Proceeding on his journey Lockwell reached the old city of Quito on the eighth day without incident of note. Resting here for only one day to see the old cathedrals and other sights, he again mounted his horse and started on the winding road, which, flanking the eternal snow-clad peaks of Chimborazo, finally descends with great rapidity to the hot lowlands of the coast. The first day out from Quito a great misfortune happened to him. His faithful horse, in passing one of the roughest places on the road, got his foot entangled between two stones, stumbled, threw his rider, and broke his own leg. Lockwell, though somewhat bruised, was not otherwise injured. Here he was, a long distance from any place, and no way of progressing except on foot.

He bound up his horse's leg with his handkerchief as well as he was able, took off the saddle and bridle, leaving them in the road for the first comer, and turned the poor animal loose to fare the best he might, took his changes of linen, wrapped them in his blanket, strapped the bundle on his shoulders, and began his weary tramp toward the sea-coast.

Sleeping at night on one side of the road, and stopping at the huts to get what was necessary to eat, he pursued his tedious way. He would have bought a horse again but he had only allowed him-



self just money enough to get home, and if he bought a horse, and then was not able to sell him again for nearly as much as he paid, he might find himself short of funds before reaching New York, so he would not risk it.

He usually stopped at the small huts on the road for refreshments, and as these huts were built especially as hotels for the accommodation of travelers we will describe one. The sides were of bamboo or wild cane covered with mud, and the roof thatched with grass; but one room, no floor, no glass windows, no chimney, no beds save cow-hides thrown on the floor at night. And in these mammoth palace hotels a man, his wife and family, be it large or small, drank and slept, and received and entertained all travelers, and this is a fair description of a large majority of the stopping places for travelers between Quito, the capital of Ecuador, a city claiming eighty thousand inhabitants, and its seaport, Guayaquil, a town of about twenty thousand. The inns nearer Guayaquil on the lowlands or "*tierra caliente*" differed from the one described only in that they had no sides, nothing but a roof fastened on posts, and in the extreme lowlands, or those subject to an overflow of water, they had floors of bamboo or wild cane raised on piles driven into the ground.

Winding his way along, Lockwell passed in plain

view of the snow-capped Cotopaxi, shaped so much like a pyramid. But his disappointment was great at the first view of the far-famed Chimborazo. It appeared so low and yet the line of its perpetual snow seemed to be not much higher than where he was then standing. It was hard to realize that the apparently low planes from which he was then gazing were themselves over twelve thousand feet high, thus dwarfing the mighty bulk of that huge mountain down to the apparent size of one only eight or ten thousand feet high.

He passed the mountain in fair weather, escaping those terrific blasts of wind, hail, and snow which sometimes sweep this portion of the road. But beyond this point, and just before reaching the long steep descent toward the coast, he was not to be so fortunate.

Crossing the ravines and passing high hills, he stopped one afternoon, about three o'clock, at a hut such as we have described, and asked for refreshments. The only occupants at the time were a woman and three little children, the husband and older son being at work in the fields. A little fire was burning on the ground in one corner directly under a hole which had been left in the roof for the smoke to go out. On this fire she placed a large earthenware pot, the only cooking utensil in the hut, and began peeling potatoes preparatory to making

the universal stew or soup, the only way victuals are served up in that portion of the country. There being but a small square hole on one side to admit the light besides the small door made of cowhide through which he had entered, and as it was a very cloudy day, Lockwell did not at first distinguish in the obscurity the forms of the three very small children rolled up together in a blanket and placed upon the ground in a corner. But a low wail coming from that direction caused the woman to lay down the half-peeled potato on which she was engaged, and going to the corner slightly moved the children and arranged the blankets, then resumed her work on the potatoes; this was repeated several times before the soup was prepared. Lockwell ate heartily, for he was tired and hungry; then while debating in his mind if he had not better stop here for the night, as the weather was very threatening, he asked the woman if the children lying there were not sick. "Yes," said she, "they are all three broken out with the small-pox."

Lockwell left.

Continuing his walk at a brisk pace he expected to arrive about dark at another house which had been described to him as standing some distance back from the road he was following, but which he could see by keeping a sharp look-out. This house it was important he should reach as there

was every indication of a stormy, rainy night, and he was very fearful if he got wet through in these very high, cold places it would bring on a recurrence of that fever with which he had so nearly lost his life. The clouds grew thicker and thicker. A drizzling rain began, and nowhere was there the slightest sign of any shelter. Darkness came upon him an hour earlier than usual owing to the foggy mist, and he had not yet reached the house where he intended to pass the night. The rain came faster and faster as it grew darker and darker. He was drenched through, yet he could only plod along through the mud hoping that he might catch a glimpse of a light in the house as he passed it. Vain hope. He kept on through the darkness over a road as bad as he had ever been on. The weather had been wet and the road was cut up by trains of pack animals which had passed along it; every other step he would go down in a hole made by a mule's leg and which was now filled with water. It was too dark to pick his steps; he only kept the road with the utmost care. He was passing around the steep side of a mountain. The path was cut out artificially, making the border on the upper side a perpendicular bank of earth three or four feet high, while from the edge on the lower side the descent was steep and abrupt, and the mud in the path appeared to have no bottom. He went in this

way through the heavy rain till he felt certain he had passed the house; then what was he to do? He had learned that there was not another house or roof of any kind within twenty miles on the road he was traveling; he could go no further; he must pass the night right here. Feeling along the perpendicular bank with his hand, he came to a place where he thought it projected over a little on top, and under this projection he laid down, but the drippings of the bank were constantly falling upon him. What did it matter? He was already wet through and through.

He passed a night similar to those passed upon the bald mountain, and he was very certain the effects would be the same, viz.: sooner or later a return of the fever which had prostrated him before.

In the morning he pushed ahead as fast as possible over that dismal road. Twenty miles to go before he could get anything to eat, and he was already hungry.

He was blessed with a good appetite, and he used to say that whenever he could not get anything else he could always get hungry.

A few miles gained, and the road suddenly forked, and he had not the remotest idea which was the proper one to take. What should he do? Why, take one and trust to luck; there was no other way.

Yet he might take one which ran fifty miles without coming to a house; such instances were not unknown in the mountains. Well, no use in borrowing trouble. He took the left hand side and went ahead.

Before he had gone a mile he thought he was wrong; it would have been just the same if he had taken the other. Two miles from the forks he met two girls who had been driving an ox with a load of things on his back that they were taking to market.

But the ox now was stuck in a deep mud-hole, and they were removing his load to give him a chance to get out. As soon as the girls saw our hero coming all forlorn they called to an imaginary man in the rear to hurry up. He knew that this was only to make him think that they had a protector near by, while they were really traveling alone. Smiling at their little ruse, he politely asked them about the road. He had taken the wrong one, and must retrace his steps to the forks! Then he begged for some food, showing some silver, and expressed his willingness to pay well for it. But no, they said they had not a mouthful of any thing. This would have been very discouraging, only he knew they were lying, and were afraid to show what food they had lest he would take the whole of it and make off. But he was determined to have a little something to eat, so he commenced to finesse

a little ; in other words, to fib. He bid them good bye with a dismal countenance, and with the remark that he was lost, as they saw, and had not had a mouthful to eat in two days, and would doubtless sink down and perish by the roadside ere he could reach the nearest house on his way, and as he shook hands with each he raised their hands to his lips.

This had the desired effect ; telling him to wait a moment one of them opened a large bag and took out a big double-handful of parched corn and gave it to him. He tried to make them take a little silver for it, but they would not.

He thanked them kindly and left munching his popped corn, and this he did not doubt was the only kind of provisions they had. This was all the food he had that day till he reached the next house late in the evening.

Early the next morning he was on his way again, and hoped in one day more to reach the river, where he could take the little steamer down to Guayaquil before the fever which he could now feel in his system should have completely prostrated him.

He just succeeded and that was all. The day after his arrival at Guayaquil he took to his bed in the room which he had secured immediately upon his arrival, and which he was only to leave in his coffin.

A description of our poor friend's death and burial we will reserve for another chapter.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## DEATH, BURIAL, AND RESURRECTION.

Just as before, the fever quickly reduced him to a state of delirium; but this time he had not the same kind nurse to take care of him, and by her gentle tact and soothing ways to win him back from death unto life. He grew worse and worse without once rallying. A torpor succeeded delirium, and in four days from the time he was taken down he had ceased to breathe.

As the small-pox at that time was raging as an epidemic in the city, and scores were dying daily from that disease alone, most corpses were interred the same day they died, and by the authorities of the city. As our friend had died unknown in that place, and only strangers were in the house, it was not strange that his body was treated the same as were the corpses of the poor victims of the epidemic. Ah, fortunate it was that his poor wife knew nothing of all this! Fortunate that she was ignorant of his sickness, as she would have flown to his sick-room, though she would not have arrived in time. Fortunate that she could not



now see that loved form as it was roughly thrown into the public cart among a dozen small-pox corpses and dragged to an open space just out of town, where shallow pits had been dug, then flung with them into these pits and covered up.

“Where ignorance is bliss, ’tis folly to be wise.”

Had she seen these things, she never could have survived the shock. But she only thought that he was swiftly flying to meet his friends, and took a melancholy pleasure in thinking how soon *he* would be happy. Each day and each hour she was wondering where he was, how far he had got, and whether at that instant he was thinking of her or not. Was it not a blessing she could not know that at that very moment, while these thoughts were passing through her mind, he was lying all unconscious of her or of any thing in the cold grave in which he had been so brutally buried. Thrice happy was she, even in her misery, that she could not see on the very night succeeding the “funeral” the army of half-starved curs and dogs of low degree (which abound in every South American town) as they roved in droves through the city and suburbs, in search of offal and carrion, and came finally to this new graveyard.

With the keen sense of hungry animals they could detect the scent of the corpses, and knew they were not far below the surface. One hun-

dred starving dogs in a moment were digging for human food. It was midnight, and they were not likely to be disturbed. The corpses buried here were mostly those of the poorer classes.

They were nearly all friendless, like our hero; there was not much likelihood that the anticipated nocturnal feast of these canines would be disturbed by relations or friends coming to weep over these graves. No, the poor have seldom time to indulge in sentiment; never during an epidemic.

The first body is reached; a dozen snarling curs all at once plunge their teeth into the limbs and body, and drag it out, then commence their fearful repast. There is room for more to feast upon this person; every inch of space is quickly taken; the tearing of human flesh and the crunching of human bones goes bravely on. Right well are these dogs rewarded for their "struggle for hash."

In fact there had been but little trouble. The ill-paid laborers who dug the pit had not calculated on so many occupants, so when all were in there was but a few inches left for the covering dirt.

But now two or three large mastiffs approach; they evidently belong to the better classes, or to the foreign merchants of the place. They are evidently out on a spree, and hearing this canine "revelry by night," drop over to see what is going on. They have been out some hours, and are not

indisposed for a midnight lunch providing they meet with anything that suits their more fastidious tastes. They sniff at the partly-eaten bodies lying around, then march straight to the pit, regarding with dignified contempt the snarling, yelping, growling curs which carefully make room for them as they pass.

The next body in order to be dragged out is clothed in mud-bedaubed pants and coat. It is that of our hero clad in the same suit in which he had traveled over the horrid roads. The three mastiffs sniff at it and appear satisfied, for they simultaneously grab hold of the clothing\* and drag his body off. At a convenient distance they stop, and commence to tear off his clothing. No curs dare venture near them. The pants are ripped up by their sharp teeth and claws, thus exposing the calf of the leg; a good place to begin, and they do begin. The teeth are plunged deep into that leg, and then—that leg is suddenly drawn up and again extended with a force that sends the mastiff howling back, while the other two draw off and reconnoitre. They take in the situation at a glance; to feast here they must butcher the meat; this is more than they had calculated upon, and may not be worth the trouble. No, for there is plenty more ready killed close at hand. They return to the pit.

Lockwell, rudely awakened from his cataleptic

fit, hopes it is near morning. Mercey ! how his leg smarts ! Tries to move his body a little and—heavens ! he is lying on the bare ground, yet he remembers distinctly being in bed all day yesterday sick with the fever. Somebody must have come in while he slept and removed him on to the floor and stolen his bed. What a rough floor ! How cold and stiff he is. He rolls over and looks up. Goodness ! he is out of doors ; the stars are shining above him. It must have been all a dream about his arriving in Guayaquil, and he is now still on that dismal road and has laid down for the night, but he can't remember anything about it ; but he can remember getting into Guayaquil. Everything is fearfully confused. Tries to rise. Oh ! how awfully his leg smarts ; some snake must have crawled on to him and bitten him ; if so he will die. Yes, he is feeling very sick and faint ; some poisonous reptile has undoubtedly bitten him on the calf of the leg and he will soon die. Gets to his feet, staggers, and falls in a swoon, and remains in that condition until daylight. Some of the nearest neighbors can see from their doors the remains of the canine carnival. Investigate a little, then run for the priest and the alcalde. The former is first upon the ground. The good man is terribly shocked, and a faintness comes over him as he looks at the sickening sight. Sees our hero lying there, and wonders why the dogs

have not touched him. Goes up to examine him, and sees the wound from which the blood is trickling.

As soon as the padre saw the blood issuing from the bite in Lockwell's leg made by the mastiffs he knew that the blood would not run that way from a dead man, and that therefore the human being before him was still alive. Calling for assistance the padre had the inanimate form taken to his own house, where restoratives were applied with success, and once more consciousness returned. Opening his eyes the first thing Lockwell saw was the person of the padre, who was not yet attired in the vestments of his order, and he said, "Excuse me, sir, but may I ask what you are doing in my room? Oh, I know. I have been very sick, and you are the doctor. But I feel awful sick yet. Oh, but I thought a snake had bitten me last night. Where am I?" he asked as he noticed for the first time that he was in a strange room.

Much to his astonishment he learned all the particulars of his supposed death and burial, together with the fearful manner of his resurrection. They sent around to the house where he had stopped and procured the remainder of his clothing, together with the letter from his wife, which was still unopened; but unfortunately all his money was paid out, or was reported to have been paid out, for his doctor's and nurse's bills, and other incidental

expenses, and again was he without a cent in the world, and could think of no possible way to get home when he should be sufficiently recovered to start, which he hoped would be in a few days, as kind care was once more doing wonders for him, and he was rapidly growing stronger. He told his whole story, and the good padre, while deeply sympathizing with him, was unable to suggest any way out of the difficulty.

At last he was able to walk about town, and the first day he was at the dock was the day on which the steamer was expected up the coast, and was to stop there on her way to Panama. He was very sad thinking that this was the very steamer he had expected to take, but now, alas, he had no money wherewith to pay his passage, and must witness it leave without him. He returned home (he was staying with the padre), and during the dinner his host asked him if he were not going to read the letter of his wife, as this was the day he was to have embarked with the steamer. He replied that he had been debating the matter with himself, and as he was not sure whether according to his promise he should open it, he had not done so. But now by the advice of his host he opened it. The letter ran thus:

“MY OWN DARLING HUSBAND:—Know, when you are reading this, whenever or wherever that

may be, that I am thinking of and praying for you. Adios, my heart's love, till we meet in heaven.

ROSA.

“P.S.—Fearing you may need more money than you have, I have sewn up bills to the value of two hundred pesos in the lapel of your coat. I hope they may do you some good.”

Seizing his coat he ripped it open and found the bills as described. What a relief! He would now take that steamer, which was to sail on this same evening.

It certainly seemed to him as though his wife was endowed with the prescience of divinity to thus prepare him in the only way possible for this unforeseen emergency.

Settling his affairs there, and forcing a handsome present upon the good priest, he took his passage on the steamer for Panama, and arrived in New York without incident worthy of note.

The next five years of his life were passed in visiting and working gold mines in many different localities, and with varying success, always returning to New York for a visit at short intervals.

Dr. Train, the soldier who saved his life in Conscript Camp, was now a very successful physician, and the friendship that began in the army had increased in each succeeding year.

## CHAPTER XX.

## LOSES HIS HEART.

THE doctor and Lockwell had become inseparable friends. The former had opened an office in the city, and had taken permanent apartments for his bachelor quarters, and at these rooms Lockwell spent at least two thirds of his time, ever a welcome visitor.

“Doctor,” said Lockwell one morning, “this is the third time I have asked you a plain, straightforward question, and elicited no reply. Will you lay down that eternal *Herald* and tell me what shall I do to be saved from dying of ennui?”

“My beloved friend, I heard your first question, and, with a prescience that never fails me, I kept on reading, knowing that by that means I should the sooner be able to answer your question. Never speak slightingly of premonitions hereafter, for I have this very moment come across an answer to your very question. Lend me your ears while I read it to you from the ‘Personals:’”

“A young man, twenty-two years of age, considered by his friends to be very good-looking, not



by any means in impecunious circumstances, would like to meet with a young lady similarly favored, with a view to a pleasant acquaintanceship, and, if mutually pleased, to ultimate matrimony."

"Well," exclaimed Lockwell, as he looked curiously at the reader, "I fail to see how there is any money in that for me."

"No money, I suppose, but, properly looked upon in the way of fun, I assure you there are 'millions in it' if you will answer this advertisement."

"How, pray? Am I to dress up as a woman and meet this chap, then marry him off-hand and get his property settled upon me before I am found out? I am afraid there would be hardly time after the marriage ceremony to do all this before the mistake would be discovered."

"Nonsense! You are to do nothing of the sort. I tell you there is no money in it, but heaps of fun if you answer this notice. Simply write a note as a young lady with all that is necessary to make home happy, etc. Appoint a place of meeting in one of the public parks; tell him what flower he is to wear in order to be recognized; then you go to a convenient seat, and, while reading your newspaper all unobservant of everything, you will see him come about half an hour before the appointed time, pace anxiously up and down in

front of you, waiting for his unknown Dulcinea, and when the hour passes and she don't come, you can watch him bite his nails, and hear him cuss things generally, and women in particular."

"Well, I don't see much fun, fame, nor glory in all that," Lockwell replied.

"Try it once," said the Doctor. "I have, and I know it will relieve your attack of ennui for a time, at least."

"Well, I will follow your advice. But, remember, if the fellow sees me and suspects me of being the author of the sell, he will break every bone in my body; then you will have to set them all again free gratis for nothing, and make no charge besides."

"Agreed; now take this paper and answer this 'fool according to his folly' while I go to administer the consolations of some bread pills to an old lady who thinks herself sick, and therein differs from me *in toto*."

This conversation, trivial and foolish as it may seem, was the simple cause that produced an effect of great magnitude in the life of Joseph Lockwell.

The letter was written and forwarded to the address given in the "Personal," then no more was thought of it till the second day after, when an answer was found in his post-office box addressed to Miss Nellie Livingston, the name and address which he had designated. This was answered by

Lockwell, and several letters passed between the parties, and Lockwell had gotten quite tired of it already when an appointment was made between the parties whereby Miss Nellie Livingston (alias Lockwell) was to meet the advertiser in a certain specified locality in the Union Square park at 3.30 P.M. the next afternoon.

With one of Dickens's novels in his hand our hero sauntered to the rendezvous about 3 o'clock, half an hour before the appointed time, but he thought he could read as well there as anywhere, and he wanted to be there before the Adonis who had signed himself "Gustavus Adolphus" should appear upon the scene.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and many people of both sexes, all ages and every condition were scattered about the park. On the seat directly opposite where he was reading there sat "a lovely young lady whose hair was silvered o'er with the frosts of between seventeen summers." She was very *chic*, and Lockwell frequently allowed his eyes to wander from the pages of Dickens to the features of her face, which was very lovely, but had withal a mischievous expression that greatly increased its value in Lockwell's eyes, and he could not help wishing that this was the party he was there to see, instead of the foppish fool he expected every minute to walk upon the scene.

It had been arranged that the parties should carry a red rose pinned upon the left breast, and carry a white one in the right hand in order that there might be no possibility of mistake. As the minutes passed, and Dickens just then was not intensely interesting, Lockwell kept glancing across at the lady, and, when once or twice their eyes met, he thought she seemed to have a look of impatience as though she too were expecting somebody, and that he was considered in the way. "Ah! ha!" he mused, "so there is some happy individual coming right here to this spot to meet you, and I am considered *de trop*! Well, have a little patience, and as soon as possible after my Adonis puts in his appearance I will walk off and leave you the entire field to yourself."

The half hour passed, and the time of the appointment was arrived, and still no expected Adonis put in his appearance.

Both the lady and the gentleman appeared to grow equally impatient. An attentive observer might have noticed that during the half hour that both had been engaged in reading neither had turned over a single leaf, and come to the conclusion that the subject-matter of their respective works was very abstruse, and required a great deal of thought to digest it.

The neighboring clock struck the half hour at

3.30, and Lockwell began to think it was a case of the "biter bitten," and that instead of selling the advertiser he himself had been most egregiously sold. At this thought he felt, and had no doubt he looked, extremely sheepish. He waited fifteen minutes more, and then as no one with the red and white roses appeared he resolved to leave, fully satisfied that he had been sold. As the original plan of his was to let the Adonis expect his Dulcinea some little time, then pin on his red rose, and carry the other in his hand, all in plain view of the other party, to show him how he had been sold, for this purpose he had brought the two roses carefully concealed in his pocket.

Like a flash it crossed the mind of Lockwell just now that the whole thing, advertisement and all, was gotten up by the doctor expressly to sell him. Of course that was it. Fool that he was not to have thought of it before. So he at once determined to go home, and he would study up some plan to get even with the doctor if he had to sit up all night for a dozen nights in succession to do it! Probably the doctor was somewhere around looking at and laughing at him now. If he only knew some way to scrape acquaintance with that young lady then it would not be so bad a sell after all. With these thoughts he glanced around at her. She had her back toward him, for she, like himself,

had evidently become tired of waiting, and had risen to leave. She turned around to walk away, and our hero was struck dumbfounded with astonishment. There upon her left breast was pinned a red rose, and in her right hand she carried a white one!

Our hero jumped to his feet with such energy as to attract her attention, and she looked toward him with surprise. Instantly he took out his roses, and while she was looking at him he pinned the red one on his left breast and took the white one in his right hand. She watched his motions at first with amazement, then she blushed as red as the rose she carried. What did it all mean? was the question each one was thinking of. Lockwell walked toward her, and, with a very low bow, said:

“Pardon me. Are you not Mr.—Miss Gustavus Adolphus?”

“Sir,” said she, “I do not understand,” and turned away in a very dignified manner. Lockwell apologized and resumed his seat.

The lady walked slowly away, and he determined to know where she lived, as he had not the slightest doubt that she was in some way connected with the advertisement and the subsequent letters; the roses proved that to him conclusively. And now he was fully determined to watch her and see where she went to. But as he kept an eye upon her

over the corner of the book which he once more was intently reading, he observed that she constantly turned her head just the least bit to distinguish whether he was following her or not, and he knew that it would be useless to attempt that now, for she would undoubtedly lead him a wild-goose chase, and finally enter the house of some relative or friend, or any house but her own home, and so throw him entirely off the scent. But he was not to be baffled so easily. Without appearing to do so he noticed which street she took as she left the park, then at his swiftest pace he went to the next parallel street and passed rapidly along until he was certain he was a long way ahead of the lady, then he passed into the street where she was supposed to be, and gave a hurried glance back. There she was just in sight, and coming along as fast as she could walk, and continually looking *behind* her to see if she were pursued. She never once thought of looking *ahead* to see if the person whom she feared was watching her. Lockwell walked on, keeping about the same distance ahead of her, but constantly glancing back to see that she did not take any side-street.

In this way they passed on until he saw her hail a car on one of the avenues over which he had just crossed and enter it. Hastily retracing his steps he took the next car that came along, and sat on

the inside next to the front window, from which position he could easily watch the car in front of him, and see when she might alight.

In this way they traveled some five or six blocks up-town until they came to —— Street, at the lower side of which the lady alighted, and passed quickly away to the right. Lockwell passed the street a few steps, then jumped off of the car, returned back to the upper side of the same street, along which he passed, keeping the lady just in sight until he saw her disappear in a brown-stone house. Fixing the house well in his memory so that he could find it again, he returned without going close enough to ascertain the number, which he was afraid to do lest she might observe him through the window.

That evening he went to the house and took down the number in his memorandum-book, and was very glad at the same time to see the name C. A. Brown upon the door, and on the basement window was a sign to the effect that that was Dr. Brown's office.

Here, then, would be a certain method of getting acquainted with Dr. Brown; he had only to get sick and call upon him, and then, after making the acquaintance of the old gentleman, who was probably her father, who could tell what might not follow?

As he entered the doctor's rooms that night the



latter was impatient to hear the result of the rendezvous.

“Well, what luck? Did the fellow keep his appointment?”

“See here, my friend,” said Lockwell, “speak in a more respectful tone of that charming creature or there will be a trifling unpleasantness between us compared to which the late war was a mere bagatelle.”

“What charming creature are you talking about? I mean the fellow whom you went to meet in the park.”

“There it is again; twice that lovely girl has been called a fellow; the third time will precipitate the impending catastrophe upon your head, and I will change my family physician. But I will do that any way; from to-day Dr. Brown, of 37 — Street, is your successor as my pill provider. Know, then, that even as I, who, according to all the preliminaries of this meeting, ought to have been a she am a he, so the other, who, by the same rules, should have been a he is a she. Undoubtedly many years ago some Buttercup ‘has mixed us children up.’”

Then he recounted everything in detail just as it happened, and concluded by giving his opinion that this young lady had put in the advertisement intending to have just the same kind of amusement

from it that Lockwell had anticipated when he answered it, that is, the discomfiture of the other correspondent, whom each one supposed, of course, to be of his or her real sex. In this surmise Lockwell was entirely correct. The young lady, who was a great lover of fun and excitement, had concocted the whole plan for her own amusement, and had gone to the meeting simply for the purpose of satisfying her curiosity as to how her correspondent would look, and how she would act while waiting in vain for "Gustavus Adolphus," and when no one appeared as expected, she waited till the whole thing had failed, as she supposed, then pinned on the roses, with no idea that she was thereby betraying herself.

The great beauty of the young lady, together with her refined and winning manners, had not been without their effect upon Lockwell, and he was determined to see more of her if he could do so. Accordingly, very early the next day he called at the office of Dr. Brown, and when he rang the bell he had not yet decided whether he should have a headache, a toothache, or a pain in the stomach, but, as the door opened, and he was ushered into the presence of Dr. Brown, a severe, austere, and elderly gentleman of rather imposing appearance, and one who looked as though he did not intend to be trifled with, a decision was necessary, and the

pain in the stomach carried the day. He described his imaginary symptoms to the doctor, and requested to be prescribed for. The latter prepared a large mixture in a goblet and said :

“ You will drink this now, then go to your room and remain there quietly for the remainder of the day. It will make you feel very sick for a while, but you must not mind that, for to-morrow you will be all right.”

But our hero did not like this arrangement, so he said :

“ Won’t you please put it in a bottle so that I can take it with me to be drank in my room ? for I have several other places to go to first, which visits I cannot possibly postpone.”

The doctor grumblingly assented. Lockwell pocketed the mixture ; asked the charge—five dollars—paid his bill, and was about to try and draw the physician into conversation, with the hope of ascertaining something about his family affairs, when the door of the office opened, another patient was announced, and there was nothing for him to do but to take his departure.

“ Whew !” our friend mused as he left ; “ this is rather expensive business. I don’t think I got my money’s worth there,” and he gazed upon the bottle of anti-stomachache which he held in his hand. “ Jingo ! this is too valuable to throw away. I

wonder if it will keep. I have a great mind to go and eat about two watermelons with three lobster salads just to try the efficacy of this preparation."

Two blocks further on he saw a small boy crying.

"Little boy," said he, "what is the matter? Have you got the stomachache? because, if you have, I have got a sure specific here that just cost me five dollars, and I will give you a dose free."

"Dry up and git out. What for do you want to nag a feller what's just been welted by his ma'am?"

The medicine could do no good here.

The great expense attending his first visit, together with the unsatisfactory results thereof, deterred our hero from repeating his attempt for several days, but as he could not devise any other means of acquiring any information in regard to the lady of this little romance, he decided to renew the effort in the same way once more; then if the expense was still as great and the results as small he would relinquish all thoughts of the matter, and turn his attention to something else.

Just a week from the day of his former attempt he was passing up — Street bound for more medical advice. This time it was to be the toothache in place of the former ailment, as he thought that would be less expensive. "But then," thought

he, "what shall I do if that pig-headed, obstinate old fool insists upon pulling out one of my sound teeth, for I have not a bad one in my head!" But he knew this was something that could not be done without his consent, so he went on.

As he was about to turn up the steps of the house the door opened and out walked the very lady he was taking so much pains to see. The door had closed behind her before she recognized our hero, or she would undoubtedly have beaten a precipitate retreat; as it was she could not re-enter without ringing the bell. She turned very red once more as she recognized in Lockwell her *vis-a-vis* of the park, and seemed confused as to whether she had better advance without noticing him, or ring for some one to let her repass into the house. Fearing she would do this latter, Lockwell was rendered desperate by the thought that he must either give up all idea of ever speaking to her, or do so now. He jumped up the steps to her side, took off his hat, and in his most respectful manner begged to be allowed to speak to her one moment.

"Why, sir, what can you possibly wish to speak to me about? And now I believe I recognize you as the same gentleman who spoke to me the other day in the park. I beg you will not intrude yourself in my presence again. Either take your departure now or I shall ring to re-enter the house."

“Very well. If you wish it I will not offer to speak to you again, but you must allow me to pass inside, as I wish to consult your father professionally, and, also, to request his assistance in discovering the author of a few letters I hold which are signed Gustavus Adolphus. *He may know the handwriting.*”

She turned quite pale as she answered hastily :

“Oh, sir, give me back those letters, I beg of you. If you are a gentleman I know you will not take advantage of the position which you have so very unfairly and meanly drawn me into,” and she looked at him indignantly for a moment, then the thought of that stern parent inside, to whom he had just threatened to show these very letters, caused her to break down entirely and she began to cry as she begged him again to hand her those letters. Now the doctor, who was the most intimate friend of our hero, used frequently to say that he believed any pretty girl with a tear in her eye could make him go and stand upon his head in the middle of the street; therefore when this beautiful girl began to cry he “wilted,” to use his own expression, and if he had had the letters with him he would have given them up at once, but as he had not he told her that if she would meet him at the same place as before in the park, at three o’clock, he would then have the letters with him. She assented and they

separated, he going direct to the doctor's rooms to wait with what patience he could master until it was time to go again to the same place where his eyes had first been captivated.

At the risk of being called ungallant we will only extract the briefest or most condensed description of this lady which his diary contains, and which is therein spread out over many more pages than we think the subject demands.

Miss Fannie Thornton was born into the world under auspices that gave promise of an unusually happy life. An only child of wealthy parents who moved in the most select circles of society, she was brought up with the most tender care, and her exceedingly buoyant spirits were given full scope, with no more restraint than was considered absolutely necessary for her future welfare by the most solicitous love of her parents.

At the age of sixteen, while she stood near the head of her class in most of her studies, she was suddenly expelled from the high school which she was attending and sent home in disgrace because she had written a long love-letter, purporting to have come from one of the oldest male students, and addressed to the female teacher. As the handwriting had been closely imitated, the letter was for a long time considered genuine and led to very disagreeable consequences. Finally, when the whole

forgery and fraud was discovered, our heroine was disgracefully sent back to her parents. Before she was sent away to another school her father died, and, as so often happens, when the affairs of the deceased were settled up almost nothing remained for that widow and daughter who all their lives had been accustomed to every luxury.

Two years of constant striving against absolute poverty had placed the widow in a very proper condition to receive the addresses of the wealthy and highly respected Dr. Brown. But it was love for her daughter, and in consideration for her happiness alone, that induced the mother to marry again. Her friends all advised her not to hesitate in the matter, for Dr. Brown was, beyond doubt, a very respectable man, of irreproachable character, and of high standing both in his profession and in society, and deacon of the church two doors off.

Two years of constant striving to submit to and please her stepfather had now placed the daughter in a proper mood to give the attempt up in disgust.

The friends of the mother said she was a spoiled, self-willed child to be discontented at the wholesome rules which the good deacon saw fit to enforce in his household. No cards were ever admitted within the precincts of that Christian home, and no member of the household was ever allowed to play them elsewhere. Theaters were never patron-



ized, but churches and prayer meetings were rather overdone. As the most delicious and delicate morsels will finally nauseate if served *ad infinitum* at the rate of twenty-one times a week, so the religious precepts of the Rev. Mr. Drawl had long since produced the same effect upon the intellectual appetite of our heroine. She was exceedingly fond of whist, and at the frequent little whist parties held at Mr. Thornton's hospitable mansion she had become very expert at the game. Now it was very hard to visit at her former friends' houses and refuse to take part in the game. On the other hand, her stepfather had provided her mother and herself with a good home. He never refused them anything that he could allow them in conformity with his strict religious principles. Their home was luxurious, and money was given to both without stint.

But this did not satisfy the cravings of her light, happy, mischievous, and loving nature for congenial society. She craved the pleasures of the whist table, and one evening, after her mother had been married about a year, and while she was at a small gathering at the house of one of her friends, the temptation was too strong for her and she played a few games. Dreading the scene which would ensue if her stepfather should know of it she took the most natural course in the world—she told an awful naughty story: she said she had not been playing

whist when she had. Although this was probably the first direct falsehood she had ever uttered, it was not the last by any means. It did not make her feel half so bad as she thought it would; it did not keep her awake fifteen minutes that night. After that she played more whist and fibbed about it; she went to the theater and lied about it.

She thought she had found an easy way out of all her troubles: she could have as good a time as she wished by simply lying about it. But as it is the pitcher that goes once too often to the well which breaks the camel's back, so our young lady, emboldened by some six or seven months of successful deceit, carried the thing too far, and everything was exposed; a thorough investigation following revealed months of constant sin covered up by as constant lying. Deacon Brown consulted with the Reverend Drawl. The latter advised severe punishment; mercy or leniency toward the culprit now would imperil her immortal soul.

Amid the tears and beseechings of the mother the decree went forth: she was to make no more visits anywhere, nor enter any friend's house until she had received permission from her stepfather, and all letters were to be submitted to him for perusal which came to the house; she must be in the house at all hours except from two to four P.M., when she could walk in the parks for exercise. If

this was hard, she must remember the fearful sins of which she had been guilty, and that it was for her own eternal welfare that she must be called upon to submit to it.

But these thoughts did not tend to relieve the monotony of her dreary semi-imprisonment, and she grew very restless. She wanted to write to her lady friends, but fearing that they might answer something back which she would not wish to submit to the perusal of the worthy deacon, she hit upon a manner of corresponding through the "personals" of a daily paper. Then she got a friend to receive her letters for her and smuggle them into her room. She amused herself by bringing about all kinds of scenes in the park by means of her personals, and of which she was a laughing spectator. Her last attempt of the kind happened about one month after her stepfather had issued his stern decree. Lockwell answered it with the result already known to the reader, and this brings us up to the day and the hour of the meeting for the second time in the park.

The lady was naturally very much distressed that this man should have found out her residence; she was sure when she left the park the first time that no one had followed her; how then had he gotten her address? She could not imagine. She must have those letters back at any cost; but maybe he

would ask more money for them than she would be able to raise, and then he would show the letters to her stepfather, who would at once recognize the handwriting, and then heaven defend her; for that rigid old disciplinarian would stop at nothing that he might consider necessary to overcome the perversity of this girl's nature. And then the holder of the letters did not look exactly like a poor man—that is like one who would wish to extort money unjustly; he was dressed and acted and appeared like a gentleman. Then if he did not demand money he might use his power over her to make other propositions to her to which she could not accede. Oh, what should she do?

She sat down and had a good cry; then called Deacon Brown an old reprobate several times, both of which performances seemed to do her a world of good; then she started for the meeting in the park.

Lockwell was already in the same seat he had formerly occupied when she arrived. She walked slowly up to him, as he appeared to be so busily engaged in reading as not to notice her.

“If you please,” said she, “will you now hand me those letters?”

“Oh!” said he, looking up suddenly in surprise. “Miss Adolphus, I was so interested in Dickens's Chuzzle Martinwit that I did not see you coming;” he had been watching her ever since she

came in view from the side-street, and it was a copy of Byron that he held in his hands, though he did not know that. "Oh, yes, you have come for those letters. Well, sit down here and I will state my terms."

She trembled, but replied:

"No, I prefer to stand. Please say what you have got to say as quickly as possible and let me go."

"Well, then, in the first place let me tell you that I know these letters are valuable to you. You have betrayed that from the start, and I shall make my terms accordingly. Ah, now I see by your eyes that you have been crying this afternoon; this shows me that my letters are even more valuable than I had anticipated, and I will raise my price still more. If you had not been so young and entirely unsophisticated as I fear you are you would have pretended utter indifference and so have gotten your letters back at a much lower price. Besides, do you know that I have been at some expense in this matter? That old curmudgeon—I beg your pardon, I mean your respected father—charged me five dollars for some medicine to cure my—my—my—a pain in the toe, and the pain was all imaginary, gotten up for the occasion. Now, suppose I charge in proportion to their value for these letters as that old chap—I beg your pardon, I mean

as your father charged me for that dose of anti—I mean that liniment for my toe. Why, it would take half of Jay Gould's fortune to buy them."

Then seeing she was suffering the tortures of suspense he went on in a very different and serious manner:

"Young lady, when I answered your advertisement I did so seeking only for a little harmless amusement; I expected a man to meet me just as you expected a lady to meet you. When I followed you to your house that day—"

"How did you follow me? I kept looking back and was sure you were not behind."

He explained it all to her and continued:

"It was from pure love of adventure that made me enter into it, and a great curiosity to know who you were that made me follow you home and visit the doctor afterward. I am deeply sorry, and offer you my apologies for the few hours' unhappiness which I have occasioned you. I am also sorry that you for one moment should have thought me capable of extorting any conditions from you. I have little to pride myself on, but it is the one boast of my life that I can do no mean or dishonorable action; but I blush for my sex to say that if the letters had fallen in other hands you might not have fared as well. Some would have used them to extort money from you; others would have used

them for a still more dishonorable purpose; I give them to you now without condition or promise of any kind. But if you are willing I should like very much to hear all about this affair; but I make no condition, only this request, and I furthermore promise you on my honor as a gentleman that I will not again go to your house without your permission, so you are perfectly safe. Here are the letters; take them and see that they are all there." He handed her the package, which she eagerly grasped, then replied that they were all there. He lit a match, and holding it toward her advised her to burn the bundle. She did so, holding it in her hand till nearly all were consumed; then, dropping it, she watched the remainder as they slowly turned to ashes. All danger from those letters was forever avoided.

He asked again, "Will you not now tell me something about this affair, Miss Brown?"

The reply which came in a minute rather surprised him.

"No, sir, I won't, and my name is not Brown, and I think—I think you have been just as mean as you can be," and with a cool bow she walked off without ever once turning her head.

Lockwell gazed after her in astonishment, then muttered:

"No, sir, I won't, and my name ain't Brown.

Well, whatever your name may be you are a little ingrate, and I hope that old skinflint of a dad of yours will give you a good spanking when you get home."

Lockwell was vexed, which is scarcely to be wondered at under the circumstances. He had liked the girl very much and desired to make her acquaintance, and he thought his own conduct was deserving of a little better return than to be called just as mean as it could be. Now he was pledged and could not go near the house again.

In talking the matter over with the doctor that evening the latter noticed that he exhibited more displeasure and irritation than he had ever seen in him before, and it was the same thing the next day until the arrival of the postman in the afternoon; this brought him a letter which quite restored his good humor.

The letter was from the lady of the previous day, who now wrote most earnestly begging his pardon for her rudeness, and saying her feelings were so wrought up that she had either to cry or get angry, and she chose the latter; now she begged that he would forgive her and believe that she fully appreciated his honorable and generous conduct about the letters, and she would now cheefully give him the information he had expressed a desire for, and then went on to tell all that the reader already knows,



and wound up by repeating her thanks for his kind and gentlemanly behavior all through the affair, then signed herself his much-obliged friend, Fannie Thornton.

The first exclamation that met the doctor on his return to his rooms that evening was :

“ Well, that bald-headed old bluebeard keeps her chained up like a tiger.”

“ What are you talking about now ?”

“ Read that,” and he shoved over to him the letter which he had received from her. The doctor read it carefully, then laid it down with the remark :

“ Do you know, my friend, I think, though you do not yet know it yourself, that you have quite lost your heart to this fair damsel ?”

“ Nonsense, doctor ; don’t make a wretched fool of yourself.”

The irritability of the day previous had returned.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## WILL HE DARE?

THE next day Lockwell visited the park long before two o'clock, and waited there with great impatience until long after four; then, as he was aware from her full account of the circumstances of her life that she could not be out after that time, he gave her up for that day, at all events, and went home, calling down anything but blessings upon the heads of all stepfathers in general, and all of them who called themselves Dr. Brown in particular. He did not know the fact that she had come as far as the corner of the street, looked cautiously around, saw him sitting in the seat he had occupied on their previous meetings, then walked away.

Returning in fifteen minutes by another street she saw him still in the same place, and during the next two hours she had viewed him from nearly every point of the compass. Then she walked slowly home, muttering to herself in a vexed manner, "The fool! he had me in his power, and if he wanted to meet me here why did he not

make it a condition of the surrender of the letters that I should come here to meet him every day ; however reluctant I might have been to do so I would have been compelled to have yielded in order to get back those letters ; then what nice times we might have had ! I know he is good, and smart, and kind, and intelligent, notwithstanding he is such a ‘ goose ! ’ ”

Lockwell displayed so much ill-temper that it quite confirmed the doctor in his surmise that the former was about to lose his heart, and, as he was a sincere friend to him, and had been ever since he saved his life in the barracks, he advised him to become better acquainted with this girl, and if he liked her, why, marry her and settle down. He was only called a fool for his kind advice, and he dropped the subject.

Thinking matters over, Lockwell came to the conclusion that the lady would not come as long as he was in the park, so his true policy was to wait before entering the park until he could see her there.

So the following day he was coming up a side-street a few minutes after 2 P.M., anxious to catch a glimpse of the situation. Circumstances seemed to favor him, for directly in front walked a lady whom he just overtook as they reached the corner, and as he was behind her he could get a good view

over her shoulder without danger of being observed by Miss Thornton were she in the park. He had decided, when she arrived, to come up behind her before she had a chance to flee, as he began very much to fear she would do if she saw him. As the lady in front of him reached the corner she stopped so suddenly that Lockwell ran against her. He bowed and apologized just as she turned, and each recognized the other as the one they were looking for.

Lockwell extended his hand, which the other took after a moment's hesitation. Then he said :

"So you were looking to see if I were in the park?"

"Why in the world should I be looking for you, I would like to know?"

"I regret to say it was because you wished to leave if I were there, as you did yesterday."

"How do you know that?" in surprise.

"Come over to our old seats and I will explain all to you."

Curiosity and interest determined her to sit down and listen to him for just fifteen minutes—no more.

The fifteen minutes extended to the whole two hours, and then was brought to a close with a cordial handshaking and a promise from both sides to meet there on the next day.

Thus day by day went by, and the young lady,

feeling more and more irksome the severe restraint under which she was constantly kept, came to look forward to these two hours of happy converse with Lockwell as the only bright spots in her whole existence, and if it stormed, and they could not meet, they had arranged so that each should spend the time in writing to the other. A sure way was easily found whereby the letters would both reach their destination. Lockwell had at first persuaded himself that it was an act of great kindness on his part to thus assist the poor lonely girl to pass the time more pleasantly, and he could not but acknowledge that he never had a pleasanter duty to perform. He determined that at the very first sign of either party falling in love he would withdraw from the affair altogether, and give some good and plausible reason to the young lady therefor.

When the acquaintance began it was easy to persuade himself that it was a pleasure to him and to her, and therefore no harm in it.

As the acquaintance increased it became easy to persuade himself that the limit of safety was not yet quite reached. And when the fact became patent to both that each loved the other with deep and devoted love it was easy to persuade himself that the harm was already done, and now it was too late to do anything. Let things take their course; he was miserable. He knew he loved and was beloved, yet

the thought instead of being a comfort was a torture to him.

Should he get a divorce from his South American wife, as he might easily do, then marry this one? The very thought was sacrilege to that pure and holy being who was his wife now and for all eternity.

His sense of honor prompted him to go straight to this girl and tell her everything of the past, and ask her forgiveness. Yes, this he would do. Again he had decided to obey the mandates of his honor and reveal his whole life to her, though it must separate them forever. But not to-day. No, one more meeting of joy to both, then, perhaps, to-morrow, or next day at furthest, all would be told. The next day came, and still it was to-morrow; and the next, and the next, and yet it was to-morrow.

This man, whose honor had passed unscathed through fiery trials: first, when death or life and liberty seemed the alternatives, then again when he felt that his honor had compelled him to marry and remain in a country he disliked, and among a people he despised, and had never flinched, now before this piece of feminine flesh and bones weakened right down in every way. He shut his ears to the dictates of conscience, and would not listen to the promptings of honor. And all because he was in love. He would make desperate efforts to force

his resolution up to the sticking point, then firmly determine to reveal all to her and take the consequences be they what they might. But as soon as that beautiful figure would advance toward him he would feel all his wonted courage slowly oozing away, and when she sat down and turned that beautiful, confiding face toward him, with flashes of passionate love from those brilliant eyes, was it in the power of mortal man to say to her, "You must leave me now and forever?" Not for a man constituted like our friend. His wife could have done so—had indeed already done so—but for him the thing was simply impossible.

That night he paced his room without intermission for hours. For the first time in weeks he had missed calling upon the doctor for two days in succession. He was in deep thought. He had resolved to bring reason and philosophy to bear upon every side of his position. He had thought over every possible plan of action under the circumstances, and all but one seemed fraught with misery to all concerned. Would he dare to adopt that one? He added up or subtracted the happiness or misery it would produce upon each individual concerned, and carefully scrutinized the result. With the calm, penetrating light of reason brought to bear things bore a very different aspect. The proper question to be solved was: What course for

him to pursue would produce the most happiness or cause the least misery? The answer to this question was what he must discover this night. Clearly, to reveal the story of his life and blast Miss Thornton's young life, and make himself miserable without doing good to any one, was not the proper answer. To keep on as they were now doing was not the answer, because it was impracticable. She would certainly expect a declaration in a few days, and, not receiving it, would first wonder, then doubt his love, then leave and despise him, while still loving him. There remained then but one course to pursue, and this programme, as far as he could see, would not increase the misery of any one, while it would render this young lady happy here really believed, and he knew it would make himself perfectly happy.

This plan was to marry Miss Fannie Thornton, and keep his past life, so far as his previous marriage was concerned, a secret forever, and his present marriage a secret from his first wife also forever.

As he viewed the matter in every possible way he saw there was but little danger of discovery. The South American inland town where his wife resided had no communication whatever with the United States. The yearly letter of hers was, most likely, the only one that ever left there for this country, and that had first to be sent to a friend at



a seaport town in order to be forwarded to its destination, and his answers were all directed to this same mutual friend. And he could see no possible chance for any information concerning him to get to her but such as he might choose to send her. In receiving her letters lay the only possible danger, and was there any danger in that if proper and constant caution was used to have the letters sent to some address away from his home, and as soon as read they would be instantly destroyed? There certainly was none. His reason taught him that it was in novels and romances, and generally in them alone, where such letters were found by the poor second wife, completely innocent of all crime, yet who had to receive a worse punishment in the cold pity and compassion of her neighbors than was dealt out to the male culprit by the law.

Under these circumstances he could not prevent himself from thinking that if he should marry this girl the only sin, if any, in the action would be in allowing any chance for discovery; that, indeed, would bring disgrace and misery. But if never found out, and it need never be, would it not greatly add to the happiness of all parties concerned, or at least to that of these two here present? and it would in no possible way effect the absent wife if she were kept in ignorance of the event.

It may be asked why he objected so strongly to getting a divorce from his wife before marrying again. Such was his adoration and regard for that wife that he would most certainly have taken his own life before he would have committed the smallest act that would have contributed to her unhappiness. A divorce would have to be public and would perhaps eventually reach her ears, and he knew would then bring intense sorrow to her when she knew of it. If he could have procured the legal separation from his first wife, and been absolutely sure she would never have heard of it, he would undoubtedly have done so. But that was impossible, so he came, as already explained, to the only feasible plan which should be the best for all parties, to marry Miss Fannie Thornton.

In coming to this conclusion he had not given overdue consideration to himself, or his own feelings, but had always endeavored to look upon himself and his own interests as of a third person. He was not at all selfish, yet he knew it was right that his own happiness should be considered to some extent, and that it required that he should follow this plan. He also thought the same course was requisite to complete the happiness of Miss Thornton, and he honestly and sincerely believed that he could make her happy as long as they lived. These meditations kept him deep into the night

pacing the floor of his apartments, and when at last he threw himself upon his bed for a few hours' rest, it seemed to him the only question then remaining was, would he dare do it?

About this time the good deacon thought that perhaps he could now, with a clear conscience, allow his stepdaughter her liberty, as she had been sufficiently punished. Extracting a promise from her to play no more cards, and not to go to any theater, he told her that she could now resume her former freedom of action. She readily gave the required promises, and would as readily have broken them five minutes afterward if she could have done so safely, so changed had she become in this respect since she was compelled to leave the home of her childhood, with the free and untrammelled life she there led, and where there was no soil to produce deceit and lies, and come to this other house where the whole course of government was such as to generate every species of deception and falsehood.

But she was glad of her liberty, and now Lockwell was invited to the house and introduced to her mother, and became a constant visitor at the mansion.

The most subtle subterfuges were planned by their united intellects to meet at whist parties and not have the knowledge thereof come to the good

deacon ; to start for prayer meeting and bring up at a theater ; to go out to visit the parish poor and bring up at a concert, and so-on to an infinity of stratagems employed to throw the old gentleman on a false scent. At one time Lockwell worked hard for two whole days to write and then learn by heart a really beautiful prayer, which he delivered at one of the prayer meetings in the good deacon's church. He got stuck in the middle of it, however, and came very near breaking down altogether, but luckily recovered after a few moments' hesitation, and the suspension was attributed by the brethren to his deep emotion, so all went off well and the good deacon was charmed with him. After that, for some time, he was welcomed to the house by all, but he felt some inconvenience from the fact that the deacon supposed, of course, he was going to attend the prayer meetings regularly. But this would have cost him too much time and trouble, especially as he would have been expected to take part each time as he had done before, and that would have taken two days' hard work to prepare for each one of the meetings, and this he did not think would pay.

Happy was the life they now led, and Lockwell wished to prolong it indefinitely, but he knew the time must soon come when he would be expected by both the girl and her mother to propose for her

hand in marriage. He had a natural reluctance to commit that act, which, however justifiable it might appear to him, he knew would render him amenable to the laws, and, if discovered, would send him to State prison in disgrace for years, and he would postpone the proposal for as long a time as he felt he could. His visits at the house were daily, and his meetings with his intended bride were frequently semi-daily.

One evening they had left the house with the expressed purpose of hearing a lecture by a celebrated divine, and as usual had gone to a theater where was then being played a popular comic opera, intending as they came out to go to the nearest ice cream saloon for refreshments. But as they descended the steps of the theater laughing and talking they almost ran right into the arms of her father, who was standing there waiting for another and a very different party—a gentleman friend who had sent him a note that he wished to see him and asked him to come to the theater and to a certain box, where he would find him. The stern old Christian would not go inside the building, but had come expecting to meet the friend as he came out, and instead had met our friends. The good deacon's face clouded in awful anger as he realized the situation. The young lady turned pale, and Lockwell had to support her or she would have

fallen. He was the coolest of the three, yet he felt very much worried and terribly anxious on her account when he thought of the severity of the punishment that would surely follow this the second great fall from grace. The stepfather would reason that this was because he had been so lenient toward her on the former occasion, and had not made her punishment half severe enough, or she would have kept within the bounds of propriety. It was true he had no legal right to enforce any punishment upon her, but neither, on the other hand, had she any claim upon him for any share or part in that beautiful and luxurious home in which he had placed both her and her mother. If she persistently refused to obey his orders he both could and would tell her to leave and seek a home elsewhere; therefore she never disobeyed him unless she thought she could do so without his finding it out.

A moment of surprise having passed the two gentlemen bowed coldly to each other; then the stepfather advanced and said:

“Pardon me, sir, but my carriage is at the door and I desire to take my daughter home with me.”

“Excuse me, but the lady is with me at my own urgent invitation, and I shall take her home even as I brought her here.”

But the lady at this point hurriedly whispered to

her lover. "Do not, do not, I beseech you, incense him any more but let me go with him, and do you find some means to communicate with me if possible in the next few days; this is the only way. If you oppose him any further, I know that will make it much harder for me." Then Lockwell turned to the deacon, whose brow was as black as midnight, and said:

"By the express wish and command of this lady I leave her in your care."

"And, sir," said the deacon as he took her arm, "after what has occurred I hope it will not be necessary for me to express my wish that you will not again honor my house with you presence."

Lockwell bowed. He dared not trust himself to speak, for he knew he was getting very angry.

He watched their carriage as they drove away and muttered, "Wretched old heathen—Christian, I mean, I would only like to hammer you for about seventeen minutes just to pound some sense into you."

Then he went to the doctor's rooms and told the whole story to his friend, and ended by saying that the next opportunity he got to speak to the lady he should ask her to marry him and so take her out of the care of this stern old puritan.

The doctor heartily congratulated him upon his determination, and assured him that now having suffi-

cient income to support a wife he ought to marry, and from what he could learn he had no doubt this was the very lady who would ensure his happiness.

Then they discussed the best methods of getting to see her, and it was decided that Lockwell should wait on the street in sight of her house till he saw the stepfather leave, then he was to go to the door, and, if refused admittance, try and bribe the servants to give him an interview. If unsuccessful in that he was to have a letter written, and try to induce the servant with a liberal use of money to at least deliver the letter and promise to hand him an answer the same way next day. He had not long to wait in the distance, on the following day, before he witnessed the departure of the deacon on his round of visits among his patients. Hastening to ring the doorbell, it was opened to him by a new servant whom he had never seen before. He inquired for Miss Thornton.

“She is not at home.”

“See here, my friend, I happen to know better than that, and look here also”—showing a double eagle—“here are twenty dollars for you if you will tell Miss Thornton that I am here and give us twenty minutes together in the parlor.”

The man looked at the money and hesitated.

“I will be frank with you, sir. I know all about this matter, and know that if you knew as much as



I do you would not wish to meet her in this house. You cannot do so without its being known by some of the other servants, and then he will quickly know of it, and then it will work greatly to her injury. I would like to make that twenty dollars, but under the circumstances it would be unfair not to tell you these facts."

"Then," said Lockwell, "where can I meet her? Does she never walk out?"

"Yes, she goes out twice a day, morning and evening, but always with an elderly lady, a sister of Dr. Brown, whom you could never influence in any way; an awful sour old maid."

"Well, then, will you find an opportunity to give her this letter and bring one from her to me when I call again at the same time to-morrow?" and he handed him the letter wrapped in a twenty dollar bill.

"I will try. I think I can get the letter to her unobserved. Whether she can get a chance to answer it or not is another thing."

As Lockwell departed the footman looked at the bill and muttered, "This is not a bad day's work, and I will continue to be faithful to the lovers as long as it pays. But I wish I could make the old chap come down too. I must. It is not right that the lovers should have to pay all the expenses. Yes siree, I will call upon the old codger when he is

comfortably fixed in his library after dinner, and if I have put him up right he will come down also, but if I can't turn an honest penny out of him I will devote my whole efforts to the success of the lovers."

That same evening, as the damsel and her chaperon were coming up stairs from dinner, they met the footman coming down. He passed on the side of the young lady, and, just as he got by, trod on the trail of her dress. She turned to see what detained her, and saw the letter extended toward her. Quick-witted, she took in the situation at a glance, snatched the letter and placed it in her bosom, then rejoined her companion without exciting suspicion. Then going to her mother's room she fervently kissed that lady, who, from having been an invalid for years, was now seldom able to leave her room, and the affectionate daughter kept these troubles of hers almost wholly from her mother.

That night, when the duenna had been long asleep, the maiden cautiously arose, turned on the gas, and fixed a screen to shade the eyes of the sleeper; then, getting the largest book in the room, opened it in her lap and spread out the letter to read. It contained but few words, and those were that he most earnestly desired her to become his wife at once, and that as she was really her own mistress, he begged her to grant him permission and he would at

once come for her with a carriage, and then drive to the nearest parsonage, where they would be made man and wife without loss of time. Without a blush she read the letter: it was just what she expected; rising, she went very softly to her *escrioir*, and taking thence a sheet of note paper and pencil returned to her book to reply. She dared not use ink, fearing the sleeper might awaken and see the bottle, but now, if seen at all, she would simply appear to be reading, and she was ready with her little story to say, if asked, that she had been unable to sleep, and so was desirous of reading to pass away the time, etc. But the sleeper did not awaken, and the other finished her letter in peace. She told him that while she would accept him for her husband, she would not consent to the plan he suggested, or any other that would necessarily remove her from her mother, the invalid, who needed her care now more than ever before. If he was willing to wait she would eventually be his wife; when, she could not say now. But to marry now would be to force a separation between herself and mother, and that she would never consent to.

This letter was given the next day to the footman and delivered to Lockwell by him. Our hero asked him if he was acquainted with the rates of postage, "for," said he, "the rate of postage is just five dollars on each and every letter delivered to me from

Miss Thornton, and will be collected by the carrier." The footman understood, and bowed his thanks as he received the first postage in the shape of a five dollar bill.

This footman had certainly "struck oil," for on the evening previous, after having delivered the letter to his young mistress, he went to his master's library and knocked for admission. On being told to enter he went in and closed the door behind him, and walked close up to where the venerable deacon was sitting in his easy-chair.

"The gentleman whom you described to me as not wishing to have enter your house again called this day, and, when I refused him, he offered me twenty dollars to allow him to enter the parlor, and tell Miss Thornton to meet him there. Of course I could not accept the bribe, and he departed."

"The hypocritical villain! And the brass to dare enter my house after what has passed! But, James, you did right not to admit him. I fully believe he is a wolf in sheep's clothing," and, taking out a two-dollar bill, the old gentleman handed it to his footman.

"Oh, sir," said that functionary, looking with extreme disgust at the diminutive size of the bill, financially speaking, "Oh, sir, I do not like to take pay for simply doing my duty," at the same time pocketing the bill.

“Your sentiments do you credit, and, remember, if he comes again treat him the same way.”

“Yes, sir,” and the disgusted footman retired muttering, “Two dollars ! indeed. Well, that settles your side of the question. I believe the lovers are in the right, and, if so, I ought to assist them anyway.”

After reading his letter Lockwell did not feel in the best of spirits. Now that he had been accepted, and his marriage determined on, he was very impatient to have the ceremony performed, and could ill-brook the indefinite delay determined upon by the lady.

He loved her with all the strength of his passionate, fiery nature, and he could see no definite time in the future when his love and hopes should meet with full fruition. He grew jealous of her mother. He cursed the stepfather. He snubbed his friend, the doctor. Then he sat down and wrote a long, passionate appeal to her ; he wrote earnestly ; he wrote eloquently, because he wrote as he felt ; he begged ; he implored ; then he threatened and coaxed alternately, and finally wound up by saying, “If you loved me but one tenth as much as I love you you would marry me to-morrow, nay, this very hour ; no other considerations would occupy your mind one moment. But if you prefer your mother to me, why, then, you are not worthy of me. No, I

don't mean that, but you are not worthy of the infinite love I feel for you." And when he closed up the letter he turned to the doctor, to whom he kept confiding everything in relation to this girl as fast as it occurred, and called her a "heartless creature, a flirt, one who is only going to marry me anyway for my money."

The doctor calmly replied, "I do not think it would be safe for me to call that estimable young lady any such names as you have just done. Nor would I wish to do so. Now, if you can cease being a fool for a few minutes, I will talk to you."

"Oh, doctor, I am so miserable!"

"There you go again, only worse. Miserable because one of the finest of young ladies has agreed to become your wife, and wants to put it off a very uncertain length of time because her mother is very ill and needs kind care! Now look at your accusations against her. You say that she only wants to marry you for your money. Which has the more money, you or the stepfather of this girl?"

"Oh, the stepfather of course."

"And she is the natural heir of this man, and if she obeyed him and refused you she would undoubtedly inherit all his property, but by accepting you, contrary to his wishes, she runs the risk of losing all that, and yet, if I correctly understand

matters, she does not take these facts into consideration at all, but has accepted you to the great detriment of her own prospects, financially speaking, at least. My friend, I have been greatly mistaken in that girl. I thought at first she was just about good enough for you, and would make you a very suitable wife; I now see that she is entirely too good for you. Let me tell you plainly that we physicians have rare opportunities for observing character, and become most excellent judges of human nature, and I am perfectly certain that you *never could love or be contented and happy with a perfectly good wife*. If you marry an angel you may venerate and adore her, but you would never be happy with her."

Lockwell looked up with a startled expression upon his countenance. It seemed to him for an instant that the doctor must have become aware of his past conjugal experience, his description was so accurate, but on second thought he knew this must be impossible, and the doctor continued:

"Now I am very much afraid that this girl is too good for you," then rising he walked across the room to where Lockwell was sitting, and, grasping his hand, said in a very earnest manner, "You know me to be a true friend of yours. Ever since I had the good fortune to be of service to you in Conscript Camp I have taken a deep interest in your welfare, and I hope and believe that

the friendship is mutual between us"—Lockwell pressed his hand by way of an affirmative answer—"and I want you to listen to me a few moments while I give you my views and advice. You ought to marry and settle down; you are eminently fitted to make a wife happy, and to be very happy yourself as a husband, and, notwithstanding all I have just said, I believe this girl that we are speaking of will make you a very happy husband, and you will make her a very happy wife, and the sooner you marry her the better for you both, but you are impetuous, hot-headed, and high-tempered, and though you deeply love this girl you are liable to do something rash which will separate you both permanently, and ruin all the genuine hopes of happiness of each. This must not be; therefore I say again, marry this young lady just as soon as you possibly can."

"I wish I could take your advice and marry her this minute, but she refuses to marry me now, and I can't compel her to do so; then what am I to do?"

"She refuses to marry you now simply because she believes that that would inevitably separate her from her invalid mother, who now needs her care, and, like the dutiful daughter she is, no consideration of self will induce her to forsake that mother; but write to her fully, and plainly, and coolly, setting forth your deep love for her, and urging



a *secret marriage*, pledging yourself never to reveal it until she is willing, so that it would make no possible difference in her present life or in her relations to her mother or stepfather. Convince her of this, and my word for it she will no longer refuse to marry you."

"Do you really think so, doctor? Oh, if she would do so I do most fully believe that would ensure the happiness of all concerned."

"I have not a doubt of it. I believe, moreover, that the great mistake both you and she are now making is in not properly appreciating the venerable stepfather."

"He is a heathen."

"No, he is a Christian, and there is the trouble. Not being a Christian yourself you do not understand or appreciate the motives by which he is actuated. I know the gentleman very well by reputation, and, unless I am entirely in error in my estimate of his character, he is actuated by a sense of duty only. He does not consider that you are calculated to promote the lady's welfare either temporarily or eternally, and in all his actions toward her I have no doubt he only considers what he thinks is for her best good. So, now, if you and she were really married, instead of continuing to act toward you as he does at present, he would reason with himself that he had done his duty in

the matter, and now as it could not be helped he must make the best of the inevitable, and he would welcome you to his house sadly, but sincerely."

"Then if I succeed in persuading her to a secret marriage why not go and tumble down at the old codger's feet, confess all, and ask to be pardoned?"

"Do you wish to do that?"

"I can't say that I hanker after the position, but I tell you, doctor, that if it would be conducive to her welfare I think I would even consent to sprawl before him."

"Well, you will not have to do anything of the kind. If the lady consents to marry you it will only be when she is fully satisfied that it can be kept a secret from your future stepfather-in-law, and this you will have to promise and guarantee her before she will ever marry you. She will never risk what she will consider the chances of his unrelenting and unforgiving nature, and so the fear of his forbidding her the house or separating her in some way from her mother. I fear she is somewhat like yourself, so little of a Christian that she cannot properly appreciate the motives of this exemplary man. No, your only chance is to promise eternal secrecy and everything else she may require, then marry her as soon as possible."

"Doctor, I believe you are right; you most

always are; and you are a good friend of mine; now will you boss this job for me? I feel incapable of doing it myself. One minute I feel like jumping overboard, and the next minute I want to blow out the brains of that 'exemplary' old cuss, as you call him."

"As I call him? You are mistaken; I never use such expressions as 'old cuss;' they are not polite. I said he was exemplary and so he is. He is an upright, conscientious man whose every action is regulated by a high sense of Christian duty."

"Well, well, let him slide. Will you manage this business for me? You know everything, and are cool and dispassionate; I will do everything exactly as you say if you will consent to direct me fully in this matter."

"Very well, I will do the best I can; now get your pen and ink and write as I shall dictate, for you must send this letter off at once before she has time to answer your last idiotic one."

A long letter was dictated by the doctor, and written by Lockwell, full of good sound argument going to show why no possible harm could result from a secret marriage, and pledging his honor that not a soul should ever know of it until she gave her consent, and closing by a most urgent appeal to her in the name of their mutual love to give her consent to an immediate secret marriage, and

showed how the way could be cleared of every possible difficulty.

This letter written, sealed, and sent, Lockwell felt comparatively happy. Did no thought of his absent wife occupy his mind all this time? Not an hour passed but what he thought of her; but he fully believed that his present arrangements would conduce to the happiness of all parties. His absent wife should never know, his present wife should never know, and in that ignorance should consist the greatest happiness of all concerned. He often asked himself what other course he could have pursued without rendering either himself or others miserable, and he could think of none.

Impatiently he awaited the reply to his letter. He was in a fever of anxiety; now that his course was marked out for him he was anxious to follow it with all the speed possible. He loved this girl with all the ardor of his intensely passionate nature, and absence from her was torture to him. In two days he received his reply; it was brief but explicit and decided. In about three weeks' time she would marry him, but only upon his assurances that it should be kept absolutely secret from every one. She would not even tell her own mother for fear of distressing her, although Lockwell stood high in her mother's favor.

Lockwell was beside himself with joy. He wrung

the doctor's hand and called him his saviour, and yet, after the first feelings of perfect happiness which he experienced upon the receipt of her letter, he began for the first time to feel some little misgivings as to the strict propriety of the course he was following. He was no coward, yet when he considered that the having two wives, even though one was in South America, was a crime which, if known, would send him to State prison, he felt somewhat worried, and could not always dissipate his anxious thoughts by assuring himself that discovery was impossible. The yearly letter he received from his wife was answered at once then burned. And now his future arrangements would be such as he knew would preclude the possibility of any discovery from that source. And yet he realized that his happiness was somewhat marred by thoughts of unknown and unexpected dangers which might be encompassing him. And so the days went by and the time for his second nuptials drew near. All the arrangements had been completed under the advice and direction of the doctor. At midnight on the next Tuesday Lockwell was to be one block from her father's residence with a carriage, and at that hour, when all the inmates at the house of Dr. Brown should be asleep, she would cautiously steal forth, enter the carriage, and be driven rapidly to the residence of a clergyman who

was a friend of Lockwell, and who had consented to officiate in making the twain one at that rather unusual hour.

The eventful night arrived. Lockwell was at the appointed place long before midnight. He sat in the carriage till fifteen minutes of twelve, then got out and walked by the house; everything was dark and still; he paced softly up and down in front of the door.

The clock in the neighboring church tower struck twelve; five minutes past the door was softly opened, the beloved form of her whom he so deeply loved appeared on the outside, and the next instant was pressed to his heart. They hastened to the carriage and were driven swiftly to the parsonage, where they found the reverend gentleman awaiting them; ten minutes more and they were passing out of that door as man and wife!

On their way back the driver of the carriage, who was well paid and had had his instructions, went by a very circuitous route and very slowly, so that they were over an hour in returning, whereas they had only been about fifteen minutes in going. He saw his bride safely enter the door of her dwelling, and then drove to his own rooms.

That night, when he retired to his own couch, he fully realized that he was a criminal and the husband of two wives—one of whom he venerated and

adored, and the other he loved with all the concentrated intensity of an extremely passionate nature—and yet he fell asleep with no compunctions of conscience.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE SECOND WIFE.

LOCKWELL moved his quarters up to the next street, and within two blocks of his second wife's residence, and here she was able to visit him frequently without exciting any suspicion on the part of her stepfather or of his sister.

They had been married about one month when Lockwell received a note from his friend, the doctor, asking him to call and see him that evening upon business of importance. Since the wedding the friends had not met so frequently as formerly, owing to the increasing business of the doctor and also to the fact that Lockwell's time was much more taken up now than formerly, so that when he received this note he had not seen his friend for a week. Wondering what it could mean he hastened to the doctor's rooms, and was surprised when the latter informed him that he (the doctor) had been three times to see Dr. Brown.

"What under the sun took you to see that old scalliwag—I mean that old exemplar?"

"Well, sit down and I will tell you. You re-



member I told you that I fully believed when he should come to know that you two were married he would accept the inevitable with a good grace. Well, my first visit to him was to see if a personal interview would confirm or remove my impressions in regard to him, and, having a patient in his vicinity who was very ill, I took the opportunity to have him called in to consult with me. The interview caused me to feel that I had made a correct estimate in regard to his character. This was before I saw you the last time, but I did not tell you anything about it for obvious reasons. The next interview was at my own request for a private one at his own house. There I stated to him plainly that I was a friend of yours; that I had known you for a long time, and, in short, passed a very high eulogium upon your general character (may the Lord forgive me!), and then told him that I knew you were deeply attached to his daughter, and desired to know why he objected to your visiting her. I admit he frowned savagely when I asked this question, and wanted to know if I spoke by your authority. I replied in the affirmative, for you remember you gave me *carte blanche* to manage your matrimonial business, and I did not consider it finished by any means when you were married. Then he said that a man who would go into a prayer meeting and make a prayer for the sole purpose of deceiving

him never would make a good husband for a good girl, and his duty to the young lady whom Providence had placed under his care would compel him to use every means in his power to prevent her from ruining all her future life by marrying such a man. So you see, my friend, that that prayer of yours has been answered just as it deserved it be."

"But I never prayed for this old—old—"

"Exemplary Christian."

"Exemplary Christian to get his back up this way, and try to ruin the happiness of everyone around him. Well, I have prayed a great many times since that the devil will soon gobble him up, and I hope these prayers will speedily be answered too."

"There, subside, I have got the floor this evening; besides I did not send for you to talk, but only to listen. To resume, I talked with him a long, long time, trying to persuade him that a marriage between you two was the only means of securing her happiness as well as your own. I reasoned with him for full an hour, but all to no purpose. He said as I was leaving that he believed it would be far better for the lady if she were laid in her grave rather than given to you in marriage."

"Didn't I tell you he was an old—"

"Exemplary Christian, and he is now doing his duty just as an exemplary Christian should. But

even such men are not infallible, and I think the only mistake he has made, if any, is in misjudging your social and conjugal qualities, and this, on second thought, you must admit, is not to be wondered at ; in fact, from what he has seen of you it would be very surprising if he could form any other estimate of your character than such as he has. Well, so ended my second interview, and I came away with about half a mind that at my third or next interview, which took place to-day, I would tell him plainly that you and she were married."

"Great heavens! I hope you have not done so; she will never forgive me if you have."

The doctor continued without heeding the interruption :

"To-day I went again to see him and resumed the same subject. I also took with me a letter to your wife, of which this is a copy ; listen while I read it to you :

"MY DEAR MRS. LOCKWELL:—When you receive this letter I shall have communicated the fact of your marriage to Dr. Brown, deeming it best for all concerned so to do. All you have to do is to throw yourself into his arms and tell him that your happiness depended upon this marriage, etc., then gradually use your woman's tact to show him that now it is past and cannot be

undone. It becomes his Christian duty to try to convert your husband from the error of his ways, and this cannot be done by any harsh measures, and, my word for it, he will soon see it in that light and welcome you both. The trouble is that, as neither you nor your husband are typical Christians, you cannot properly appreciate this exemplary Christian gentleman. Your husband has not the slightest idea of what I have done, nor would he permit it if he knew. As this is written before the interview I cannot tell you anything further.

“I am always your and your husband’s best friend,

“THE DOCTOR.”

“This letter I took with me to be left only in case I concluded to inform the worthy physician of the true state of affairs. I will not keep you in suspense by detailing our long conversation, but come at once to the point. Before leaving his house I told him point blank that you had been married to his stepdaughter for a month! It startled him at first, and he was not disposed to believe it, but I soon convinced him of the fact, and then, instead of being as angry as I expected, he became very sad. He deeply loves his wife, and is also greatly attached to his daughter, and I could not help feeling very sorry for the old gentleman

to see his deep grief at the thought that this young lady had thrown herself away upon you."

"He is an old fool!"

"I consoled him as well as I knew how by telling him that perhaps you were something like a singed cat—much better than you appeared. He finally expressed a desire to see you, and I told him you would call upon him at an early hour to-morrow morning."

"I will be hanged if I do."

"Yes you will, and not only that, but before going there you will 'put yourself in his place,' and then you will see that he has done nothing but what a sincere, devoted, earnest, exemplary Christian gentleman should do. Then you will go and see him in a proper spirit; he will receive you sorrowfully, but as a friend, and then, if you behave yourself properly, he will receive you into his house as the husband of his stepdaughter, and insist upon your staying at his house until you shall have provided suitable accommodations for your wife, and until her mother shall have become better."

"Oh, do you think so, doctor? If so I will hug the old—I mean I will embrace the exemplary Christian. And, Doctor, you are and always have been the best friend that any human being ever was blessed with. What can I do to repay you for all you have done for me?"

"Nothing now. If I ever want a friend rest assured I will not hesitate to call upon you, and I know you will never fail me."

"God knows I never will."

"In the mean time I only wish to see you happy. I cannot perhaps tell why it is, but I never had a brother of my own, and that may be a part of the reason why I liked you the first day I ever saw you, and since then I have learned to love you as strongly as ever one brother loved another." They then embraced, and swore that nothing ever would or could happen which would alienate their friendship one from the other.

At an early hour the next morning Lockwell rang the bell at the office of Dr. Brown, and the door was opened to him by that individual himself. Lockwell was very much confused on first seeing Dr. Brown, as he did not know exactly how to address him; he did not know if he should call him father or not, and in his confusion he came very near calling him the only name that occurred to him, and that was "exemplary Christian." However, he quickly recovered himself as the other extended his hand and remarked:

"My wife's daughter's husband is now and I hope always will be welcome to this house. You know, of course, that I am sorry this has occurred, but it cannot now be helped, and it will not be my fault

if you ever treat your wife other than as a good and faithful husband should treat his wife, and if you will treat her as a Christian, and not as a man of the world, you will receive every encouragement I can possibly give you. My wife is too ill now to part with her daughter, therefore come and take up your abode with us for the present, only I ask as a favor to myself that you will not take part again in our prayer meetings."

"Give me your hand again," exclaimed Lockwell. "You have spoken like a—like an exemplary Christian gentleman, and I assure you it will be my constant endeavor to show you that you have been mistaken in the estimate you have placed upon me as a suitable husband for your stepdaughter, and I cheerfully give you my word that I will never pray again."

The doctor smiled sadly as he said :

"No, I release you from that promise. I hope the time will come when you will pray—pray as a repenting sinner in urgent need of forgiveness."

"I think," said Lockwell, his old controversial spirit starting up within him, "I think it would be better not to sin and so have no need of either repentance or forgiveness."

"And do you never sin?" asked the deacon.

Lockwell looked at him intently, and his frank

and open countenance showed plainly the sincerity of his words as he replied :

“I am a thorough believer in the principles of eudæmonism, and as such I never knowingly do an action which I think is conducive to the misery of any portion of the animal kingdom. I try by every means in my power to increase the sum of comfort and pleasure in that kingdom. When I make mistakes, as all men do, they are errors of judgment and not of the heart or the intention, and so are no sin. No, sir, I have nothing to repent of, and no forgiveness to ask of any one.”

“Well, well, you appear to be sincere in what you say, but to me it appears to be very singular. However, I may be somewhat mistaken in my opinion of you ; but now go up to the parlor, where your wife awaits you. She will show you your room, and then you can order your things brought around here ; I must be off to my patients. By the way, where is that friend of yours who so ably pleaded your cause for you ? Ask him to come here ; I like him.”

“Everyone likes him ; he is one of nature’s noblemen.”

In another minute the husband and wife were locked in each other’s arms, and expressing their mutual astonishment at the manner in which the worthy deacon had acted upon hearing of their



marriage, and they resolved then and there that they would always be dutiful and respectful to the good old man, and never hurt his feelings, at least any more than was absolutely necessary for their own happiness.

Comfortably and happily established with his wife at the deacon's house the days flew quickly away, and he had been married about as many months to his second wife as he had years to his first one when his invalid mother-in-law was buried. This left him free to start an establishment of his own, and as he had been occupying himself in the preceding months in speculating in stocks, and had been quite successful, he was well able to carry out a plan which he had been gradually maturing in his mind.

He had become tired of living in another man's house, and he now suggested to his wife that they should move over to Brooklyn and take a house on the heights. She acquiesced and the movement was made. They urged the good deacon, who was now a widower, to give up his practice and go and live with them, but he would not consent. Lockwell and his wife both insisted that his old friend, the doctor, should make his home with them, and he willingly did so.

As the honeymoon had long since passed, and their lives had become settled, the doctor looked

closely to see if there was any diminution of that deep love which had been mutual when they were married, but he only saw that that love had increased and strengthened as time went on. Probably in the whole length and breadth of the land no happier family could be found. As their love for each other increased so their friendship for him deepened, until both looked upon him with the affection of a well-beloved brother, and he was always deserving of their affection, for a truer friend to both of them could not have been. And now, as Lockwell is situated thus pleasantly, for the first time in our narrative we must leave him, while we visit the noble girl he had left behind in South America.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE FIRST WIFE.

EIGHT years have passed away since in that far-away South American inland town a noble wife gave up and sent away a dearly-loved husband for that husband's happiness.

Eight letters filled with expressions of devoted love have passed from her to him. Eight answers filled with whatever an ingenious brain could suggest to please her have been received. Eight years make no noticeable difference in the appearance of these two-century-old towns. The same old families live in the same old places in the same old houses where their ancestors lived one hundred years ago. In one of them we find the object of our search sitting upon the piazza teaching a little boy a foreign language. Though not yet eight years of age he is bright and quick to learn, and has already mastered the rudiments of the English tongue ; but this afternoon either the lesson is more difficult, or he is not in a mood for study, and his task evidently frets and annoys him, for after many vain efforts to concentrate his attention upon the

Spanish and English grammar before him he turns to his teacher with an impatient gesture, and exclaims in pure Castilian :

“Mother, why have I got to learn this horrid English language ? None of the other boys have to do so, and I don’t understand at all why I must.”

“I have told you more than once, my son, that it is the language of your father ; it is his native tongue ; it is spoken by all the people of that great and beautiful country where he is now living.”

“Then why is my father not living here now with his family as other fathers are doing ?”

“My boy, have I not often told you that you must not speak of these things while you are too young to understand them ? When you are older you will know all, and then you will see that he left me to save my life, and that he now remains away because I will not permit him to return here. He does not know that he is a father, as you were born about half a year after he left, and though I write to and hear from him once a year I have never told him of your birth, and he has never thought of such a thing. This is all that you can know at present. As I have told you, when you are older you will know everything. In the mean time you must always bear in mind that you have a higher destiny before you than any other boy in the town, yes, or in the country ; no one else in this

whole country has so noble a father as you have, and you should have but one object in life, but one ambition, to be worthy of him, and to so fit and prepare yourself that when you meet him he will be proud of you, and you will have no fear or shame. This has been my one and only thought since the day of your birth. This is why I have spent years of arduous study in acquiring English and other foreign languages in order to teach them to you. This is why the good padres come and spend so much time and care to teach you every youthful accomplishment. Your father sent me a sum of money for my own use but not one dollar have I expended upon myself. The money is well invested and all the income is used to pay for your education, and so it will continue to be until you take the whole amount and go to meet your father in that great country of the north."

"But, mother, when will that be? When will I go to him?"

"My plan was to have you suitably accomplished and sufficiently prepared by the time you were fourteen years of age, and then to send you to him under the care of some merchant going from our nearest seaport town to New York. But you are improving so fast, and advancing in your studies so rapidly, and withal I have such an intense longing to look once more upon the face of my husband,

that I have almost decided that as soon as I can do so with great pride I will take you by the hand and lead you to him and say, 'My husband, behold our son.'"

The little fellow came up to his mother, and throwing his arms about her neck whispered :

"Yes, together we will go to see him. I too have a great longing to see my father. But as he is so great and good and noble as you say I would not for worlds that he should see me now ; but I will work and study, oh, so much harder than ever. I will get up earlier, and work later. English will no longer be disagreeable to me now that I realize it is the language of the people in that beautiful country where he lives, and that when we go there we shall have to speak it all the time. How long did it take you to learn it?"

"It was my constant study for years, but when I sent and got the books there was no one here to teach me, and so it was very difficult to learn. The padre who has given you lessons for so long a time only came to this place about three years ago ; previous to that time no one here spoke English."

"Well, mother, in about two years more I will be ready to go with you;" then after a pause he added, "Do you remember you promised that as soon as I was eight years of age you would show me

my father's letters? That time will soon be here now."

"Yes, I remember, but it was with the condition that from that day forward you would speak to me only in English."

"I will be ready," was the answer proudly given.

So the task which she had set herself nearly eight years before, to bring up this boy in such a way that when she sent or took him to his father he would be a youth that would bring pride to any parent's heart, was in a fair way to be successfully accomplished.

The boy had developed as yet only the most amiable qualities. In fact it seemed impossible for him to inherit from his parents anything evil in his disposition. And it was with most unspeakable joy that his mother, while closely watching him as he grew older, saw only good in his disposition and amiability in his character. Endowed with rare intelligence he made rapid progress in his education, and at eight years of age stood on a plane with boys of twelve or more. Nor was this at all surprising when we consider that in the years of his early infancy his mother had toiled constantly to thoroughly master for herself those things which she thought it would be necessary to teach him in order to fit him for making a very creditable appearance when he should appear before his father.

On this object she had set her heart, and to accomplish this purpose no trouble was too great, no work was too hard, and no difficulties but what she was determined to surmount. All these but constituted the cross which she cheerfully bore for years, thinking only of the crown she would wear when, with joy and pride, she would lead this noble and accomplished boy up to her ever-loved husband and say, "Behold our son." Her mind would dwell constantly upon this subject; and when she thought of the astonishment, joy, and pride with which the father would embrace his handsome son, she was inspired to fresh effort in his behalf. The love she bore her husband had never been lessened by the lapse of time and absence, but only intensified and sanctified by these.

She lived now but for one thing alone—to make of her son a gift worthy to be presented to her husband. At times, when the thought would cross her mind that one or the other of them might die before the time of meeting, she would turn pale, and her heart would almost cease to beat; but these doubts would last but an instant. She had an abiding faith that the Holy Virgin would never let her fail in this the great object of her life.

And so the days went by. Her handsome boy, working with a precocious determination to second all her efforts, daily increased his store of knowl-



edge. He ceased to associate with the boys of his own age, and visited only the best families in the place, especially those who had traveled in foreign countries, and from them he learned to practice all the rules and regulations of etiquette as observed in other lands. His mother had always taught him to be proud of that father whom he had never seen, and now his own ambition and desire to be a credit to his parents was scarcely second to that of his mother.

Long before the two years were up in which he had promised his mother he would be prepared to meet his father, they both knew that neither he nor his mother need now be ashamed to mingle among the best society of any country. She, in preparing herself to instruct her boy, had unconsciously changed vastly for the better, both physically and mentally. While so many lose their beauty as they advance in years, she, having none to lose, had really gained it. The pleasure of devoting herself to the cause of her husband and son had obliterated every trace of coarseness from her features and manners, and to-day, in the aristocratic parlors of New York, although she would not have been considered handsome by any means, yet her appearance would have been pronounced pleasing and interesting, and she well knew that while her husband would have every reason to be proud of

their noble boy he would have no reason to be ashamed of her, and as she thought of this, and realized that it meant when once more they should meet they need never part again, her very soul was filled with ecstasy, and joy unutterable was her companion by day and night, just in anticipation of that meeting.

They had decided to await the completion of the boy's tenth year before starting for the north, and they expected about that time to receive the yearly letter from Lockwell which should announce his safety, and immediately thereafter they would start for his home in the north to surprise him with an unknown son and an unexpected wife! Not a thought could he have of the existence of the former, nor would he imagine such a thing as his wife coming to see him, and still less would he suspect the great change for the better in her which was the result of ten years of constant struggle, and as she thought of this she would blush with conscious pride and pleasure.

No kingly aspirant ever looked forward to his coronation with half the joy that was in the hearts of these two loving persons as they thought and spoke of the absent husband and father, so loved and revered by both.

Some weeks must still pass by before they would start, and in the mean time they read many English

books, and studied the maps and geography of the United States—the country of their future home. For months their conversation had been carried on only in English, for this they considered would be the sole language of their future.

On the very day that completed the tenth year in the life of young José a long letter was received by his mother from Lockwell, and immediately thereafter preparations were begun for the removal of herself and son to the home of her husband in the land of the north.

It was now in the early springtime, and they were not desirous of reaching the United States until the summer season began, so they had ample time to make all arrangements for a final departure from their native soil. Neither of them ever expected to revisit the scenes of their native place.

On a bright and pleasant morning in the middle of May mother and son mounted their animals and, accompanied by peons with several pack-mules carrying the baggage, started over the same road traveled by her husband so many years before. As every incident of that memorable trip had been fully described to her in her husband's letters, she took great interest in every place along the route, asking every person at the stopping-places if they remembered him, and, if she was answered in the affirmative, as was sometimes the case—a foreigner

traveling through on foot being a rare incident—she would press them with questions as to how he looked? Did he appear tired? Where had he slept, or on what had he sat down? Then she would go and sit in the same seat, or, if she were staying all night, she would wish to lie on exactly the same spot where he had slept.

When they reached Guayaquil she went direct to the priest who had taken such care of her husband ten years before, and who was still living in the same place and performing the same duties. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, and called him her husband's saviour.

Then she made him go over the whole history of her husband's burial, and shuddered at the recital, and when he told her of the great service the money she had sewn up in his clothes had been to him, and how delighted he was to receive it, she threw herself upon her knees before a crucifix and thanked the Holy Virgin who had inspired her to place the money as she had done. Then with the good padre on one side of her and her son on the other, she visited the scene of her husband's burial and resurrection, and turned faint and but for the support of the priest would have fallen to the ground as the awful episode in her husband's life was thus brought so vividly to her mind. The fearful graveyard was still a black and

barren waste. The pits which had been the receptacle of so many human beings were rendered very plain by the settling of the earth which had covered the bodies.

Recovering from her faintness she insisted upon being shown the very spot where the dogs had dragged him out, and also where her companion had found him in the morning, lying, all unconscious, upon the cold ground.

They remained with the padre the three days that they had to wait for the steamer going up to Panama, and during all that time she talked constantly of her husband, and never could hear enough of the good priest's description of the time when he remained with him.

On board the steamer the mother and son are always thinking of the same subject: the meeting and future life with the husband in the far-off land. She would picture to herself the glad surprise with which he would receive her and their noble boy. How astonished and proud he would be when he saw him, and how that joy and pride would increase when he became fully acquainted with young José.

It was not without cause that she felt proud of her son. He was all that any parent could wish to have him. Fond and affectionate, without being effeminate; manly, without being rude or rough; kind and generous in his disposition, he fairly

idolized his mother, and, through her teachings, he had learned to love his father as much as it was possible for him to love one whom he had never seen. And now his impatience to see that father was almost uncontrollable. So we leave them to continue their journey, elated with hope and joy in anticipation of the ecstasy of meeting to part no more.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE TWO WIVES.

It was evening on the first day of June. Dinner was over and the lights had just been lit in the drawing-room of Lockwell's residence. He, his wife, and Dr. Train were seated around a small table about to begin a game of whist in which Lockwell was to have Dummy for a partner. No friend had been invited in, as was usually the case, to make up the game, because on the morrow they were to leave all together to spend the summer in the country and on the sea-shore, and they intended to play but a short hour before retiring to their respective rooms to complete their preparations for departure, and get a good night's rest.

"Ma chère," said Lockwell, using the term by which he always addressed his wife, "are you not sorry that we are going to leave this pleasant house even for so short a time? The years that we have spent beneath this roof have been to me one unceasing period of happiness, and it seems to me no change can be for the better, so I almost wish we had not decided to go away even for so short a time as three months."

"Well," she replied, "for my part I care not where we are, so long as we are all three together. You will not be jealous, will you, if I tell you that until the doctor here decided he could go with us I felt that I would rather remain here as we are at present."

"Jealous! In the years that we have been married have you ever seen the slightest sign of jealousy in me? It has been said that perfect love casteth out all fear, and I know that *perfect love casteth out all jealousy*. And I believe I love both of you with a perfect love, and I should be very, very sorry to think that you did not love each other," and then in speaking of how perfect love would cast out all jealousy he thought of his absent wife; how she had loved him with a perfect love, and so far from being jealous she had sent him away to live among his own countrywomen and refused to receive a promise from him that he would never love and marry again. Truly she had loved him with a perfect love.

His thoughts were interrupted by his wife, who said:

"Well, then, if we three are to have no secrets from one another I will tell you now what I was waiting for the privacy of our own room to mention. My stepfather called upon me again to-day."

"What, the exemplary Christian? I should



have been very glad to see him. He has not been here much lately. What did he have to say? Tell us all about it, and then afterward give the doctor a chance to talk; he has had no opportunity to say a word this evening."

"When there is only light talk to be carried on I think you and I generally monopolize it, but in an emergency, or when the talk required to be of good practical sound sense, I fancy we would step back and give the doctor the floor."

"Well, as there is no emergency this evening, let us hear what the good deacon had to say."

He had very little to say to me, but I had a great deal to say to him, all of which was very foolish, I know, but I will tell you as near as I can recollect all the conversation between us. After the usual remarks, as he appeared to be in a very good humor, I asked him whether he would not now confess that he had been wrong in his first judgment of you, for I had now been married several years, and during all that time I had never seen one unhappy moment. He smiled and said he was glad to hear it, and hoped it would always continue, but I must remember that I was still young and handsome, and that my husband loved me dearly. It was when I should become old and my beauty faded that would test the worth of my husband's materialistic principles. He hoped all would con-

tinue well, but he could not help thinking that Christian principles were the only sure foundation for all permanent happiness. I retorted that if you were a materialist I would not exchange you for all the Christians in the world. He only said 'Time will show,' and kissed me a sad good-bye."

"And, *ma chère* 'Time *will* show'—show him that other men can be good as well as Christians. But I have held this pack of cards idly in my hand long enough; I now propose we—"

"A lady and a little boy in the reception room to see Mr. Lockwell," interrupted a servant at the door.

"A lady and little boy to see me? Are you not mistaken, James, was it not the doctor she asked for? I am sure there can be no lady and little boy to see me."

"It was Mr. Lockwell she asked for."

"I presume it is some stranger wanting a physician and has got our names mixed. Go and ask her if it is not the physician, Dr. Train, whom she wishes to see."

James retired, and Lockwell laughingly said:

"Now, *ma chère*, supposing it is a very handsome woman, and really wants to see me, what will you do?"

"Why, I should only say that she can't have you just yet. But if she has come to see the doctor,

and is beautiful and good, and will make him a loving wife, I will say to her, 'Come, and let the bond of love hold four;' would not that be the correct thing?"

James returned: "No, sir, she says it is Mr. Joseph Lockwell whom she wishes to see."

"Then I will go to her at once. Good-bye, *ma chère*, if she is handsome I will never come back."

He went lightly to the reception room, thinking it was some lady come to ask aid for some society.

As he entered the room he saw an elegantly dressed lady standing by the center table, on which one hand was resting, while the other was on the shoulder of the boy who stood beside her, and her face in the full glare of the light, but closely veiled.

"Why, madam" said he, as he advanced toward her, "why are you not seated?"

When within a few feet of her a well-known voice replied, as the veil was thrown back:

"MY HUSBAND, BEHOLD OUR SON!"

One quick look of recognition, followed by one of mortal terror, and he exclaimed:

"You! Oh, my God!" then staggered fainting to a seat. The southern wife gave one piercing scream and cry for help, then sprang to the side of the fainting man. In the parlor the scream and cry came simultaneously to the ears of the doctor and the northern wife. In an instant the former

was in the reception room and beheld the fainting man with the strange lady by his side. "Oh, sir," said the latter, "save my husband." The boy with more presence of mind said: "My father is fainting, sir; will you please to help us?" These words reached the doctor, then passed on and entered the ears of a marble-white lady standing in the doorway looking upon the scene with eyes of fire. She muttered, "Husband," "Father," then to the woman whose head was now upon the fainting man she said in a voice that rang through the house, "*Woman, who are you?*"

"I," said the southern lady, "why, I am his wife, and this is his son, and we thought to give him such a happy surprise, but as he was not looking for us the surprise has been too much for him and he has fainted. If you are a friend of his won't you help this kind gentleman and myself to bring him to?" The doctor had lain the inanimate form of his friend upon a sofa and was busily administering restoratives, but his countenance wore a look of pain and trouble greater than it had borne for years. His quick and practiced eye had detected the features of the father in the son, and he could read the open angelic countenance of the southern wife, and knew there was no imposture there. But he had scarce time to think and none to act before the hand of the northern wife fiercely

grasped the arm of the southern one, and she almost screamed at her, "You lie! He is my husband. I have been married to him for years, and I will not give him up." The hand of the southern wife was raised one moment to her brow; the room spun round, then she too sank unconscious by the side of her husband. With a wild cry the boy was by her side. "Oh, my mother! my mother! these demons have killed you! these brutes have murdered you! Wake up and come with me from this infernal place; 'tis I, your son, who speaks to you. Come away with me; there is no one here who is worthy of a thought from you;" then to the doctor, "Can it be possible that my father has been unfaithful to my mother for the sake of that thing there?" and he pointed scornfully to where the northern wife still stood gazing with pallid features upon her rival. To this boy all other women were but as dross compared to his angel mother.

The doctor said, "There, my boy, take this and bathe your mother's brow and head. I will be back in one minute." Then he advanced to the side of the other wife, and taking her by the arm said in a tone of voice which those who heard never dared to disobey, "Come to your room, this is no place for you. I will communicate with you as soon as these people are recovered."

“But, doctor, *who and what am I?*”

“You are the same to-day as you were yesterday, as you were last year. No fault or blame is on your head. But no more now; I will tell you all soon, and rest assured I will not allow you to be deceived.” Then he led her quickly to her room and locked her in.

Returning to the reception room he speedily had the servants, who had gathered round, carry the remaining wife to a spare room and laid upon a bed. Then giving directions to a domestic who was a good nurse he left her and the boy in the room, but not until he had found an opportunity to say to the youth, “My boy, you are a brave lad, and you have an intelligence far beyond your years; be a man now if ever in your life you intend to be one. The peace and perhaps the lives of all in this house depend upon you and me. We must save them, for they are utterly incapable of saving themselves in this fearful extremity.”

“I care not for the happiness nor the lives of any of them but my mother, I wish all the others were in hell! caramba!”

“No more such thoughts as that, my boy. Think a moment, then answer me. Does not your mother deeply love your father?”

“She does, indeed.”

“Then could she be happy if he were miserable?”

"I suppose not."

"Then we must do the best we can for all. Your mother will soon return to consciousness. Do the best you can to console her, and above all do not speak against your father, but comfort her all you can. That is all I can say. I must go back to your father."

He found his friend just returning to consciousness. Dismissing all the servants, he took the hand of Lockwell in both of his own, and bent over him. The first question of the patient as he opened his eyes was, "Where has she gone? Has she really been here?"

"Yes, she is here; she has gone to her room. Oh, my bosom friend, my more than brother, my heart yearns for you. What can I do for you?"

"For me? oh, nothing; I care not for myself, but the thought that these two—one who loves me dearly, and the other I love dearly—would now meet, and the lives and happiness of both be wrecked and ruined, was more than I could stand. So sudden too."

"But, doctor, who was the boy? Did not she say something about a son?"

"Yes, he is your son."

"My son! I never had a son."

Then he gave the doctor more particulars already

known to the reader, and the sharp physician was not long in guessing the facts of the case.

But Lockwell was astounded beyond measure when the doctor told him about the boy, and said he was a noble youth that any parent might be proud of. Then said Lockwell in deep anguish :

“ Oh, my friend, you who have saved me and done so much for me, I beg of you not to have one thought about me now, but save those two, my—my wives. Their lives must not be blasted for no fault of their own. Oh, what can I do for them? But go now, my friend, to my secretary in the library, and in that you will find a secret drawer”—and he gave him full directions how to find it—“and in that drawer you will find a full manuscript history of my life. The pages are numbered and it has an index; look in that index for the chapter headed South America, find it and read it, then you will know all.”

The doctor did as directed and spent over an hour in reading the account of his South American marriage, nearly the same as given to the reader. Then he quietly took the paper and went up to the room of the northern wife. He found her pacing up and down the room with dishevelled hair. She stopped in the middle of the floor as he entered and only said :

“ Well ?”



"If things are bad we must make the best of them, and do the best we can under the circumstances. Read this paper slowly and thoughtfully, then 'put yourself in his place' before you pass any judgment upon his actions."

She took the paper without a word, and he passed from her room to that of the southern wife.

When the latter began to revive, her son, with a discretion beyond his years, asked the nurse to leave the room, as his mother would feel better to see none but her son near her. The nurse was only too glad to retire to the kitchen to speculate with the other servants as to what had happened, for none of them had arrived upon the scene soon enough to hear the story of the southern lady, and they were ignorant of the real state of the case.

"Mother," said young José as she opened her eyes, "it is I, your son, who loves you more than all the world besides, and who always will love you. Oh, take your love away from all others who do not deserve it, and give it all to me, who will return it with interest."

"My precious boy! I have had a fearful dream. I thought—but was it a dream? Have we seen your father, and has he another wife?"

"Never mind that now, mother; think of me and my love for you. I would never have another mother, not if I had all the world to choose from,"

and the little fellow's tears fell fast upon his mother's cheek.

"Ah! then I see it was no dream. It was all real. And I am here to mar his happiness once more; why did I ever come?" Even now she would think only of his happiness, and not of the great wrong done her. "I now know this great affliction has been brought upon me because I did not enter a convent and devote myself to the service of the Holy Virgin. But it is the last time she will have to punish me, for as soon as I am well enough to move I will join some good sisters of charity and pass the remainder of my life in their service. But my head burns, and I feel very ill and faint."

Just now the doctor entered, and, passing to the bedside, took up her hand and felt of her pulse; he looked very serious; then administered an opiate, and told the boy he must not talk any more to his mother, but let her sleep, or she would be very ill.

The boy's frame trembled with apprehension. He followed the doctor from the room, and when outside the door he grasped his hand and said:

"Oh, sir, I am my mother's only protector among all her enemies, and I am so young and can do so little. If you are a doctor, for the love of God won't you cure my mother, and I promise you as soon as she is better we will leave this house and

never come back." The doctor stooped down, and placing both hands upon the head of the boy shoved back the hair from his handsome forehead and pressed a kiss upon his brow, while a tear dropped from the doctor's eye upon the other's cheek, and he said to him:

"My young friend, your mother has not an enemy in this house, and I am a physician, and I give you my word that everything that mortal man can do I will do for her. I will not attempt to disguise the facts from you. This shock has been very severe upon your mother, and she is now very ill with a fever, but I have no doubt she will be well again after some days. Now go back to her. I have given her that which will make her sleep, and as soon as she is sound asleep she will remain so for hours, and you can do no good by staying there, and I must talk with you this evening. Will you come down to me in the library?"

"Yes, as soon as she is asleep I will come."

Before the northern wife had read half through the story of her husband's previous marriage she muttered, "Well, he never loved her. He has loved only me, and that is the principal thing after all. Oh, why has she come here? If she had remained away things could have gone on the same way always, and I would have been as happy for ever as I have been for the past few years, and so

would my husband. Oh, why did she come!" Before she had completed the full story she was lost in wonder and astonishment that any girl could give up one she loved in order to secure that person's happiness; then she could not refrain from admiring the conduct of both, and when she had completed the narrative she remembered the words of the doctor, to "put yourself in his place" before passing judgment, and when she did so she could not refrain from acknowledging that if she would not have done the same, under the circumstances, it was because it was not her nature to do such noble deeds. But then the awful fact remained that the other wife was here, and now the question was, what is to be done? Her position was a very trying one, but she felt very much better after having read her husband's manuscript.

The conviction that he had married his first wife only from a sense of duty, and that he had married her because he loved her, was in itself very consoling. What should she do? Arise and go back to her stepfather? She shuddered at the idea, more especially as she remembered the conversation she had with him only the day before. Besides she deeply loved her husband, and he dearly loved her, and her only; of this she was satisfied. The manuscript history of his former marriage written by himself proved this. Must she then give him

up? She could not tell. All she knew was that the other wife had a prior claim upon her husband, and her own marriage was illegal. She kept repeating, "Oh, if she only had kept away we would have continued on in the same happy life forever, and never have known or thought that we ought to be miserable. Now she is here what will she do? Let me 'put myself in her place' and see. I should claim my rights, of course. But then she is infinitely better than I am; there may be hope in that, though. But no, there is their son; however unselfish and noble she may be her duty to her son will compel her to assert her rights. Well, I can only trust in heaven and the doctor; principally the doctor now. If any one can help us it is he. But I do not see what can be done."

After leaving the boy at the door of his mother's room the doctor hastily called the groom and sent him out with orders to bring a carriage without delay; then proceeding to the reception room, where his friend was still lying, he said:

"Rouse yourself, my friend, there will be a carriage here in ten minutes to take you to the depot. You must catch the midnight train for Boston, and wait there till you hear from me."

"Why so?"

"Because you must not pass another hour under the same roof with these two ladies. If you do I

will not answer for the consequences. Without you here perhaps we can—we must—we will do something to help this fearful state of affairs. But you must go at once. Your valise with what you may need will be packed and forwarded to you by express to-morrow.”

“Doctor, tell me honestly, would it not help matters—would it not be better for them if my body should be found floating in the East River to-morrow morning? Say but one word and it shall be so.”

“Hush! have not a thought of that kind. Don’t you know that that would instantly kill your southern wife, and make the other miserable for life? You must do just as I say, and I tell you all will be well yet. I have saved you before, and I will save you again. I am bound to do so now, for if it had not been for me you would never have married the other one.” So this generous man was trying to share the blame with his friend.

Five minutes afterward Lockwell had left the house, and the doctor and the boy were alone in the library.

“My dear young friend,” said the doctor, as he drew the youth to a seat beside him, “this must be a very different reception from what you had anticipated. It is hard, too hard for one of your tender years, but, unless I am greatly mistaken, you

have a man's heart and mind within this youthful frame, and will bear this trial like a man."

"Oh, for me it is nothing, but think of my poor mother, who for years has lived only in the anticipation of this meeting. Ever since I was born she has struggled to prepare me properly to occupy the position of an affectionate son to my father, and it was not until she saw she could fit herself to appear in the society among which her husband moved without shame to him that she would allow herself to think of ever coming to see him. And now to find him with another wife! Oh, why did my father do so?" And his grief, as he thought of his mother's sorrow, choked his utterance.

The doctor put his arm around his neck, and, drawing his head down upon his bosom, said :

"It is of your father I wish to speak to you. Has your mother told you the story of their lives?"

"Yes, on the steamer coming to New York she told me all."

"Well, your father is my best and dearest friend, and I know him better than any one, and you must believe me when I tell you that there is nothing under the heavens he would not do for your mother to-day. If he thought it would contribute one atom to her happiness he would kill himself this instant; this I know to be so."

"Then, if he thinks so much of her, why did he

forsake her? I know why he left her in South America, she told me all about that, but why has he been unfaithful to her here?"

"That is what it will be hard for you to understand, but you must try to understand it. Your father adored and revered your mother very much in the same way as you adore the Holy Virgin. But even as no man, however great, would think of conjugal love in reference to Her, so your father would never have thought of asking your mother to marry him until he saw she loved him; then he did not hesitate to give up all thoughts of and hopes in regard to himself and marry her simply because he thought it would increase her happiness, and he would have remained with her all her life had she permitted it. But she forced him to return to his own country, and here he accidentally met the other one, and before he knew it they were deeply in love with one another. Then what was he to do? He could have procured a divorce from your mother and married this one. But there he acted solely with a view to your mother's happiness. You must bear in mind that he had no idea of your existence, and so never thought of such a thing as her coming to this country, in which case he would have had no difficulty in keeping his second marriage a secret from her forever. But if he had gotten a divorce it would have been public and



she might have heard of it. Now I ask you frankly, has she not been happier in the last few years in ignorance of her husband's second marriage than she would have been had she known it?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so."

"Then you see you agree with your father exactly, and had things occurred as he had every reason to expect they would she would have been happier all her life in ignorance of his second marriage. So you see that, not knowing of your birth, he took the best means that his knowledge of the circumstances would permit to secure her happiness."

"Then it seems," wailed the poor boy, "that I am the only one at fault. If I had never been born my mother would have remained away all her life in contented and happy ignorance of her rival. He would have been happy, and all would have been happy. Oh, why was I ever born?"

"You were not to blame. No one was to blame. It is only a coincidence of misfortunes which you and I must meet and overcome. But now you must go to bed and try to sleep. To-morrow I will give you your father's story to read. You will not see him, for he has gone away and will not come back till we send for him, which, God grant, will be in a few days. Now kiss your mother, then go to your bed in the next room with the assurance that she

will have every care and attention, and only think how lucky you are to have the noblest mother that ever breathed, and the best father that ever walked the earth."

José retired sad, but somewhat consoled.

Half an hour afterward the doctor knocked upon the door of the northern wife's room and found her pale but not stricken down like the other.

"Doctor," said she, "what must I do?"

"You must go to bed at once and sleep till morning."

"Should I not leave this house immediately?"

"No, he has gone away and will not return till we send for him, which will be as soon as we can. You must remain here till we decide what is best to be done."

"Doctor, will she assert her rights?"

"If she is human she will. If, as I sometimes think, she is divine, she may not."

"But the boy?"

"The boy inherits all the noble qualities of both his parents, with none of their faults, if either of them have any, which I doubt. And he will do what is best for all, and so will she, and so will you, and so will your husband. Now go to bed," and he passed on to the room of the sick wife. As he approached the bed where she was sleeping, the sound evidently reached her ears, for she turned her

head slightly on the pillow toward him. Seeing her lips move, he bent his head in time to hear her murmur :

“*My husband, behold our son.* Oh, I knew you would be proud of him. I have made him what he is to be a fitting present to you.”

And the doctor, watching her, saw the same heavenly smile upon her countenance she had worn when, more than ten years before, she bade her husband leave her forever. And that critical judge of human nature thought, as he gazed upon her countenance, that he had never seen before so much divinity manifested in the flesh. He kept asking himself if it were possible that that celestial being could ever have been plain in features and unrefined in manner; yet he knew it was possible, and that love and grief together will work wondrous changes.

All that night the doctor passed in thinking deeply upon the situation, and in watching his patient. He could not close his eyes. It seemed to him that the fate of all beneath that roof, and of the absent head of the family, depended upon him, and he could see no way out of the difficulties, nor could he give any advice until he could talk with the southern (and really the only) wife. He must know her wishes first before anything could be done.

In the morning he summoned all the servants and told them that a foreign lady, a relative of the family, had arrived, bringing distressing news which had necessitated the immediate departure of Mr. Lockwell, and that the lady herself was very ill, and would keep her room. So he took the charge of all matters and regulated everything.

When the southern wife awoke in the morning she was suffering from fever and nervous prostration, and was far too sick to rise. José stood on one side of the bed, with the doctor on the other. She remembered everything, but kissed her boy and gave her hand to the doctor, who raised it to his lips. She then asked where "he" was, and the doctor told her that he had gone away, but would return as soon as they sent for him. She then surprised the doctor by asking :

"And where is his wife?"

The question embarrassed him. He had not expected this one, who was the real wife, to speak in this way of the other who had usurped her place. He replied :

"She is in her room."

"And is she very angry, or will she forgive me, do you think?"

"Forgive *you*! Good God! and for what?"

"Why, for constantly marring his happiness. She loves him very dearly, does she not? and if so

she can only think of his welfare and happiness, which I am constantly destroying. Is it not very, very sad, Doctor, that in my ignorance I am constantly doing just contrary to what I intend? You are his friend, are you not?"

"Madam, we are more than friends. We love each other with a love surpassing that of brothers."

"Oh, I am so glad; for now you will show me the best and quickest way to undo what I have done. You know, I suppose, that in my selfishness and ignorance I married him, and how I remedied that evil I had brought upon him in the best way I might, by sending him back to his friends; then as he never spoke in his letters of loving any one I did not think of it at all, and again in my ignorance, where I thought only to bring him joy and pleasure with the presence of our boy, I have blasted all his happiness. Now I must take what legal steps are necessary to free him at once from his first marriage."

"Do you really mean this?" said the doctor.

She looked up in surprise. "What else can I do? Does he not love his wife very dearly, and could she continue to be happy now that she knows of my existence and the former marriage unless it was dissolved, and she became his wife by law as she already is by their mutual love, which is higher than all law? Oh, no, there is no other way."

“Madam,” said the doctor, “you are too good for this world; heaven is not composed of better beings.” And he thought, “How is it possible for any human being possessing the love of this angelic creature to ever think of any one else.”

He passed to the room of the northern wife, and telling her that this rival never once spoke of Lockwell as her husband, but always spoke of her (the northern lady) as his wife, related to her all that had been said. The tears ran down her cheeks as she listened, and she replied, “She is a far better, nobler woman than myself, but I cannot be sorry that he does not love her, for, oh! I could not give him up. But she must be the noblest woman that ever breathed thus to relinquish him whom she so fondly loves.”

“She is an angel,” said the doctor, and the deep earnestness of his voice caused her to look up at him searchingly, and with her woman’s penetration she thought she could read the grand possibilities of the future.

“Let me go to her,” she said, and the next minute was inside the sick-chamber. She gazed but one instant upon the sorrowful face of the invalid in the bed, then threw herself by her side and wept upon her bosom. “Oh, this is so good of you,” said the invalid, “for now I know that you forgive me, and soon you will have him

wholly your own by the law of the land as he is already by the higher law of love. I would return again to my native country, but my son has been prepared to remain here, and is now unfitted to return, and, as he is now my all, I know he will never let me leave him."

"You shall never leave us. Oh, be my friend. You are so pure and holy. I need you to help me to be good, for I am very wicked. Won't you be the same friend to me as the doctor is to—to Mr. Lockwell?" She had noticed that this southern lady never spoke of Lockwell as her own husband but always as the husband of the other. "Promise me that you will never go so far away but that I can come to you and learn to be good."

"Very gladly will I be your friend," was the reply. But here the doctor interfered, declaring his patient must not say another word, and led the northern wife away. As he parted from her in the hall she whispered to him, "Doctor, never let that noble woman leave us." He answered, "She never shall if I can prevent it," and then to himself, "I will win her love and marry her, so help me God!"

A week has passed since the meeting of the two wives and one is too feeble yet to leave her room. The doctor is constant in his attentions to both mother and son, and the latter has bestowed all the

wealth of love which he had reserved for his father upon the doctor, and only wishes that he was in reality his father. Lockwell is still in Boston, where he receives daily letters from the doctor. By the exercise of the utmost vigilance not an intimation of the true condition of affairs has got abroad, and all passes as usual beneath the roof of Lockwell's home. The friendship between these two women so totally different grows stronger each succeeding day. To-day the doctor is writing at great length to Lockwell, giving him his final advice and directions before the latter should leave for the West, for it had been all arranged that Lockwell should go to one of those Western States the laws of which are more liberal in rectifying the errors in that commonest of all mistakes, an ill-assorted marriage, and there he should get a divorce from his first wife, and also while there to buy a large farm, and then the doctor would bring out his northern wife, to whom he would be quietly remarried and then settle down there. And now the doctor wrote to him to buy a large tract of land on which two good houses could be built near each other, as he thought he should himself marry before long, and would then come out and live near them; for he knew the strength of his own determination and iron will and never doubted he should succeed in the dearest object of his life.

. . . . .



One more year has passed, and the last scene of our narrative is some hundreds of miles west of the great metropolis. Two beautiful farms adjoin, and the mansions on each are scarce a stone's throw apart. It is Sunday, and every time the day comes round the two families unite, first at one house then at the other. As Lockwell and his wife approach the residence of Dr. Train they are talking of the latter and his wife.

"Don't you think," said Lockwell, "that she has learned to love him very much?"

"I know it. He has a will and a way that would compel any woman to love him when he chooses to exert it."

And as they chat around the supper-table, and read aloud the last letter from José, now known as José Lockwell Train, who is distinguishing himself in an Eastern school, not one there present doubts that the noble South American has succeeded in transferring her fathomless love to her present husband.

And while they are all here you and I, dear reader, will step across to Lockwell's house and open his wife's writing-desk, which is never locked, and read the closing paragraph of her letter to her stepfather, just written, and to be mailed to-morrow. Here it is:

"So we are all coming East this summer for a

month or two, and if you wish it we will make you a visit. I know that you will be glad to hear again that I have got the best husband and am the happiest wife on earth. You said once, in regard to him, that 'time will show.' Time *has* shown; he has been tried in the fiery furnace, and has come out PURE GOLD."









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